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NOTES FROM A DIARY

1889-1891

With the Author's Compliments.

April 24. 1901

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NOTES FROM A DIARY

Notes from a Diary

1889-1891

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE

THE volumes which I now publish contain a selection of notes from my Diary kept between the 1st January 1889 and the end of December 1891. They differ from their four immediate predecessors in one important particular. Those all belonged to the seven years of my life which were spent almost entirely abroad—in India, Palestine, and elsewhere, whilst these record three years passed almost wholly in London or its neighbourhood. My readers will accordingly not be surprised to find that while the volumes which began with October 1881 and ended with the last day of 1888 are full of notices of travel, very few of these are to be found in those I now offer to them, while on the other hand the proportion of anecdotes, witticisms, good

stories and the like is considerably greater. Such things grow up and thrive in the atmosphere of great cities, but are to be found only as imported articles on the slopes of the Nilgiris or those of Mount Carmel.

1889

January

5. Lubbock and I dined at the Athenæum along with Bunbury, whom I have not met since I went to India, and who has now by the death of his brother Sir Charles, mentioned in an earlier page of these Notes, become Sir Edward.

We talked of the porcupine, and Bunbury said that, although he had seen as many as three of these creatures for sale in the market of Civita Vecchia, they were certainly not wild in the neighbourhood of Rome in classic times.

6. An old friend writes :—

"Do you remember Johnson's words—'I set a high value on your friendship, and count your kindness as one of the chief felicities of my life. Do not fancy that an intermission of writing is a decay of kindness. No man is always in a disposition to write, nor has any man at all times something to say.' I am sure I may take the great man's words to myself."

8. From an article by Lady de Ros in *Murray's Magazine*, which I read to-day at the Athenæum, I see

that the wild boar alluded to in these Notes for February, 1886, was only said to have been "killed at her feet," by a poetical licence. The Duke of Wellington did kill the beast, and wanted to show it to her; but she seems to have declined that pleasure.

In the same paper she gives an interesting account of an old translation of the English Prayer-Book into Spanish, which was given to the Duke on his way from Ireland through Wales to the Peninsula, by Lady Elinor Butler, one of the "ladies of Llangollen."

From it the Duke declared that he learned all he knew of Spanish, and by him the volume was given to Lady de Ros.

10. Morley has sent me the Essay prefixed to the edition of Wordsworth, which he has lately superintended, and I had it read to me this morning. Amongst other things which I note with interest is the poet's opinion of the respective merits of the three great English statesmen of his time.

"You always went away from Burke," he once told Haydon, "with your mind filled; from Fox, with your feelings excited; and from Pitt, with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the better reason."

At page 34 of his Essay, Morley says:—

"A curious thing, which we may note in passing, is that Wordsworth, who clings fervently to the historic foundations of

society as it stands, was wholly indifferent to history; while Byron, on the contrary, as the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* is enough to show, had at least the sentiment of history in as great a degree as any poet that ever lived, and has given to it by far the most magnificent expression. No doubt it was history on its romantic and not its philosophic or its political side."

14. Stephen, who has just returned from Paris, whither he went a few days ago to be formally admitted as a corresponding member of the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques," came down to York House to see us.

Finding that he meant, as I did, to dine with the Literary Society, I took him up to London.

We were a party of four at dinner, Coleridge and Henry Doyle being the others present.

One of the subjects of conversation was Terence, about whom Coleridge had once had a correspondence with Cardinal Newman, which began with reference to his adaptation of the *Eunuchus*. In the course of it Coleridge quoted the words:

"O dimidiate Menander."

The Cardinal fired up at this, and asked who had ventured to describe his favourite in this way.

Coleridge replied that the criticism might be good or bad, but that the critic was no less a personage than Julius

Cæsar; still Newman stood to his guns in spite of the authority of "the greatest name in history."

His reason for liking Terence so much appears to be that he thinks he finds in his writings the sort of language in which Romans of education and refinement, such as Scipio and Lælius, used to talk.

It was observed, and truly, that considering we have so little of Cæsar's verse, it is remarkable that two of his phrases—the one cited above and "Vis comica"—should have become so familiar.

Stephen quoted a story from some memoir writer of last century—I think D'Argenson—to the effect that great remonstrances were addressed to the Jesuits on account of the very slipshod Latin in which they allowed their pupils to converse. They yielded to these and went back to the classical models; but it was found that for practical purposes of travel and business, the boys who had picked up the faulty *Lingua franca* had obtained a great advantage.

The name of old Dean Jenkyns coming up, led me to refer to the curious brass which hangs near his tomb in Wells Cathedral, and to the Latin verses thereon, which Coleridge, whose version is suspended hard by, had translated.

Both the Latin and the English lines are well turned, but the strangest circumstance in connection with the

monument is this, that below the verses, but inscribed on the brass, are the words :—

"Optabit melius T. P. consanguineus. 1618."

Coleridge thus renders them :—

"'Tis thus disconsolate a widow sings ;
T. P., her cousin, hopes for better things."

I trust T. P. married the lady, and had his reward for his joke "whispered to us through the centuries."

Another subject was Sir John Moore and the contrast which his conversation presented to that of Picton, as described to Coleridge by Admiral Sir George Seymour, who had taken the ill-assorted pair out together to the Peninsula. Picton's talk was of the coarsest and most unscrupulous kind ; Moore's quite worthy of his reputation amongst those who admired him most. Sir George Seymour, father of the present Lord Hertford, considered Moore to have been very much the most remarkable personality he had ever met with.

Mr. Henry Doyle, amongst others, came down to dine and sleep. The conversation turned to Father Healy.

Meeting on one occasion a priest of Nationalist principles he said : "I have not seen your name much in the papers lately. You don't seem to have been doing a great deal?"

"No," replied the other, "I am getting old and leaving

public work a good deal to my curates; in fact, I am getting out of politics."

"Well, I think that's wise," said his friend; "at our time of life that blunderbuss business, lying out at night under damp hedges, and all the rest of it, is no doubt rather trying."

18. Met Lubbock at the Athenæum, fresh from the declaration of the result of the first election for County Councillors held in the City.

He headed the poll by many hundreds; next to him came Lord Rosebery, who himself got over eight thousand votes; an immense gulf separated the second from the third and fourth successful candidates.

Sir Thomas Wade came down to dine and sleep. I asked him whether he thought the estimate, mentioned on a previous page, which put the destruction of human life caused by the Taeping Rebellion at fifty millions, was excessive. "By no means," he replied; "I think it is a very modest one."

19. I have had a large portion of the Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe read to me during the last few weeks. It has not been a particularly agreeable occupation, for the book consists to a great extent of the raw materials of history, and is better adapted for being skimmed with one's own eyes than read by the eyes of others.

Nothing is more curious in the whole thousand pages —for to that length does it extend—than the extract given in Chapter III. of an account by Lord Stratford of the circumstances under which he found himself at Constantinople at the age of twenty-three:—

"Such, as to its prominent features, was the aspect of our relations with the political world when the management of British Affairs at Constantinople passed into my hands. The tenure, though merely provisional, was decorated with the title of Minister Plenipotentiary, and I was thereby empowered, for the time being, to act with full authority on behalf of my Government. The instructions under which I had to act were simply those addressed to the late Ambassador in so far as they remained in vigour. They could not of course be followed without due attention to fresh experience and change of circumstances. No provision had been made in them for my particular guidance when left alone, and it is remarkable that during the whole term of my independent service, I received no further directions on any but the most ordinary matters. This is the more strange as our Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord Wellesley, enjoyed so high a reputation for talent and activity. To the best of my remembrance the most important despatch addressed to me by him related to some manuscript copies of classical works supposed (by Lord Sligo) to have been stored away in the Seraglio. I concluded that the great man overlooked so insignificant a youth as myself until it came to my knowledge that his brother at Cadiz fared no better. Whatever may have been the cause of this apparent neglect, I thought it the more incumbent on me to shun no responsibility which the exercise of an unshackled judgment might entail if I ventured in urgent cases

to steer by the stars rather than by compass. The electric telegraph had no existence in those days. Steam had not been practically applied to navigation. The Continent was no longer open to British messengers, our despatches came as they went, by sea, and the passage by Malta and Gibraltar could scarcely be less than three thousand miles in its whole length. In one instance no official communication reached me in the space of fifteen weeks."

I had quite forgotten, if I ever knew, that the famous ride from Belgrade to Constantinople by Colonel Townley, to whom Kingsley introduced me when I was staying with him at Eversley, in 1853, was undertaken for the purpose of conveying to the British Ambassador at the Porte the private letter from Lord Palmerston, stating the decision of the Cabinet about the Hungarian refugees. Colonel Townley traversed the eight hundred and twenty miles in five days and eleven hours, having the whole of that time to contend with wind, rain, and mud, and having into the bargain two bad falls.

20. Stephen came down in the afternoon, bringing Froude with him. The latter asked many questions with reference to Palestine, and had all the curiosity natural to an angler about the fish of the Lake of Galilee. I observe that Tristram mentions in his *Natural History of the Bible* that he obtained fourteen species in the lake, and estimated the number of species inhabiting it as at least three times as great. Four of the species

which he found were hitherto unknown to science, and their nearest congeners come from the Nile, or the lakes of South-Eastern Africa.

I did not know that I had a copy of the *Rob Roy on the Jordan* in my library, or I should perhaps have taken it with me to Haïfa. I have just run through it, without finding much at once new and profitable. The account of the Ateibeh Marsh, in which the Abana loses itself, of the windings of the Pharpar, and of the Jordan from the Hasbeya source through Huleh to the Lake of Gennesaret, seem to me the most valuable parts of the book. The account of the Author's meeting with a crocodile on the Kishon is so circumstantial, that it is hardly possible to suppose there can have been any mistake; but we certainly never heard a word of any crocodiles having been seen on the Kishon when I was enquiring about the crocodiles of the Zerka.

G. von Bunsen writes, under date of 20th January:—

"Alas! German is a name no one will much like to apply to himself just now. I, for one, distinctly hide my face in shame. For it is no excuse that Bismarck is not of our making. He who should assert that B. stands there, unassailable because of the bayonets, and a poisoned Press, and Royal Will, would be blind or a deceiver. For there can be no doubt that the educated classes which have benefited by his protective duties and fiscal policy stand generally by him—that no *personnes qui se respectent*, that I wot of, have a word to say against him; and

that the working classes detest us *bourgeois* infinitely more than him who prepares the way for an unmitigated Socialist Régime. Thus Bismarck is the Nation, and we the outcasts."

26. I went for a few minutes to-day to take a first glance at the Stuart Collection, now on view in Regent Street. The standard carried at Culloden, and a very beautiful piece of embroidery, said to have been executed by Mary Stuart, were amongst the things which interested me most. I owe to a little boy in the crowd quite a new view of that lady's character. He was looking at one of the portraits of her in which she is represented with a crucifix in her hand. "Was she a nun?" he asked his mamma.

I took down from my shelves the other day—the first time for I know not how many years — Newman's *Loss and Gain*, and have had it read through to me. The description of the view of Oxford from the heights just under Bagley Wood is interesting when taken in connection with the picture mentioned in these Notes for 1856.

I had forgotten that the striking passage on the Mass was in this book:—

"Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace; they are instruments of what is far higher: of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go; the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice;

they are work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, and as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as he passed by 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth!' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate, but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation: not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer, from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple labourers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it. 'And oh, my dear Bateman,' he added, turning to him, 'you ask me whether this is not a formal, unreasonable service. It is wonderful!' he cried, rising up, 'quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened?'

"O sapientia, fortiter, suaviterque disponens omnia, O

Adonai, O clavis David et Exspectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster."

29. Towards the end of the year, Renan sent me the second volume of his *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël.* I had it read to me immediately, and have looked through it again recently before putting it on its shelf.

He brings out extremely well the share which the North and South, Samaria and Jerusalem, had in the essential part of the work of United Israel, that is, the movement of prophetism, which he considers to have been even more remarkable than that of the first century of our era, which was but the continuation of it.

Here are his two last paragraphs :—

"L'œuvre des prophètes est ainsi restée un des éléments essentiels de l'histoire du monde. Le mouvement du monde est la résultante du parallélogramme de deux forces, le libéralisme d'une part, le socialisme de l'autre—le libéralisme d'origine Grecque, le socialisme d'origine Hébraique—le libéralisme poussant au plus grand développement humain, le socialisme tenant compte, avant tout, de la justice entendue d'une façon stricte et du bonheur du grand nombre, souvent sacrifié dans la réalité aux besoins de la civilisation et de l'État. Le socialiste de notre temps qui déclame contre les abus inévitables d'un grand État organisé ressemble fort à Amos, présentant comme des monstruosités les nécessités les plus évidentes de la société, le payement des dettes, le prêt sur gage, l'impôt."

"Pour oser dire laquelle a raison de ces deux directions

opposées, il faudrait savoir quel est le but de l'humanité. Est-ce le bien-être des individus qui la composent? Est-ce l'obtention de certains buts abstraits, objectifs, comme l'on dit, exigeant des hétacombes d'individus sacrifiés? Chacun répond selon son tempérament moral, et cela suffit. L'univers, qui ne nous dit jamais son dernier mot, atteint son but par la variété infinie des germes. Ce que veut Iahvé arrive toujours. Soyons tranquilles, si nous sommes de ceux qui se trompent qui travaillent à rebrousse-poil de la volonté suprême, cela n'a pas grande conséquence. L'humanité est une des innombrables fourmilières où se fait dans l'espace l'expérience de la raison ; si nous manquons notre partie, d'autres la gagneront."

February

1. My wife's article on Oliphant appears in the *Contemporary*.

4. Sir W. and Lady Gregory left us to-day.

He repeated, on the evening of the 2nd, a verse which Palmerston cited during the last illness of the Prince Consort :—

> "A single doctor, like a sculler plies,
> The patient lingers and then slowly dies ;
> But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
> Shall waft him swiftly to the Stygian shores."

I received a note from Lady Gregory this evening, in which she mentioned that Zadkiel had predicted the death

of the Austrian Crown Prince. She added that some one desiring to communicate this intelligence said that Ezekiel had done so!

5. Huxley mentions in an article in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* that it was he who invented the word "Agnostic," and used it for the first time at the Metaphysical Society.

"It came into my head," he says, "as suggestively antithetic to the 'Gnostic' of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant."

I came to-day across a phrase in Renan's *Marc Aurèle*, which I am having re-read to me, summing up the author's view of these sectaries:—

"Les Gnostiques faussaient le droit sens de tous les mots en se prétendant chrétiens. L'essence de l'œuvre de Jésus, c'était l'amélioration du cœur. Or ces spéculations creuses renfermaient tout au monde, excepté du bon sens et de la bonne morale."

6. Finished a sketch of the Life of Samuel Wilberforce, by Burgon. Something reminded me of a story told me by George Boyle:—

He was riding, long years ago, on Shotover, with Goldwin Smith, and it chanced to be an Ember Day. Some one was seen approaching. Goldwin Smith asked "Who is that?" "It is the Bishop," replied his com-

panion. "Oh!" was the rejoinder, "let us ride away lest he lay hands upon us suddenly."

8. Adrian told me that Prince Francis of Teck, whom I saw here yesterday morning, mentioned to him that he heard a person at the Stuart Exhibition say to a companion something about the Queen. "You mean," replied the other, "the Princess Albert of Saxe-Coburg!"

Arthur writes from Vienna:—

"My last letter was written to you when the news of the Crown Prince's death broke upon us. Since then we have had, as you may suppose, a hard week of it. Certainly the calamity which has occurred is one of the most awful of our time. All that happened in Germany last year in connection with the illness and death of the Emperor Frederick, and the subsequent developments therein originating, was sad enough, but in comparison with the misfortune which has befallen the Imperial family here, a state of blessedness. What makes the event so particularly afflicting and heartrending is, that the unfortunate girl, who is also dead, was a well-known person here. I know very few of the Comtessen, having been to only one ball, but she just happened to have been one of those to whom I had been introduced, and to whom I gave a bouquet, I remember, in the Cotillon.

"Her mother, it appears, lost a son in the Ring Theatre disaster.

"As for the other members of the Embassy, Phipps, Maude, General Fraser, etc., they went a great deal to the Vetsera (for that is the name of the family) House. The father was Baron Vetsera who was formerly Austrian Commissioner of the Egyptian debt."

11. Returned from Oxford, whither I went on the 9th

to pass the Sunday with the Warden of Merton and his niece. Amongst others staying in the house were Alfred Lyall and Henry James, whose story, *Madame de Mauves*, I chanced to have taken down to be read to me.

On the morning of the 10th I walked with him and the Warden up Headington Hill, and climbed to the terrace in Mr. Morrell's grounds, where I had never been before, to look at the view.

View there was none, for snow came on before we had cleared the town, and all was gloom. The terrace itself, however, is really a fine thing.

As we walked through Mesopotamia, the Warden mentioned that a good many relics of the great siege had been lately discovered, and that the name of "Loggerheads," popularly given to the still reach of the Cherwell, which we used to know as "Parson's Pleasure," and where I learnt to swim, was nothing else than the "Head of the Leaguer."

Before we started, conversation turned upon fencing, and the French aptitude for it. "It answers," I said, "to their *esprit*." "Yes," said Henry James, "it is physical *esprit*."

In the afternoon I drove through the snow, by this time very thick, to see Miss Smith. Professor Albert Dicey, whom I had not met since he wrote his admirable book, *The Case of England against Home Rule*, was

there, and we talked chiefly of Ireland. On my way back to Merton I stopped at Balliol, and paid a visit to the Master. I asked him what was the prevalent phase of thought. "For the moment," he said, "I don't think there is any very prevalent phase. There is a good deal of Socialism about, but when you press its adherents they really don't know what they want."

At dinner at Merton we talked *inter alia* of those American stories in which the humour lies in exaggeration, and Henry James quoted one to the effect that a husband had said, "My wife came down to see me off by the train. Just as it was starting, I put my head out to kiss her, but it moved so quickly that I kissed a coloured girl at the next station."

The room in which we assembled after dinner and that which adjoins it, now the Warden's bedroom, were occupied by Henrietta Maria when her husband's headquarters were in Oxford.

15. To-day we transferred ourselves from York House to 13, Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair.

16. Dined with the Rutsons, to meet Mrs. Vere O'Brien, *née* Arnold Forster. She gave me a curious account of the evidence of Major Le Caron before the Parnell Commission, much of which she had heard. He was, she said, the most self-less witness you can imagine. He spoke without the slightest trace of passion It was

like the voice of Nemesis tracking these people. Only once, when one of their *high-falutin* denunciations and threatenings was read, did a faint smile pass across his features.

Talked at the Athenæum with Dr. Smith, the editor of the *Quarterly*, whom I have not met since before I went to India. He told me a story about Van de Weyer, which Arthur Russell, who had heard the same story from Van de Weyer himself, confirmed. The minister was staying at Woburn when a catalogue reached him in which he saw an extremely valuable book priced at ten shillings. It was on a Sunday morning; but he told the Duke that urgent business required his presence in London, and at nine the next morning entered the shop in Holborn where the book was said to be. He asked for several others, bought them, and then the coveted treasure. The bookseller proposed to send them home to Portland Place, but he declined the offer, and carried them with him.

The next time Van de Weyer saw the vendor he said, "What was that book which your Excellency bought here? You had hardly gone when the post came in and brought me half-a-dozen orders for it." "My motto through life," added the old diplomatist when he had finished his narrative, "has been—If anything important has to be done, do it immediately, and do it yourself."

18. Dined with the Gregorys, meeting Sir Henry and

Lady Blake, just starting for Jamaica, the Duchess of St. Albans, the Arthur Russells, and others.

One of the party told an anecdote of Louis Napoleon. When he was at work on his *Cæsar* he asked Morny to whom he had better submit his manuscript. Morny said, "Well, the best man would be Victor Duruy; but he is the mortal enemy of the Empire." "Are you quite sure that he is the best man?" was the rejoinder. "There is no doubt at all about that," answered Morny. "Well, then," said the Emperor, "I will write him a note." He did, and the great Latinist came. The Emperor having given him an opportunity, he developed his ideas about the Cæsars at great length, and not to their advantage. The Emperor listened, and when his visitor had done, asked, "And how long do you consider that their system lasted?" "If we go down as far as Honorius," answered the other, "some four hundred years." "Savez-vous," remarked the Emperor, "c'est ce que nous appelons un grand succès."

The Duchess had gone through our experiences of 1872 shortly afterwards, and described the comfort of transferring herself from Constantinople to Madame Petala's, at Therapia, almost in the very words which our party would have used. I had not seen Lady Blake since we descended the Danube together at that time. (See these Notes for September 1872.)

20. To the Cosmopolitan, where, amongst others, were Charles Bowen, Henry Cunningham, Henry Doyle, Sir Reginald Welby, Frederick Leveson Gower, Henry Grenfell, and Sir Ralph Thompson, the Under Secretary at the War Office, whom I do not remember having seen before. I was introduced to Sir George Stephen, of Canadian fame, who is a native of Dufftown. I asked if it was he who gave the name of Banff to the watering-place surrounded by magnificent mountains which Mrs. Godfrey Clerk described to me the other day.

He said "Yes. Ever so many stations on the Canadian Pacific have got Banffshire names. We have a Balvenie, Kininvie, and others, the pronunciation of some of which puzzles the people in these regions not a little."

Although it was the night before the opening of Parliament, the evidence given during the last two days before the Parnell Commission seemed to have quite killed out all interest in what was to happen at Westminster.

Henry Grenfell speaking of the relations which appeared to exist between Boulanger and the Royalists, said: "They think perhaps that, though he is not 'un homme comme il faut,' he is 'un homme, comme il en faut.'"

21. Am to-day 60. Mr. and Mrs. Vere O'Brien, the Arthur Russells, and others, dined with us.

Sir Frederick Burton showed me this afternoon a copy of the privately printed poems of George Darley, which

he was just presenting to the Athenæum. It was Darley who wrote the fine poem, *It is not Beauty I Demand*, which deceived F. Palgrave, and appears in the first edition of *The Golden Treasury*, amongst the works of the 17th century.

I observed as I glanced over the book that Darley was also the author of the lines which were recalled to recollection some few years ago by being placed at the foot of one of the pretty drawings by Mr. Frank Miles which had for a time so great a run:—

> "I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
> Where the honeysuckle creeps,
> And I'm coming as the bee comes,
> With its kisses on my lips."

The song from which they are taken seems to have made a great *furore* in its day, when sung by Miss Paton. Darley died in 1846.

22. Talked with Mr. Sowerby, from whom I have been buying some shells. He told me that his grandfather's business was chiefly in England, but that there are now few collectors here, and that his own business is all over the world.

24. To Mass at Farm Street. The preacher told a story of Nelson, which I had never heard. Soon after the battle of Trafalgar a sailor was heard to say to a companion, "I say, Jack, do you think the Admiral has gone to Heaven?"

"I don't know whether he has gone to Heaven," was the reply, "but I am very sure, if he wanted to go there, there was no one who could keep him out." I mentioned this in the afternoon to Mrs. Bagehot, who told me that when waiting for her husband outside the Bank of France, she overheard two cabmen discussing the sudden death of one of their comrades, a strong man, but old. "Que voulez-vous," said one of them; "c'était un rude, mais il a cédé. C'est comme la feuille, elle tombe quand vient l'automne."

Later, at Lady Bloomfield's, Lord Normanby, who was Governor of Victoria when I was at the Colonial Office, mentioned that he was extremely uneasy while the two sons of the Prince of Wales were at Melbourne. It was necessary to have two detectives always on the watch, as the Government had received hints that some mischief was intended.

26. Breakfasted with the Dufferins. He is here for a few days from Rome. The name of Alexander von Humboldt having been mentioned, an American who was present remarked, "He could say a sharp thing upon occasion. He said one at the expense of a countryman of mine, Mr Bayard Taylor, on whom his judgment was, that 'no man who had travelled so much had seen so little!'"

Arthur Russell told us that he himself had been actually shown by Count Kalnoky his Mandrake root, mentioned on a previous page!

After breakfast I drove down to Twickenham to receive Princess Christian, who came to open a bazaar there.

At luncheon at Captain Webb's I mentioned to her that Lord Dufferin had shown me in the morning a photograph of Mademoiselle Vetsera, which did not represent her as very handsome. H.R.H. said she had often seen her and had thought her handsome, though with a squat, dumpy figure. She added that she believed the exact truth about the tragedy would never be generally known, as the two or three people who did know it had bound themselves to secrecy.

Dined with Lord Derby, sitting between Lord Sefton and Walter Morrison. The former mentioned that a clergyman staying at Castle Howard had been very much complimented at luncheon for the admirable sermon he had just preached. In the afternoon Lord Carlisle, with the most harmless intentions, went into his library, took down a volume, glanced through it, found what he thought would suit, and proceeded to read to his household and guests, amongst them to the orator of the morning, the very sermon which had obtained him so much credit.

Chamberlain was also there, whom I had not seen since his American negotiations, public and private. He wore an orchid, which he told me was *Odontoglossum Alexandrae*, formerly very difficult to grow, seeing that the gardeners, not knowing that although it came from the tropics its natural

habitat was high among the Andes, treated it as if it belonged to a torrid region.

27. Walked with Arthur Russell across the park, and went for a few minutes to the Shell Gallery, in the Natural History Museum.

I also saw a skeleton of the Rorqual (*Balænoptera musculus*), sixty-eight feet long. It is one of the whalebone whales, though its whalebone is of small value. The really valuable whalebone is that of the Greenland Whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), of which the largest ever known was captured last year by a former constituent of mine, Captain David Gray, of Peterhead. The product of that single animal sold, Professor Flower told me, for about £7,000, of which the whalebone may have brought £1,000. It is a far smaller animal than the Rorqual, growing to about fifty feet only, with a disproportionately large head.

I learned that the Narwhal's formidable weapon, of which I possess a fine specimen, is not a horn at all, but the left tooth, which is produced to extraordinary length. This phenomenon only occurs in the male; in the female the two teeth are concealed in the skull, though both are present. There is one male specimen in the Museum in which both teeth are produced, forming two spears, and in both the spiral turns the same way.

Near the Rorqual is suspended the skeleton of a young specimen of *Balænoptera Sibbaldi*, common in the seas

between Scotland and Norway. This creature attains a length of eighty feet, and is somewhat bigger even than the Rorqual, the largest, in short, of all known animals.

28. Arthur Russell, Hanbury Williams, and the Dean of Salisbury breakfasted here. The last named arrived late, and said that he had been travelling like Lady Holland. "How was that?" we asked. "Well," he replied, "she drove so slowly that it used to be said the very hearses passed her, cheering as they went."

Our talk found its way to Arthur Stanley. It appears that on one of his later visits to Italy he thought he would like to go back to Vallombrosa. As he approached the monastery he saw a patch of bright colour against the green of the trees. He drew nearer—it was the procession of the monks with standards displayed, leaving their old home. Perhaps there was no man in Europe to whom the spectacle would have said so much.

March

1. To 12 Leinster Gardens, whence I accompanied for a short distance the funeral procession of Captain William Eastwick, whose name is frequently mentioned in these Notes, and who died rather suddenly on Sunday last at a very advanced age.

He was the last Deputy-Chairman of the Great Company and one of the first members of the Indian Council, but he had taken his pension and retired from it, after ten years' service, before I went to the India Office in December 1868.

Went on to pay another visit to the Cetaceans, and more especially to clear up my ideas as to the Pilot or Ca-ing whale. This (*Globicephalus Melas*) is a far smaller animal than those about which I made some notes a day or two ago, and it attains a length of only some twenty feet. Its social disposition constantly leads to its destruction. Many hundreds at a time are often driven ashore and killed in the north of Scotland.

After leaving the Museum I sat for a long time with A. C. Sellar, who has been laid up, discussing the political situation. He told me a story of a man who, anxious to know the real opinion of his doctors, who were about to hold a consultation, directed his Irish servant to conceal himself in the room where those learned persons were to assemble, and to report faithfully to him. When the doctors had gone the man came to his master, who asked him what had passed. "Oh," he replied, "after a long discussion they agreed that it was a very mysterious case, but that all would be cleared up at the *post-mortem*."

2. The Breakfast Club met at 14 South Audley Street. The conversation, which was exceedingly good, turned

chiefly upon Military History, and was sustained almost entirely by Wolseley, Aberdare and Trevelyan; our host Frederick Leveson Gower, and myself being listeners.

Wolseley said that the more he studied Napoleon the more inclined he was to think that, in spite of his odious and contemptible character, he was the greatest man of whom we know anything, and quite unlike anybody else.

"I wonder," said Trevelyan, "what sort of letters Hannibal would have written," and this exclamation led to a good deal of talk about that extraordinary person. Aberdare mentioned an application which he had once made of Juvenal's phrase—"Hic est quem non capit Africa," when Sir F. Roberts, after his abortive expedition to the Cape, was received as a member of the Historical Society.[1] Trevelyan quoted many lines of the passage in the tenth satire, in which that phrase occurs, and said that he thought it reached the highest perfection to which poetical literature which was not exactly poetry had ever attained.

The conversation turned to Sir John Moore. All three appeared to agree in thinking him the founder of the modern English Army.

Aberdare repeated, too, the bitter conclusion of Sir William Napier's article on Moore, whose fame had been seriously injured by fraternal folly and misrepresentation—"Cain! Cain! where is thy brother?"

[1] No one then foresaw that he would return to Africa—with result!

3. Walked in Kensington Gardens with Kinglake, who, having failed to get a house with a southern aspect in Richmond, has retreated on London.

Later in the afternoon I went to see Mrs. F. Russell.

The name of Père Hyacinthe coming up, she told me that once when he was going to address a meeting at Cannes, the hall was filled with a mob, which vociferated that they did not want his doctrine, but the *Libre Pensée*, and a sort of rush was made to the platform; he sprang to the front of it and exclaimed: "Vous n'êtes ni libres ni penseurs, vous êtes les esclaves de vos prejugés, de vos passions, de vos pêchés."

At night I dined with the Dilettanti to introduce Errington. Mr. Justice Chitty also took his seat, looking very much, at a distance, as he did when we first stood together for the Balliol Scholarship in November 1846. Lord Strafford has succeeded Sir Frederick Pollock as our Secretary, and threw into his new duties all the half-comic gravity which they require, and to which the last of our toasts—"Seria ludo"—points.

I sat next John Ball, who told me that with one of his eyes he could once count, and had actually mapped, to convince a doubting astronomer, fourteen stars in the Pleiades. That eye has now failed him. "You," he said, "have been fortunate in keeping your eyesight unimpaired." "My dear Ball," I replied, "since I was

a boy of nineteen at Oxford, I have never been able to get through my daily work without the assistance of readers and secretaries. I never read or write a line that I can well help!" This weakness of eyesight has been the key to the whole of my life.

4. Renan has sent me his recent "*discours*" at the reception of M. Jules Claretie—quite in his best manner. Much of it refers to the men of the Revolutionary Period whom he thinks only endurable in that they were but for a moment upon the scene:—

"Figurons-nous," he says, "Camille Desmoulins et Lucile mourant en 1840 ou 1845; ce serait aussi choquant que de nous figurer Jeanne d'Arc vivant 70 ans. Le prophète qui parcourait les murs de Jerusalem en criant 'Voix de l'Orient! Voix de l'Occident! Voix contre Jerusalem et le temple, fût dans son rôle quand il ajouta 'Voix contre moi! et la pierre lancée par les balistes romaines qui le frappa en pleine poitrine lui donna au fond la seule mort qui lui convînt.'"

Mallet writes:—

"A very unexpected incident has occurred in my life—the discovery of an autobiography of my father, containing the most interesting particulars, both of his own life and that of Mallet du Pan. To me the book possesses a quite extraordinary charm, and I shall be surprised if you and other friends do not share my feelings, for this is due more, I think, to its literary and political and social than to its domestic value. As a vivid portraiture of interesting men and women, and as descriptive of scenery and manners, it is full of attraction, and I cannot but think there is much in it of historical value."

9. The Breakfast Club met here. Herschell just returned from an Indian tour, A. Russell, F. Leveson Gower, Trevelyan, and Wolseley were present. Sir Robert Herbert and Mr. L. Courtney were elected.

We talked of the pictures in *Punch*, "Things one would rather have left unsaid," and Trevelyan told us that at a meeting some one had remarked to him across an old man much given to attending political gatherings, "The ruling passion—strong in death!"

Wolseley said some people have the most extraordinary horror of the idea that they will ever die. "Lady Holland," observed Leveson Gower, "was an instance of that. I remember her taking me to the play as a child. A funeral was represented on the stage. She could not stand it, and immediately left the box."

I repeated the Dean of Salisbury's anecdote about her, noted a week or two ago. "Yes," said Leveson Gower, "she was a frightful coward in a carriage. When at Paris she put on the drag when driving along the Boulevards."

11. I was asked to-day by General Strachey, the retiring President of the Royal Geographical Society, whether it would be agreeable to me to become his successor. I replied in the affirmative, and in the course of the evening was told by him and Arthur Russell that the council had recommended me for election to that office.

12. To see Madame de Peyronnet, who, with Madeleine,

is in town for a day. She quoted, in the course of conversation, Madame Swetchine's saying:—"La méfiance a aussi ses dupes," and Montaigne's not less true words, "Il faut prendre les affaires publiques en main, pas à cœur et à foie."

At dinner one of our guests spoke of Evarts, and mentioned that that witty personage had remarked, when a speaker, who was famous for boring his audiences to death, declared that there was nothing which gave *him* so much pleasure as to speak in public, "The earth is full of such compensations." On being asked whether he would go to the funeral of a man whom he very much disliked, Evarts replied:—"No, I shall not attend; but I quite approve of it." That reminded me of an answer said to have been made by Disraeli to his bookseller, when he suggested the purchase of Bright's speeches:—"I would buy them if they were *complete*."

17. I have just finished Mr. John Ball's very agreeable book, *Notes of a Naturalist in South America*, which he recently gave me. Few things pleased me more in it than the account of the Parque of Lota, some two hundred and fifty nautical miles south of Valparaiso, whose chief ornament is the beautiful climber *Lapageria rosea*.

Mr. Ball says:—

"I left the *parque* at Lota with my memory full of pictures of a spot which, along with Mr. Cook's famous garden at Mont-

serrat near Cintra, and that of M. Landon in the oasis of Biskra, I count as the most beautiful garden that I have yet seen."

Altogether new to me and very attractive is the account of the voyage through the channels of Western Patagonia which lie between the Gulf of Penas and the Straits of Magellan, shut in by mountainous islands on the west and the mainland on the east.

18. ———— writes :—

"This is to tell you that I have finished *A Will and a Way*, and that I think I owe you a great deal for having set me to read it. I quite understand the peculiar charm you felt in the book, not so much as an interesting novel, in which it may, no doubt, be inferior to *Ellen Middleton*, but as adding to one's soul-friends, so to speak, one whose capacity for passionate human love, touched with spiritual heroism, makes her a worthy companion for our dear Alexandrine and Eugénie. Aline is a lovely character, and Aunt Félicie, whether drawn from the life or not, is at any rate a very perfect type of that specially French character of goodness which is 'piquant' as well as saintly."

19. I have been looking through the article on War, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, written by Colonel Maurice, and lent by Lord Wolseley, which was read to me the other day. The following very weighty paragraph is a sort of key to the whole :—

"The essential change then which appears to have come over modern war may be stated thus : Under the conditions of the past, the General in command of an army relied upon its per-

fection in drill and in formal manœuvres for enabling him to direct it with success against the weak points of an adversary. Now he must depend instead upon the perfection of its organisation, and of a training adapted to make each man ready when required to apply sound principles in every emergency, and, above all, as soon as possible voluntarily to place himself under authority again, so as to secure unity of action. To summarise this statement in a single sentence, and employing the word organisation in the larger sense explained above, the change consists in the substitution of organisation for drill as a means of battle-action. In other words, a living organism must take the place of a mechanical instrument."

To the ballot at Brooks's: much the largest I ever saw there; sixty-eight, I think, voted.

When the room began to fill it seemed to me that I might have stayed away, for that all was likely to go smoothly. At the fateful hour of three, Lord Granville, apologising for the breach of rules, addressed us in a short speech exhorting to concord; the fear being that young Anstruther, son of my old school-fellow, Sir Robert, who is a Liberal-Unionist, would be black-balled as having for his proposer Goschen, a member of a Conservative Cabinet. This would inevitably have led to reprisals, and the harmony of the club would have been gravely compromised. As it was, we elected in the most amicable manner, Anstruther and a son of Brassey's, holding presumably his father's Home Rule views.

20. Dined with the Thrings. Miss Thring, speaking of Sir George Grove, of musical celebrity, said in illustration of his quickness that some one had once remarked to him, "That is the house of So-and-so, the great aurist. Now make a pun, Sir George!"

"Hear! hear!" was the answer.

23. The Breakfast Club meets at Arthur Russell's. All our members who are in London, save Goschen, were present, including Courtney and Herbert. Herschell repeated, for the special benefit of Lord Wolseley, an amusing conversation which he heard yesterday between two very well known sailors, in which they both agreed that the amount which we spend on our forces is not inadequate, but that it was a horrid piece of folly to waste such vast sums upon the army!

Herschell told us too that he had seen, when in America, an article commenting upon an action for damages which the writer believed to have been brought against a monkey, but which was really brought against the owner of the same. The point of the article was that Mr. Darwin was at length fully justified, and the responsibility of the lower animals completely recognised. "This is not," it went on to say, "an event of to-day or of yesterday or of to-morrow; it is a fact which will go gallavanting down the corridor of posterity until it reaches the ultimate back-fence of humanity!"

The mention of a gentleman, who was at once a professional scholar and a manufacturer, recalled to me somehow a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club whom I used to know a little when I was a member of that very pleasant institution. His family had made money in Manchester, and on some one asking him what his arms were, he replied, "Three mushrooms *passant* on a field *or* with the motto 'Here we are.'"

24. Evelyn leaves us this morning to join, as attaché, Lord Dufferin's Embassy at Rome.

To see Lady Pease, who was reading a manuscript volume of her cousin Caroline Fox's Diary, kept when she was nineteen. Sir Joseph quoted two entries by that lady which will commend themselves to many:—

"A wet day with all its privileges!"

"A fine day with all its responsibilities!"

I went on to Mrs. Barrington and accompanied her to Sir F. Leighton's studio, where I saw the pictures which he proposes to exhibit this year. The half-length figure of Elegy was the one which gave me most pleasure.

Leighton's Arabian Hall, with its jewel-like stained glass and Persian tiles, has all the loveliness which I sought and did *not* find in Damascus.

Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, son and daughter-in-law of my late friend whose name appears so often in these pages, dine with us; as does Miss Stephens. She men-

tioned that she had once seen at Madrid the advertisement of a Bull Fight for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

She told us likewise of a shooting party in the north of England, at which one of the guests was a distinguished foreigner, whose acquaintance with our language and Fauna was not quite perfect. "Bear to the left!" shouted the gamekeeper. In a moment the distinguished foreigner, unprepared to encounter a wild beast, had remembered the German proverb:—"Fliehen ist schimpflich aber es hilft!"

25. A note from my late Surgeon-General brings me good tidings about some lines of communication which occupied much of my thoughts while at Madras. (See my Tour Minutes, and my Review Minute of 1886.)

He writes:—

"I have got back to Madras, after a long tour in the Northern Circars, and had the pleasure to travel through from Hyderabad to Bezwada by the first regular passenger train. You will be glad to hear that the Singareni coal mines, in which you took so much interest, are now in full swing. I saw scores of waggons carrying the coal east and west, and a number of them being emptied directly into canal boats at Bezwada. So the line of rail and the coal mines, which were opened out under your auspices, are accomplished facts. I also travelled from Bezwada to Guntoor by a ballast train on the Bellary Kistna line. It will be open, too, shortly, and form a nice short cut from Madras to the Northern Districts."

Later on he adds:—

"An Indian official of the name of Paul was in London, and going home one night in the West End saw a gentleman, who had *dined*, vainly trying to open his door with a latch-key. The Indian officer going up volunteered to open the door, whereon the tipsy man said, 'May I ask your name, Sir?' To this the other replied, 'My name is Paul.' On which, after some reflection, the tipsy man said, 'O! Paul is your name, is it? By the way, did you ever get any reply to that long, rambling epistle you wrote to the Ephesians'?"

26. To see Madame de Peyronnet, who has reappeared on the scene. It was the hour of afternoon tea. "Beware of that cake," said one of the party, "it is frightfully rich." "Why," said the person addressed, "should it be called a 'Simeon'[1] cake?"

Various answers having been attempted, "Rather, I suspect," interposed Madame de Peyronnet, "because when one eats it, it is high time to say: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!'"

Dined with Sir James and Lady Stephen. Lord Grimthorpe told us that he had once asked Lord Westbury whom that great lawyer considered to have been the ablest judge before whom he had pleaded.

"Beyond all question, Lord Lyndhurst," was the answer, which entirely coincided with Lord Grimthorpe's own impression.

[1] Really, I am told, a "Simnel" cake.

We talked of Maule. "Soon after he was raised to the Bench," said one of the party, "he met Reynolds, the Solicitor to the Treasury. 'Reynolds,' he said, 'do you remember telling me that no judge who had been six months on the Bench was ever to be believed on his oath?'

"His friend, with some trepidation, disclaimed ever having made the remark.

"'Oh, yes, you did,' replied Maule, 'and I'll tell you what. I have now been six months a judge, and it was a d——d impudent —— truth.'"

Lord Denbigh repeated to me a saying of Bismarck's to him: "No one is fit to rule France who is not ready to swim the Seine with a sabre in his teeth."

The Monkswells, Thrings and others dined with us. Sir Lyon Playfair gave me a curious account of a girl who is being educated under his eye, and apparently very successfully, by touch alone. She has not the sense of smell nor of taste, and is deaf as well as blind.

Arthur sends the following from Vienna. I omit the name of the person of whom the anecdote is told:—

"He was much struck by the Votivkirche, and resolved to build a cathedral exactly like it in London. After inspecting it, he and his wife got the address of the architect from a *laquais de place*, and immediately drove there. The servant who opened the door, seeing some people in an 'einspänner,'

said that his master was very busy and could not see them, but on their insisting, he said the architect would see them for a minute. They were admitted and ——— at once said: 'I want you to build me a church in London exactly like the Votivkirche.' The architect looked rather astonished, and answered, 'I suppose you know it cost four million gulden.' 'Oh,' said ———, 'I thought it cost three millions; but, of course, when one is building a cathedral a million more or less doesn't signify.' The architect after that bowed low."

April

1. Dined with the Literary Society. Coleridge mentioned that the phrase "clotted nonsense," often said to have been used by Sydney Smith when speaking of Carlyle's style, was really as old as Ben Jonson.

Aberdare, addressing Professor Flower, who sat on the opposite side of the table, said that the summing up of the Homeric controversy, which I have mentioned on a previous page, viz., that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were not written by Homer, but by another person of the same name, had been anticipated by Professor Flower's father, Mr. Flower of Stratford-on-Avon, in speaking to Miss Delia Bacon about Shakespeare.

Coleridge, whose Eton stories form a not unimportant part of his extensive *répertoire*, told us that his namesake

and relative, long a well-known master there, had a horror of Tennyson. When *The Princess* came out he was inveighing against it to his boys, and asked, amongst other things—"'Divine despair!' Is that not pure rubbish? What is 'Divine despair'?" "It is," replied one of his pupils, "the feeling which comes over the school when Mr. ——— gets into the pulpit."

The conversation turned to ———, who gets on as Dean but indifferently with his Chapter. One of his Canons, it appears, said lately to a great personage,[1] "I would not for anything in the world have missed being a Canon under ———."

"Really?" said the other, who does not love the Dean.

"No," continued his friend, "if I had not been a Canon, under ———, I should never have known the full meaning of those passages of Holy Scripture which speak of the 'Man of Sin.'"

The name of Wilberforce came up, and Stephen was asked if he had ever seen him. "Yes," he replied, "I not only saw him when I was three years old, but I have been told what I said to him on that occasion."[2]

[1] Long since dead, as is the object of his dislike.

[2] He afterwards told me that on being presented to the great man, he said "Funny!" which, if the sculptor of the statue in Westminster Abbey did reasonable justice to his subject, was a highly apposite remark.

Aberdare added: "I saw him once, too, when I was about seventeen, at his house in Clapham. He was recovering from an illness, and quoted the lines in which the sick man is described as repairing his lost vigour:—

> "'The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common air, the earth, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise.'"

3. Mrs. Peel, the wife of the Speaker, asked me a charade, which I had never heard:—

> "In my first, my second sat;
> My third and fourth I ate."[1]

Sir Robert Cunliffe mentioned that Bright had said to him, speaking in 1886, that he thought the state of things in Ireland was so serious that the best thing to do would be to issue no writs for Ireland at the next General Election, and come to Parliament with a Bill of Indemnity.

4. I could not recollect where I had read the lines cited above, in which the pleasures of convalescence are described; and applied to Aberdare for the reference. They are in Gray's unfinished *Ode on Vicissitude*, and I looked them up to-day at the Athenæum.

The poem, it appears, was suggested to its author

[1] Insatiate.

by Gresset's *Épître à ma Sœur!* A little above them occurs the beautiful passage:—

> "But, chief the skylark warbles high
> His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
> And lessening from the dazzled sight
> Melts into air and liquid light."

In the afternoon to see Madame de Peyronnet and Lady Sligo. We talked of Miss Mary Boyle. Some one said to her one day, "Oh! Mary, what a baby you are!"

"Well," she replied, "I was born so."

Met as I walked home ——— whom I hold in honour as having furnished the best illustration of "Post hoc ergo propter hoc," which has come under my notice. Lubbock went down to the House of Commons one day whilst I was in India, upon crutches. This gentleman came up to him and said, "Halloa! Lubbock, got the gout? That comes of teaching dogs to read!"

5. I have been amusing myself since we came to London by turning the confused assemblage of univalve shells which we had at York House into a well-ordered cabinet, following the arrangement in the 1880 edition of *Woodward's Manual of the Mollusca*, and filling up the gaps by numerous purchases from Mr. Sowerby.

I have now got nearly all the genera of living shells comprised in the six families of the *Siphonostomata*, from

Strombus to *Ovulum*, and in the nine families of the *Holostomata*, from *Natica* to *Chiton*.

I have omitted those of which there are only fossil representatives, and a very few existing genera, such as *Halia*, of which Mr. Sowerby does not at present possess any specimens. Of some genera, as for instance of *Conus* and *Cypræa*, I have of course a large number of species.

Mrs. Craven writes with reference to Newman's passage on Low Mass :—

"That is exactly what it is, the parts which in a High Mass are sung and the music accompanying them are only meant to add to the solemnity and to give one more time to dwell upon what is going on at the altar.

"If music pretends to do more than this, and to be listened to for itself, it is only a *distraction* or something worse.

"The passage 'hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission,' 'quickly they go,' &c., &c., &c., reminded me of that passage in Alexandrine's journal, on her return to Italy in 1835, which you certainly remember : 'Oh ! j'aime ce pays où le blé, et la vigne semblent se presser de croître pour servir aux plus sacré des mystères.' The two had the same thoughts in their mind and the words apply to the same sacrifice."

Dined with the Leckys, meeting amongst others Mr. Bagwell, son of a man with whom I sat for many years in the House of Commons, and who has himself done good work both as a Liberal-Unionist and as a writer on Irish History.

Our host said that society is at present much more agreeable in Ireland than in England, "for there, there is no difference of opinion."

The name of a judge in Dublin coming up, some one said: "It was he who *misquoted* in the House of Commons the famous line,[1] 'Tempora mutantur *et nos* mutamur in illis.' Disraeli in horror said: 'Tell the man never to open his mouth again.'"

6. The Breakfast Club met at the Army and Navy Club, under the auspices of Lord Wolseley; only Aberdare, Courtney, Trevelyan, Leveson Gower and myself attended. We talked amongst other things of the wild prices which were given a few years ago for cattle. Trevelyan told us that during the height of the mania, Sir Wilfrid Lawson purchased a fine animal for a very large sum at one of the Devonshire sales. Very shortly it died, and its master, grown wiser, put on its tomb the following epitaph:—

> "Here lies Prince, a famous bull,
> Bred by a Duke, and bought by a fool."

In the afternoon to the Natural History Museum, chiefly to see the very rare shell *Pleurotomaria Quoyii*. The only specimen which Mr. Sowerby ever possessed he sold for £35; but I found that the individual who purchased it was more fortunate in that behalf than the British nation, which does not possess a specimen.

[1] By Owen the epigrammatist.

Dined with the Bowens. Chamberlain talked much of the utter absence of anything like a political career in the United States. No one who goes into politics there has even a probability of remaining in them.

He mentioned that Evarts had been walking once with a man who bored him a good deal with raptures about scenery, "the laughing brooks," and what not. "Did it ever strike you?" said Evarts, "that when there are so many laughing brooks in this country it should actually be a criminal offence to divert a water-course?"

7. In the afternoon I called on Lady ———, who apologised for not having come to a recent party of my wife's on the ground of her husband's not liking to go out at night. "I hardly ever leave him," she said, "but the other night I did so to go to our friends the ———, who are as you know only three doors off. 'Ah! Lady ———,' said my host, 'I am so glad to see you; do let me introduce you to Sir Charles Butt, the Judge of the Divorce Court?'

"'This is really too bad,' I replied; 'I have only been out without my husband on this one occasion since we came to town, and you propose instantly to introduce me to the Judge of the Divorce Court.'"

Later the introduction was effected, and she remarked, "I may say to you what the Duke of Wellington said to Soult: I had rather have you '*à côté* than *en face!*'"

This evening Miss Somers Cocks dined with us to meet

Comte Albert de Mun, who is in England for a day or two. We talked a great deal of French politics, but I heard nothing which gave one much of a clue to their labyrinth.

An echo of my life from fifteen to twenty years ago comes to-day in a letter from Sir Thomas Seccombe, who knew better perhaps than any one else the details of my work during that period :—

"My son is aware with what interest I look back on the period of your tenure of the office of Under Secretary of State for India, that I have regarded it as one of more than ordinary difficulty in relation to Indian Finance, and he also knows my conviction as to the manner in which those difficulties were met and overcome by you. With that knowledge, your generous expressions of approval of my conduct of the duties of Financial Secretary were, he tells me, a great gratification to him, and are, I beg to assure you, a real joy to me."

10. I have just been answering a letter from Mrs. Bishop, dated at Antibes on the 7th. She says, speaking of the foreground there, that "it is apt to consist solely of blue sea and brilliant spring fields of peach-trees." It is just one o'clock P.M., and *my* foreground consists of a fog so dense that I cannot see the houses on the other side of Great Stanhope Street!

11. I have finished *Boswelliana*, the commonplace book of James Boswell, printed for the Grampian Club. The collection is amusing, though not so amusing as I was led to expect. The things in it which interested me

most were, I think, notices of persons connected with the past of Deveron-side.

Here is an example :—

"When Lord Forglen was dying, my grandfather went and visited him, and found him quite cheerful. 'Come awa, Mr. Boswell,' said he, 'and learn to dee, man. I'm ga'n awa to see your old friend Cullen and mine. He was a gude honest man! But his walk and yours was nae very steady when you used to come in frae Maggy Johnston's upon the Saturday afternoons.'"

Sir Francis Grant, Lord Cullen, who died in 1726, was a Lord of Session, and owned Eden for a very brief period. He sold it to William Duff, of Braco, who must have been his cousin. My ancestor Alexander Duff, of Keithmore, William Duff's grandfather, married Helen Grant, who was, I suppose, aunt or grand-aunt of Lord Cullen.

For the third time to the Stuart Exhibition. I think, on the whole, the thing which interested me most was the letter, the property of Mr. Alfred Morrison, written by Mary Stuart to the King of France, six hours before her execution.

Dined with the Rutsons. On my right was an unmarried daughter of the last Lord Lawrence, just returned from the West India Islands and enraptured with the beauty of Trinidad. I talked long after dinner with Mr. Wemyss Reid, who is writing the Life of Lord Houghton. The

wealth of material is quite enormous. As at present advised, he thinks there will be two volumes and a supplementary volume of correspondence. I asked him whether it was true that our friend, when a young man, had gone down to Fryston with several of his Cambridge contemporaries. When they arrived, his father, who was a great smoker, said: "Now you may smoke in any room of this house you please except in Richard's! he doesn't like it." Whereupon Thackeray exclaimed, "Richard, what a father is thrown away upon you!" He confirmed the truth of the tale, as also the fact of Houghton's having said to a man of the next generation, "When I was young they used to call *me* the 'Bird of Paradox,' but now I resign the title to you."

In the afternoon to a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber about the Arnold Memorial Fund, for which nearly £7,000 has been subscribed.

How strange amidst all its revolutions is the continuousness of England! Here were we assembled in a room which was historical long before Shakespeare, and made world-famous by him—to do what? In the very place in which the Westminster divines had set forth in elaborate propositions the curious form of nonsense which was Christianity to them, to do honour to a man who, standing quite outside their dogmas, had seen more deeply into the heart of the matter than all of them put together.

Well will it be for the world if the following passage from his last *Essays on Church and Religion* gets itself speedily assimilated by those who are to teach the teachers of the 20th century :—

"I believe, then, that the real God, the real Jesus, will continue to command allegiance, because we do in fact 'belong to them.' I believe that Christianity will survive because of its natural truth. Those who fancied that they had done with it, those who had thrown it aside because what was presented to them under its name was so unreceivable, will have to return to it again, and to learn it better. The Latin nations—even the southern Latin nations—will have to acquaint themselves with that fundamental document of Christianity, the Bible, and to discover wherein it differs from a 'text of Hesiod.' Neither will the old forms of Christian worship be extinguished by the growth of a truer conception of their essential contents. Those forms, thrown out at dimly grasped truth, approximative and provisional representations of it, and which are now surrounded with such an atmosphere of tender and profound sentiment, will not disappear. They will survive as poetry. Above all, among the Catholic nations will this be the case. And, indeed, one must wonder at the fatuity of the Roman Catholic Church, that she should not herself see what a future there is for her here. Will there never arise among Catholics some great soul to perceive that the eternity and universality, which is vainly claimed for Catholic dogma, and the ultramontane system, might really be possible for Catholic worship? But to rule over the moment and the credulous has more attraction than to work for the future and the sane.

"Christianity, however, will find the ways for its own future. What is certain is that it will not disappear. Whatever progress may be made in science, art, and literary culture—however

much higher, more general, and more effective than at present, the value for them may become—Christianity will be still there as what these rest against and imply; as the indispensable background, the *three-fourths of life*. It is true, while the remaining fourth is ill-cared for, the three-fourths themselves must also suffer with it."

14. Miss Somers Cocks told me a story of a little girl whose mother had said to her, "I think you ought to leave off something in Lent: what shall it be? Do you think you could leave off sugar?" "No," replied the child thoughtfully, "I don't think I could leave off sugar: how would soap do?"

15. ——— sends an amusing story from Cannes. Captain A. asked Colonel B. to go with him to Monte Carlo. "Can't, my dear fellow. I am going out to Grasse," was the reply.

"Good old Nebuchadnezzar!" said the other.

Read at the Athenæum the article "Favour" in Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Dictionary of National Biography*. "Favour," was a divine who died in 1623 and wrote a book against the Catholics, from the Anglican point of view, called *Antiquitie Trampling on Noveltie*.

He seems, as Sir James Stephen told me last night, to have been the first person who put in print the story of the old woman who, having ascertained that the Crucifixion took place in Jerusalem a great many centuries before her

time, remarked, "That by the grace of God it might prove a lie," and thereon she comforted herself.

17. De Tabley breakfasted with us, and I submitted to him a seal which I have had cut, being a copy of a stamp impressed, I presume, by the author himself, upon Linnæus's *Philosophia Botanica*, Stockholm, 1751.

The book from which it is taken is now the property of Arthur Russell, but appears to have belonged at one time to Professor Balfour, of Edinburgh.

The stamp bears, within a wreath, the *Linnæa borealis* and the motto "Tantus amor florum."

The *Philosophia Botanica* is a real marvel of systematic arrangement.

I know not whether the famous phrase which I have put in italics occurs for *the first time* on its 27th page.

"Methodi Naturalis fragmenta studiose inquirenda sunt.
Primum et ultimum hoc in Botanicis desideratum est.
Natura non facit saltus.
Plantæ omnes utrinque affinitatem monstrant, uti Territorium in Mappa geographica.
Fragmenta, quæ ego proposui, hæc sunt."

I asked Mr. Moritz de Bunsen to-day whether they find at the British Embassy at Paris, as Sir Edward Malet told me they did at Berlin, that Colonial Questions occupy more of their time than any others. He replied in the affirmative.

That portion of the world which worships Lord Beaconsfield has had a difference of opinion this year. Half of it appeared *em-primrosed* yesterday, half to-day. How curiously things have changed since the time when the members of his own party disliked Mr. Disraeli fully more than we did! Those were the days when they used to tell the story of a well-known Conservative Member of Parliament cutting short a discussion about the respective merits of his own leader and Mr. Gladstone with the words: "Well, well, I prefer our scoundrel to your lunatic."

20. Early this morning with Father Klein to the Convent of the Holy Souls, near the Gloucester Gate of the Regent's Park, to be present at the service which begins with the blessing of the lights—the Benedictio Cerei.

The altars are covered and the candles extinguished, then, as the Rubric runs, "Excutitur ignis de lapide foris Ecclesiam et ex eo accenduntur carbones."

Thereafter the Cereus or wax candle is lighted with many elaborate ceremonies, one of which is the chanting by the deacon of the very remarkable hymn, "Exsultet jam angelica turba cœlorum." It is in it that occurs the famous phrase—"O felix culpa quæ talem atque tantum meruit habere redemptorem."

Next, twelve lessons styled Prophetiæ are read, not quite *in extenso*, and with a very rapid enunciation. Soon

after this there came a very long Litany, which I had not previously heard, then Mass.

21. The Spencer Walpoles have arrived from the Isle of Man, and dined with us to-night. We talked of Uxbridge—"How curious it is," he said, "that the old British word for water should have lived on in the name of that town, while the Romans succeeded in leaving the name Colonia on the river on which it stands, and which we know as the Colne."

27. Returned to 13, Great Stanhope Street, from Birmingham, whither we went on the 24th to attend the Liberal Unionist Demonstration, the return match to Gladstone's reception at the same place towards the end of last year.

At the initiatory meeting which took place in the large theatre of the Midland Institute, at two o'clock on the 24th, Lord Derby proposed, I seconded, and Mr. Arnold Forster supported the Resolution for the adoption of the Report. Amongst other speakers on the same occasion were Lord Lorne and Walter Morrison.

From the meeting we went straight to Harborne Hall, where we were the guests of Mr. Walter Chamberlain, the younger of the two brothers who were with us at Madras.

At night I went with a party to Highbury, the home of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, where there was a large gathering,

and where by electric light I had a glance at such of the Orchids as were in flower.

On the 25th I attended for a short time a Conference in the City Hall, which was presided over by Mr. Powell Williams, and where I heard a part of Lord Selborne's speech. Thence I drove to the Oratory, where I asked for Cardinal Newman's Secretary, to whom I gave a message for His Eminence, but did not ask to see him. On hearing that I was there, however, he expressed a wish to see me, and I went upstairs, staying of course only for a moment. He was eighty-eight on the 21st February, and is very frail.

He repeated what he had written years ago—that he had always been much touched by the interest I had felt for him. I said to himself what I had already told his Secretary—that the benediction he had sent me (see these Notes for July 1881), when I was about to go to Madras, had had excellent effects, and that I had found my period of Government extremely interesting.

I kissed the hand that had written the *Parting of Friends*, and said good-bye.

The engraving mentioned in these Notes for 1856 is hanging as of old, with its memorable frame, in the little *parloir*, but my memory was at fault in telling me that it was of a picture by Turner. The drawing for it was made by an artist whose name is not familiar to me —Whittock.

At three on the 26th there was a very large meeting in the City Hall, say 2,500, chiefly composed of women, which was addressed by Chamberlain, Hartington, Mrs. Ashworth Hallett, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Westlake, Miss Richardson, and my wife. I quote the following passage from the speech of the last-named. The scene which she describes took place at the house of Mr. Moffat, then a well-known Liberal M.P. :—

"It was my privilege, now I believe five-and-twenty years ago, to meet the great man who so long represented your interests here, for the first time. As I sat next him at dinner, the lady on the further side made some remark relative to the American War, which was then at its height. A wonderful light came into John Bright's face, and glorified its features into a beauty far surpassing all ordinary beauty of form and outline, as he spoke to us of the Northern States—of their courage, of their endurance, of their determination to make every personal sacrifice to the great interests involved and for the integrity of the Republic. 'I care for the Northern cause,' he concluded, turning to me, 'as you care for your children, and I long for news of it, as you would long for news of a sick child.' So spoke that great democrat about secession in that great democracy, and hearing that, who will dare to say that Home Rule is a democratic cause?"

At night there was a gigantic muster in Bingley Hall. The newspapers, I see, say that 14,000 were present, but we may put the numbers at something over 10,000. Hartington made a very long speech, and Sir Henry

James, Lord Castletown and Mr. Chamberlain were amongst those who took part in the proceedings.

I observed the first primroses I have seen wild this year in a railway cutting between Oxford and Birmingham. They recalled to my mind a very true remark which John Stuart Mill made to me in his India House days —that railways had been a great blessing to the indigenous vegetation in providing it with many comparatively safe places of refuge.

In a field which we crossed yesterday the Wood Anemone was already abundant, and I heard the first cuckoo whose voice has reached my ears this spring.

At dinner on the 24th, in honour of Lord Lorne who was present, the names of the guests were placed upon little models of the toboggan, the menus were printed on extremely pretty copies of the snow-shoe, and the centre of the table was decorated with a plant much used for that purpose in Canada, and there known as the *Smilax*. It is really, I observe, one of the Liliaceæ, nearly allied to the Butcher's Broom, the *Myrsiphyllum asparagoides*, from the Cape of Good Hope.

28. Mrs. Kennard, Mr. Moritz de Bunsen, and others dined with us.

Professor Sidgwick mentioned that he and his friends of the Psychical Society had not succeeded in getting evidence of much value with regard to what are usually

spoken of as apparitions—the difficulty being to find any test which sufficiently differentiates them from the well-known phenomenon of hallucination; but that the evidence of appearances at the moment of death is much stronger.

Dr. Klein, who has been collecting materials for a life of Van Dyck, told us a great deal about him which was quite unknown to me; and used, speaking of his time in this country, the happy phrase: "During these years all noble England passed before him and remained immortal."

30. Finished *The City of Sarras*, an impressive book, published in 1887, by a daughter of Sir Henry Taylor. Its name is explained by the first paragraph:—

"And then he began to tremble right hard when the deathly flesh began to behold the spiritual things. . . . And then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven. . . . Since then was there never a man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sanc Greal. So Galahad died and was buried in the City of Sarras, the Spiritual Place."

May

4. The Breakfast Club met at Trevelyan's, Robert Herbert, Courtney, Aberdare and Wolseley being present. Mr. Abraham Hewitt, who beat Mr. Henry George in the contest for the mayoralty of New York, was there as a guest.

At breakfast there was a good deal of interesting and suggestive talk about the position of the landowner in the United States, about the Sugar Convention, and so forth. Later it took a lighter turn. Mr. Hewitt told several stories of Mr. Travers,[1] and attributed to him the answer to Fisk, mentioned in these Notes for 1876, giving the phrase a somewhat different *tournure*. Wolseley mentioned that he had once been with this gentleman when he was driving four-in-hand, contrary to all rules, at a frantic pace in a public park. A policeman put up his hand and said, "Too fast." "I th—th—thought so," stammered Travers in reply, and drove faster than ever.

Aberdare told us that when Maule was at the Bar, a Counsel opposed to him had described some of his

[1] See these Notes for May 1888.

arguments as childish. When his turn to reply came, Maule said: "A child is better than a bear: a child may grow to man's estate, but a bear must ever remain a brute!"

Trevelyan said he would like to know how many of the bright things that are repeated in Society were actually said just as they are repeated, and instanced the famous saying attributed to the late Master of Trinity —"None of us is infallible, not even the youngest of us" —the original form of which, as he stated on Sidgwick's authority, was by no means so neat.

He also quoted an aside of Disraeli's, when Miall was making a studied eulogium of Gladstone. "He has suffered," said the orator, by this and by that, enumerating the various evil agencies, till at last he came to, "by the malice of his enemies." "By the panegyrics of his friends," remarked, in a lower voice, the Conservative leader.

Hewitt told an anecdote of a clergyman in the United States, a Mr. Hawke, who had been asked to exchange his city charge for a far less profitable one in the country. He explained that he could not afford to do this, having a large family to bring up. It was pointed out in reply that he would be able to do much more good, and that there was a text in the Bible about the Lord feeding the young ravens. "Ah! yes," he rejoined, "but I

never came upon any such promise with regard to the young Hawkes."

Later I went to dine at the Royal Academy. In the hall I met Coleridge, who told me that I was this morning elected at Grillion's. A minute or two after I was walking with Lord Ashbourne when we met Browning. My companion said: "Ah! you are just the man I wanted. Come and tell me what I ought to look at." "You remind me," said the poet, "of meeting in this very place another Chancellor—Lord Westbury—who came up to me saying, 'Dear me now, that is strange! for I was just saying to myself, How I wish I could meet some instructed person like Mr. Robert Browning who would tell me all about the pictures!'"

I thought of Mr. James Wilson's interview with that brilliant but inaccurate personage when he was Sir Richard Bethell. Meeting Wilson, who was going down to the House on Ash Wednesday between one and two, he said, "My dear Wilson, what has kept you? You should have been in your place. We have had the most interesting scene," which he proceeded to describe in all its details. "Dear me," said the other, "how very odd! I thought the House always met on Ash Wednesday at two o'clock," as in truth it did. "Oh!" was all that Sir Richard said in reply as he passed on his way. He had invented the whole story.

At dinner Sir George Grove asked me whether I had, when at Haïfa, seen the visitors' books which have been kept for many years at the Carmelite Monastery. I had not done so, the more's the pity, if many entries in them are as amusing as one which he cited. Some British fanatic had written a furious denunciation of the Catholic religion. On the same page numbers of his countrymen, in language not less violent than his own, had expressed their horror of his taste and his principles. A Frenchman who had studied these effusions had added: "Page consacrée au polémique des Anglais; on s'y forme leurs esprits et leurs cœurs."

On my return home I found a letter from George Boyle, enclosing a most charming description of a woodcock on her nest, sent by the Duke of Argyll to a correspondent, and forwarded by him to the Dean. The Duke took the greatest care not to disturb the little creature, but getting a telescope on her, "saw every feather, and the splendid big eyes intently watching him." "In old days," he adds, "before people could shoot birds flying, it used to be a trade to find woodcocks sitting; hence the line in Hudibras—

'As men find woodcocks by their eyes.'"

6. Returned in the early afternoon from Oxford, whither I went yesterday to stay with Jowett.

I think it was last night that Dr. Warre, the Head Master of Eton, who was one of my fellow-guests, repeated a speech made by some village orator in Somersetshire, which seemed to me a model of judicious brevity. The question was whether a rate should be levied for the purpose of putting a wall round a churchyard, whereupon this worthy rose and said: "Them as is in can't get out; them as is out don't want to get in. I'm agin the rate."

Before leaving Oxford, I went along with the Dowager Lady Stanley and others to look at the Anthropological collection lately given to the Museum by her son-in-law, General Pitt Rivers. It is very extensive already, and receives from time to time interesting additions. The last we saw was no other than the wig of the famous old President of Magdalen, Martin Routh!

The Winter was most merciful. The Spring has for these latitudes been far from bad, though only too often recalling the lines:—

> "None of all the flowers ye prize
> But was nursed by weeping skies."

Now the south wind is blowing, on its way to wake up vegetation in Northern Europe. Clara, who has been staying with Miss Smith, came up with me, laden with cowslips and fritillaries. I recalled to her as we passed

Mat Arnold's poem, far the greatest which Oxford has inspired :—

"How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks.
Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often in old days—
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then."

Dined with the Literary Society.

Coleridge confirmed the story I have mentioned on an earlier page, about Dr. Wollaston's death, and added, on the authority of a person who had been present, various particulars. When his friends thought he was gone, and said so, he motioned for a pencil and wrote, "1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32." A little later he could just scrawl, "the end is very near now."

It was to Coleridge, too, that we owed the story, which I had heard him tell before, of Disraeli falling in with Arthur Stanley when he was on the way to the Abbey, not as Dean, but as a spectator desirous to see how things were carried on.

"I like these Haroun al Raschid proceedings," said the statesman. "Let me go with you. Do you think

we shall get in?" "I daresay we shall manage that," replied Stanley. The crowd was great, but the Dean was recognised, and managed to get his companion a seat upon the top of a tomb.

———— was preaching. After listening for a while, Disraeli said: "It seems to be a very remarkable discourse, but do you think I could get away?" He was assisted down. "Good-bye," he said, "the multitude, the lights, the darkness, the courtesy were most interesting. Good-bye."

The name of Mr. Justice Mathew coming up, it was stated that a witness before him, having been described as a money-lender, protested against this designation.

"I should like to say to your lordship," he observed, "that I am no money-lender. I do lend money, but I do a great many other things, and have many other tastes. I like birds, for instance." "Pigeons?" asked the judge.

George Denman, with whom I sat so long in the House of Commons, was opposite to us, and asked me if I remembered the meeting, so famous in its day, in the very building in which we were sitting, at which thirty years ago the reconciliation between the two wings of the Liberal Party took place, and he recalled an incident which had escaped my memory—the great burst of cheering when Palmerston, coming to the front

of the high platform, helped Lord John Russell on to it.

7. Arthur Russell writes to tell me of my election to The Club. I was proposed by Sir J. Stephen, seconded by Lord Carlisle. The other members present were the Duc d'Aumale, Lord Salisbury, Reeve, Newton, Arthur Russell, Wolseley, Prescott Hewett, and Alfred Lyall.

9. I received to-day the official letter announcing my election to The Club, in the now venerable form suggested by Gibbon:—

RANGER'S HOUSE,
GREENWICH PARK, S.E.
8th May 1889.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that you had last night the honour to be elected a member of The Club.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
WOLSELEY.

The Right Honble.
Sir M. E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

10. Dined with the Duttons, and sat next to ———. Our conversation turned to Ravignan, and she told me that he had said of a person in whom he was interested: "Je suis tranquille sur son salut, quoiqu'elle reste Protestante; son âme est si blanche." She mentioned also that she had heard Dr. Chalmers, speaking of

Coleridge, the poet, use the expression, "His mind was the twilight of entity!"

Mrs. Stephen Simeon declared that the well-known story of the Englishman, who, anxious that his fire should be kept in, said, as he went out of a Parisian hotel: "Ne laissez pas sortir mon fou," with the result that his travelling companion was locked up in his room as a lunatic, was quite true, and cited the authority of the family of one of the persons concerned.

Mr. Webster, of Edgehill, who has been selling most of his Rembrandt etchings, writes:—

"You may be interested to know of the remarkable rise in price of such rarities. No. 99 sold now for £345: I paid in 1851, at the great dispersal of Baron Verstolk's unrivalled collection, 100 gulden (£10). No. 118, another tinted etching of 'A Low House on the Banks of a Canal,' tinted with China ink only, I got in 1848 for £18, 18s.; it now brought £360. The third (the coach landscape) brought £100. I bought it in 1878 for £57, 15s.

"Thus, taking these as examples, it appears that there can be no finer investment than in well selected works of the great masters.

"I have never bought an etching without the sanction of an expert, and there was not one in my portfolios that was not in the finest of condition.

"I am not in the least left hobby-less! My autographs and books are all collected with like care."

13. Dined for the first time at Grillion's, which now meets in the Grand Hotel, at 8 o'clock.

It has the use of two rooms which are reached by a long passage, and are so arranged that they can be made into one larger room when dinner begins. On the table of the first stands a silver statuette of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, who is looked upon as the founder, copied from his statue at Exeter.

When the moment came for sitting down it was found that whereas it had been thought that the meeting would be a small one, it was exceptionally numerous. This caused some little confusion, which was increased when, just as we were getting into our places, Gladstone appeared on the scene.

Another table was immediately arranged, where he was joined by several members. I had not seen him since July 1881, when he was staying at York House, and remarked to me as we walked up and down upon the lawn: "Well, I wonder what it will look like when you come back: I shall be out of it all!" In reply I said something civil, to which he rejoined: "Dear me, you don't imagine that I have the remotest idea of remaining in my present position? I merely took it in order to put right some things which I thought were wrong. I have no intention whatever of staying where I am." To-night I merely saw him at a distance.

I sat on the immediate right of Lord Clinton, who was my predecessor at the India Office; next, on

my right, at the end of the table were Lord Mount Edgcumbe and Sir Robert Herbert. Chitty, who was elected when I was, sat opposite me; and next him, Coleridge.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe told some amusing experiences which he had when, as Lord Chamberlain, he had to look after the proprieties of the stage, and said that the ill-natured sometimes interpreted their Cornish motto: "One and All" as "Number one *before* all." Coleridge recalled the story, which I had long forgotten, of the *Megæra*, a craft whose unseaworthiness had been made a subject of reproach to the Government with which he was connected as Attorney-General. During the discussion on it, Lord Young, who was then in the House of Commons, had remarked: "The condition of that ship reminds me of an interview of which I once heard between a gentleman and his doctor. 'I am not dangerously ill, am I?' said the patient. 'No,' rejoined his comforter, 'you are not dangerously ill; but you are dangerously old.'"

It was, it appears, really to Coleridge, and in connection with the Burials Bill, that the Bishop of Peterborough made a joke which, as commonly repeated in London society, refers to another matter. The Lord Chief-Justice, speaking of the measure just named, said: "But after all you must deal with it." "Ah!" replied

Magee, "it is not the dealing I object to, it's the shuffling."

Lord Cranbrook told in a slightly different form a question and answer which Lord Midleton told at Sir Lewis Pelly's, when we dined there on the 11th.

"Well, what did you hear at St. Paul's—Vox et præterea nihil?" "No! I heard Knox et præterea Little."

14. My wife gave a ball to-night—her first in London. By a curious chance all the three A.D.C.'s with whom I began my Madras life, Bagot, Cavendish, and Evans Gordon, were present. So was Mr. Rees, who was for a time my Private Secretary in India.

Who was it who repeated to me in these last days a delightful summary of the relations between man and woman? "La femme dit: 'Adore moi et tu seras Dieu' —'et il l'adore et reste bête.'"

17. Breakfasted with Lubbock, meeting amongst others Schliemann, of Troy, and Andrew Lang.

The latter, whom I had never talked to before, and who is writing at present the Life of Lord Iddesleigh—strange task for a poet!—asked me if I could tell him any good stories of that statesman. I said that our private acquaintance was very slight, but that I had been thrown a good deal across him when I succeeded him in charge of Indian business in the House of Commons in 1868, and had the most pleasant recollections of our

relations at that time. I likewise repeated the curious anecdote[1] about the dissolution of 1874, mentioned in my Banff speech of last year. Other guests were Sir James Paget, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Fitch, of educational fame. Schliemann, when he was introduced, characteristically observed: "Your celebrated namesake, who wrote on the Greek verbs, is dead, is he not?" Fitch looked puzzled, as well he might, for the antiquarian was thinking of Veitch!

18. A fine morning with the lilac and laburnum just coming into their full glory.

As I walked with Arthur Russell across the Park to the Breakfast Club which met at Aberdare's, he told me that Taine, speaking of the peasantry around him in

[1] "The first time I chanced to come across the late Lord Iddesleigh, then Sir Stafford Northcote, after the Liberal overturn of 1874, I said to him: 'Well, here is a pretty change since we last met, and I hear you were one of the few who foresaw it.' 'Oh no!' he replied, 'I did not foresee it. I thought that if you went on to the end of the session and then dissolved, we should have a majority, but I never dreamt of anything in the least like this. Although I did not, however, Disraeli did. On Friday, the 23rd January, he was coming up the Great Western Railway to attend a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum next day, when a man I know, and who knew him, got into the carriage. In the course of conversation my friend said:—"Well, what do you think of the future?" "I am sure I don't know," answered Disraeli; "it all looks very dark. If I were Gladstone I would bring in the quietest set of measures I could, dissolve at the end of the session, and take my chance; but he is such a strange man that, for all I know, he may dissolve to-morrow, and if he does he will smash his party to pieces."' That is, as we know, precisely what he did."

Savoy, had said, "Nous avons perdu l'anse." This was the burden of the historian's conversation when he with his wife and daughter dined with us on the 16th, to meet the Boyles, the Humphry Wards and others. "The peasants will listen," he said, "to the *Vétérinaire*, the *Aubergiste*, the *Maître d'Ecole*, the *Raboteur;* but even the *Médecin* has scarcely any influence over them, and as for the proprietor of Menthon St. Bernard, the most charitable of men, or ourselves, they would only think of consulting us about electoral or other important affairs for the purpose of doing precisely the opposite of what we advised." He said much the same when I was at Annecy years ago.

20. Dined at Grillion's, Arthur Mills, Lord Norton, Lord Fortescue, Lord Ashbourne and Lord Clinton being present.

The first-named drew my attention to the entry of 13th April 1885. On that evening Gladstone dined alone, emphasizing the fact by entering the lines :—

> "Amongst the faithless, faithful only he."

And :

> "The mind is its own place and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell—a hell of heaven."

The second gave a very amusing account of some depositions which had been sent to him by a friend.

Two gentlemen, one being a Captain Adderley, had a

quarrel and agreed to meet in mortal combat; first, however, they adjourned to a tavern where they got very tipsy. At last it occurred to them that they had better go and "settle their little affair," which they proceeded to do in Pall Mall.

The sword of one of them got lost, and his adversary helped him to find it. Presently the Watch came up, but so far from desiring to interrupt gentlemen in their pastimes, they held up their lanterns to enable the antagonists to see each other more distinctly. In process of time "the little affair" ended by Captain Adderley running his friend through the body, and the wife of the man who was killed duly attended to express her opinion that his opponent had done nothing which did not become a gentleman.

This happened, I think Lord Norton said, in the days of William III.

Lord Fortescue talked much of his grandfather, Lord Harrowby, and the question was raised whether there was any other instance of an English family in which there had been three successive generations in the Cabinet. Lord Fortescue further mentioned that Sheil had once recounted to him a conversation between himself and Lord Plunket about their art, in the course of which Lord Plunket had said, that whenever he had got a sentence which he thought specially good he had a habit

of pausing and hesitating a little before he brought it out. Lord Harrowby, the first of the trio to which I have above alluded, had observed the sledge-hammer character of the sentences which Lord Plunket was apt to bring out after a pause, without apparently detecting that the pause was deliberately made to increase the force of what followed.

21. Finding myself to-day in Lincoln's Inn — the first time for many years — I thought I would look for the epitaph by Lord Wellesley on Lord Brougham's daughter, which Arthur Stanley mentioned to me at Hampden, and I easily found it on the staircase leading up to the chapel. It deserves what the Dean said of it:—

> "Blanda anima e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo.
> Inter maternas heu! lacrymasque patris
> Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas
> Et levis et proprii vix memor ipsa mali
> I pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus
> Et tibi sit nullo mixta dolore quies."

Miss Brougham died at eighteen, in 1839.

Later in the day I went to the Athenæum, and finding George Boyle there, adjourned with him to St. James's Park, where we sat long. I read the above-mentioned epitaph to him, and he quoted the lines, not less happy in their way, which the great Proconsul wrote for his brother's statue in front of the Royal Exchange.

He told me with reference to the epitaph, that Miss Martineau had mentioned to him that, long after Miss Brougham's death, Lord Brougham had come to see her in her house at the Lakes. By some accident a drawing of the girl was on the walls. Lord Brougham caught sight of this, and, hiding his head in his hands, wept bitterly.

Lady Malet, who was present, told Miss Martineau that there was a copy of the same drawing at Brougham, but that the greatest care had always been taken that her father should never see it.

Later I went, by desire of Coleridge, to try to secure Taine for the dinner of the Literary Society on the 3rd of June; but the late hours of London had been too much for him.

23. Mrs. Shipley sends me Faber's *Eternal Years*.

It appears that Newman thinks so highly of that poem, that he asked to have it sung to him during his recent illness, and remarked: "*Lead Kindly Light* are the words of one seeking the truth: *The Eternal Years* are those of one who has found it."

25. Dined with the Secretary of State for India, and then went on to the Foreign Office party, always crowded on the birthday, and always agreeable.

Amongst others whom I had not seen since before I went to India, were Mrs. Maskelyne, who was wearing her

beautiful chrysoberyls, while my wife, as it happened, was wearing the necklace of Græco-Roman gems made under Mr. Maskelyne's superintendence in 1870. I was glad also to see Sir F. Sandford, who has now retired on a pension, and is a Privy Councillor; but the *rencontre* which gave me most pleasure occurred just as I was going away. A man held out his hand and told me that we had sat in the House of Commons together. I was so utterly puzzled that I asked my friend's name. It was Colonel Saunderson, whom I had last seen more than twenty years ago. He was then a "*jeune élégant*," taking little part in politics. He is now an elderly man and has won for himself a very high political position.

I have been studying the list of The Club. I observe that it consists at this moment of three honorary members —Professor Owen, Mr. Richmond, Lord Sherbrooke, and of thirty-eight ordinary members besides myself, viz. :—

The Duke of Cleveland
The Duke of Argyll
The Right Hon. W. E Gladstone
The Earl of Derby
Henry Reeve, Esq., C.B.
The Right Hon. S. H. Walpole
J. A. Froude, Esq.
H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale
The Lord Tennyson
Dr. William Smith, D.C.L.
The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava
The Marquess of Salisbury
The Lord Acton
Professor Tyndall
The Earl of Selborne
Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.
Sir James Lacaita
W. H. Lecky, Esq.
The Lord Coleridge

Sir Prescott Hewett
The Lord Arthur Russell
The Earl of Carnarvon
The Earl of Rosebery
Sir James Paget
Viscount Wolseley
Sir Charles Newton
Sir Joseph D. Hooker
The Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan
The Right Hon. G. Goschen
Sir James F. Stephen
Professor Huxley
The Right Hon. Sir H. A. Layard
The Right Hon. D. Plunket
The Right Hon. Sir C. Bowen
Sir Alfred Lyall
The Earl of Carlisle
I. E. Boehm, Esq., R.A.
E. Maunde Thompson, Esq.

Professor Owen is our Doyen, having been elected on the 20th May 1845, under the circumstances mentioned in the last volume of these Notes. The Duke of Cleveland comes next, elected on 5th June 1849.

The original members at the time of the formation of the Club in 1764 were:—

Sir Joshua Reynolds
Dr Samuel Johnson
The Right Honble. E. Burke
Christopher Nugent, M.D.
Bennet Langton, Esq.
Topham Beauclerk
Oliver Goldsmith, M.D.
A. Chamier, Esq.

I see that the last Lord Houghton—who must, I think, of all men in England have most desired to be a member—was only elected in 1875.

Grillion's would seem to consist at this moment of twelve Honorary Members, of whom by very much the oldest in standing are Lord Ebury and Lord Winmarleigh, who were elected in 1831.

There are, if I count aright, including Chitty and myself, just seventy-seven Ordinary Members.

Out of the eighty-nine, taking Honorary and Ordinary together, twenty-three belong also to The Club; while seven, Arthur Russell, Goschen, Wolseley, Trevelyan, Acton, Dufferin, and myself, belong likewise to the Breakfast Club. Five—Herschell, Lansdowne, Aberdare, Frederick Leveson Gower, and Robert Herbert—belong to the Breakfast Club, but not to The Club.

Eight members, and I think eight only, have never, so far as I know, sat in either House of Parliament. These are: Richmond, Sir James Paget, Sir H. Acland of Oxford, Robert Herbert, Boehm, Charles Bowen, Sir Redvers Buller, and Lecky.

Grillion's was founded in 1812. It grew out of a conversation at Constantinople in 1811 between Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Mr. Fazakerly on the subject of the serious damage suffered by London Society from the violence of political controversy, and it has been ever since the neutral ground on which the heads of the two Parties, often coming straight from very bitter contentions at Westminster, have met.

The original members were:—

Acland, Sir T. D., Bart.
Chinnery, G. R.
Dartmouth, Earl of
Desart, Earl of
Douglas, Hon. F. S. North
East, Sir James Bart.

Fazakerly, I. N.
Glenelg, Lord
Hamilton, Viscount
Hartopp, G. H. W. F.
Horton, The Right Honble. Sir Wilmot, Bart.
Inglis, the Right Honble. Sir R. H., Bart.
Knight, H. Gally
Legge, Honble. Heneage
Lifford, Viscount
Pricè, Sir R., Bart.
Riddell, Sir J., Bart.
Stratford de Redcliffe, Viscount
Wellesley, R.

I take the following from the Preface to the *Annals*, privately printed at the Chiswick Press in 1880, and which carried down the history of Grillion's from its foundation to its Jubilee, in 1862. The preface is signed H., I suppose Houghton. The rest of the book is by Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, opposite whom I sat for many years in the House of Commons:—

"The main characteristic of the Club has been, as stated by the late Lord Derby, its generous and courteous comprehension of diversities of political views. It has thus not been uncommon for the most uncompromising opponents, in the most important crises of our political history, to meet round its table in perfect freedom of conversation, and even of banter, secure alike from affront and misapprehension—a form of social life of which Englishmen may be justly proud. At Berlin or Vienna such an association would have been dispersed by the police as dangerous to the public peace, and at Paris, its meetings would frequently have been adjourned to the Bois de Boulogne. We may also claim the collateral advantage of the re-action on the minds of leading men in this happy intercourse on a neutral ground, and in the occasions afforded of recognising the intellectual and

moral merits of antagonists in the great arena of our National life.

"How welcome have been these intervals of festive recreation is evident from the list of our members, comprising, as it does, nine members of the present, and twelve of the late, administration; but much of this success is, no doubt, due to the discretion exercised in our selection. Political distinction, even of the highest, has never been the sole title to this honour. Many of the leaders in both houses of Parliament would not have found admission. And many comparatively obscure have been our cherished comrades. Social and moral qualities have had a large place in our choice, and the companionship has been more real and permanent than could have existed in a society founded on any mere political or even intellectual sympathies."

Grillion's was connected in some way, not fully recorded, with a society of a few college friends—

"who lived together in the most cordial intimacy at Christ Church, during the years 1805-6-7-8, several of whom, after leaving Oxford, re-assembled in the winter of 1807-8 at Edinburgh for attendance on the lectures, then in great repute, of Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Hope, and other distinguished professors of the University.

"A social annual gathering of the same friends was effected and continued for three or four years afterwards in London, till the winter of 1812-13, many of them during the intervening period having been much thrown together while travelling in Spain, Greece, and the Mediterranean, where they fell in with other kindred spirits who at once expressed their readiness to assist in establishing the now contemplated re-union. Amongst them were Stratford Canning, Gally Knight, John Bowdler, and the late Lord Fortescue, who, with Reginald Heber, the two

Grants, and a few other distinguished members of both Universities, thus laid the foundation, on a more extended basis, of the present Society."

30. To a garden party given at Sheen House by the Comte and Comtesse de Paris on the occasion of their silver wedding.

Few English were present, but many French, of whom, however, I have seen no list.

Half the room in which the guests were received as they passed to the lawn was filled with most glorious flowers.

31. Dined with the Coleridges. I sat next Lady Monkswell, always a pleasure, but now, thanks to the winds and currents of this huge town, not one I often enjoy. Half a generation ago, when she was Miss Hardcastle, we used to ride together in the Row, three or four times a week.

Our host has recently added another to the many Bethelliana which circulate in Society:—

"Mr Macmahon, an Irish lawyer, who had been engaged in a case in the Four Courts, which came before the House of Lords on Appeal, found himself acting as junior to the great Attorney-General, to whose chambers he went for a consultation. Bethell clasped his knees with his hands, and delivered what Macmahon describes as an Allocution, ending with the words, 'That is all!' 'By no means,' said his listener, 'there is such and such a point which ought to be pressed.' 'My dear sir,' replied the other, 'that may do well enough for the Court of

Exchequer at Dublin, but not for the House of Lords in London.'

"'But,' rejoined Macmahon, 'when you have quite done, may I not put it?'

"'You may take your own course,' was the answer.

"The case came on for hearing; Bethell delivered his speech, and was a good deal knocked about by the Law Lords, who seemed inclined to decide against him.

"'Won't you just put that point?' said Macmahon. Bethell did so. Lord Chelmsford took it up and began to make the running in his favour.

"'Have I not always told you,' quietly observed Bethell, who did not measure his words when he disliked any one, 'that he was a very great fool?'"

Later I took Clara to the Goldsmids. As I was going down the stairs I told ———, whose three bracelets of ruby, sapphire, and diamond, respectively, I had much admired the other night at the Stewart Hodgsons, that I had been shown this morning by Maskelyne some very beautiful blue opals from Queensland. She asked me if I had seen a very fine suite of opals, belonging to a lady whom she named, adding, "They brought her no good fortune, and she is now in her grave."

"Ah!" I replied, "I agree with the saying, opals are unlucky to those who have them *not*."

June

The Breakfast Club met at Courtney's, 15 Cheyne Walk, to welcome Lord Dufferin, who, alas! is ill in bed and could not appear. Wolseley, Aberdare, Frederick Leveson Gower, Trevelyan, and Robert Herbert were present.

We talked *inter alia* of the invitations which Lady Knutsford has been issuing to young people to go to her house to play chess, and I asked Wolseley whether he was fond of the game? He said that at one time he had delighted in it, but had to give it up as too absorbing.

I put, too, the often repeated question whether he thought the qualities which make a good chess-player are akin to those which make a great commander? He replied in the negative; considering that the only point which the two had in common was that both had to think a long way a-head with reference to the moves which would be made by their opponents, trying to divine, as the Duke of Wellington put it, what was on the other side of the hill.

Aberdare recalled Venables' story of his going to see Carlyle and being received with a more than cordial welcome: "We are so delighted to see you," said at last Mrs. Carlyle; "we thought it was Emerson!"

Aberdare repeated the well-known anecdote of the present

Lord Derby's suddenly appearing at Knowsley, when he had been offered office on the Liberal side. "Good God, Stanley," said his father, "what is the matter? Are you going to be married or has Dizzy cut his throat?" This is usually supposed to be *ben trovato*, but Aberdare, also having treated it as such in conversation with Admiral Hornby, was assured by him that he had been present and had heard the exclamation.

In the afternoon I had occasion to go to see Garcia, who is now eighty-four, but very lively, and looking much as he did when he came to stay at Eden and give lessons to my sister, thirty-two years ago.

As we talked of old times we were reminded of the fact that I was introduced by him to Ivan Tourguenief, in the May of 1858. He told me that the great novelist had suffered sadly before the end. In his last days, speaking of his own fate, he said to Garcia that he had imagined a conversation between the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc. The first said:

"You are much taller than I am. Tell me what you see?"

"I see green almost everywhere, with a very large number of black specks moving about in the midst of it; of white there is something, but not much."

Long ages passed away, and the Jungfrau said again to her sister mountain:

"What do you see now?"

"The green has considerably diminished, and although the black specks are still numerous they are certainly fewer."

Again vast spaces of time glided by, and the Jungfrau once more asked;

"What do you see now?"

"The black specks have disappeared, the green has disappeared, the white is everywhere. All is well!" Garcia, much struck with this, begged Tourguenief to throw it into a written form, which it appears he did.

I was delighted to find that Madame Viardot, to whom I was also introduced on 15th May 1858, was still alive. She is much younger than her brother, only in the sixties. Malibran was nearer his age, and would be eighty if still alive. Eugénie's words about her early death, cited in these Notes for 1879, came back to my mind.

Dined with Northbrook, who mentioned a good answer made by Lord Powis which I had not heard before. "I wish," remarked some one to that nobleman, "that all the classics were thrown into the sea!"

"Ah! yes," was the reply: "In usum Delphini!"

Our host also recalled to me a story of the last Lord Derby which I had forgotten. He thought he saw Samuel of Winchester and Oxford laughing at something he said in a speech, and called him to account for it.

"I did not laugh," said the other, "I only smiled."

"A man," rejoined the Rupert of debate, "may smile and smile, and be—a bishop."

Northbrook's own account of his late diocesan was far more kindly than the usual estimate.

2. Dined with the Dilettanti. I was in the chair, and a good deal of business was transacted. On my right sat Lord Colchester. We talked of Lord Ellenborough, and he said that that great orator had remarked in a conversation with himself that he had deliberately devoted himself to eloquence, when he was refused permission by his family to enter the Army, as being, next to the armed hand, the strongest force which he could hope to wield. Lord Ellenborough regretted that he was unable to read Demosthenes in the original, but had read speeches very largely in Latin and in the other tongues which he understood. He was a great admirer of Lucan, saying that, whatever he was as a poet, he stood in the first rank of orators.

3. Dined at Grillion's, sitting next Gregory, just returned from a tour in Central Italy.

Lord Norton asked me if I knew what was the difference in intrinsic value between the Australian sovereign and the English. I confessed my ignorance, and he answered his own question by saying, that the former is more valuable by a halfpenny. He had been present when somebody exclaimed, "A halfpenny! oh, that's not much!" Lord

Rothschild, who heard the remark, quietly observed: "That young man does not seem to know much about large transactions!"

6. The Wantages and others dined with us.

I talked with Countess Deym, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, about society in Prague. She had spent two winters there, and found some very agreeable people, but said that after all it was essentially a small town, and that the sanitary conditions, especially in the Kleinseite, left very much to be desired.

Lady Margaret Cecil spoke of Fairhill, one of the places which Lord Derby has bought in the south of England, and the answer came back to my mind, which he is said to have made when Arthur Russell said to him with reference to these purchases: "So you still believe in land, Lord Derby?"

"Hang it, a fellow must believe in something!"

7. With Spencer Walpole to Pembroke Lodge, where we compared notes about the tremendous clap of thunder last night, which (coming as it did in the middle of countless dinner-parties, and producing everywhere the impression that some frightful crash had taken place hard by) will, I should think, be exceptionally long remembered.

9. The great heat of last week has given place to weather which makes a light great-coat agreeable. My

chief occupation to-day was to go to enquire for Lord Dufferin and Lord Lytton who, both ambassadors and both ex-Viceroys of India, are, strange to say, lying ill within two hundred yards of each other; but my afternoon was redeemed from greyness by an exceedingly beautiful Benediction at Farm Street.

The latest news of the Empress Frederick was brought me by Mdlle. de Perpigna. A phrase of hers, about a person lately dead, reminded me of the wonderful epitaph which was proposed for the Marshal de Belleisle when he desired to be buried hard by Turenne:—

"Ci gît le glorieux à côté de la gloire."

10. In these last days a considerable portion of Motley's recently published letters has been read to me. I feel grateful to him for a story of Mrs. Grote, which I had never heard.

"One of the best things," he writes, "she ever said, was about Sydney Smith's daughter (who was married to Dr. Holland), in consequence of her husband being baroneted. Somebody hearing Lady Holland spoken of, asked if Lord Holland's wife was referred to. 'No,' said Mrs. Grote, 'this is New Holland, and the Capital is Sydney.'"

Mensdorff's remark to Motley, a little after Königgrätz, was exactly in accordance with his words to Lord Bloomfield, cited on an earlier page of this diary:—

"On est exigeant, mais le vainqueur a le droit de l'être. C'est un beau joueur que M. de Bismarck."

The following, too, is good, taken from a letter addressed in November 1866, to Lady William Russell :—

"Let me conclude with an anecdote which I heard yesterday of a Vienna Fiaker Kutscher. The street was encumbered by many vehicles which, as usual, especially a vegetable cart drawn by two donkeys, obstructed the path. Out of patience at last, the cabby bawled to the costermonger, 'Aus dem Wege du, mit deinen beiden Feldherren.'"

With most of the *appréciations* of persons, places, and political situations throughout the two volumes I agree, but one does not, without irritation, wade through hundreds of octavo pages, only to learn that Pembroke Lodge "has a magnificent view of the Thames scenery," that Lord Granville is very agreeable, that Lord Lytton published some good poems under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, that Nassau Senior's Manuscript Journals were lent about in London and Paris, that his daughter-in-law had a remarkably fine voice, that the Feildings are related to the Hapsburgs, and countless other particulars of the same sort, though they were doubtless of some value to the persons to whom Mr. Motley originally communicated them by letter.

11. Mr. Wilfrid Ward's life of his father, of which I have lately had a large part read aloud, seems to me a model biography.

Of all the chiefs of the movement which convulsed

Oxford during the fifteen years previous to my going into residence at Balliol, Ward was perhaps the one whose whole *Weltanschauung* was most alien to mine; nevertheless I have received the greatest pleasure from the book. Literary skill, tact, and good feeling could hardly go further than they have done in painting, without, I apprehend, any sacrifice of truth, an agreeable portrait of an extraordinarily gifted, amiable, and absurd personage.

If it had pleased the fates and the destinies that the life of Faber, who represented better than any one else the poetical and really fruitful side of the movement, should have fallen into the hands of a writer who could have done it as full justice, what a fascinating book we should have had!

Professor Sellar, whom I saw as he passed through London the other day, told his brother and myself, in the Strangers' Room at Brooks's, that when the excitement about Ward's famous book, *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, was at its height, he had quoted from Shakespeare, with reference to its author's Oxford nickname, "It shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom."

17. Mdlle. de Peyronnet told me last night that immediately after the death of Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, a black cat ran out of the building in which that event occurred. The natives about took it into their heads that this was the soul of their deceased ruler, and

for years after, if not indeed up to the present time, the sentries on duty there insist on presenting arms whenever they see a black cat.

I asked Sir Alfred Lyall to-day if this story was true, and he said that to the best of his belief it was.

Met my late Chief Secretary, who, *apropos* of the slang of the day, told me of a lady who, wishing to intimate that she would be disengaged at a particular time, had written :—

"Do come to lunch on Sunday, but if you can't do that, come on Monday afternoon, I shall *have nothing on*."

Dined with Sir Digby Murray, meeting amongst others the new American Minister, Mr. Robert Lincoln, son of the President. He repudiated very emphatically in conversation with my wife, the idea that American girls are allowed more liberty than their English sisters.

18. In the afternoon to see ———. I asked her how she would express in a single sentence the relations between man and woman as they have been from the beginning, and as they will be to the end.

"Woman," she replied, "was made after man, and has been after him ever since!"

Dined for the first time at The Club, which meets in Willis's Rooms. Lord Derby presided, *vice* Lord Carlisle, whose turn it was, but who was absent. Stephen, Lecky,

Reeve, the elder Walpole, Alfred Lyall, and Arthur Russell were there.

The last-named told us that he had been to see Lord Albemarle on this, the seventy-fourth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.

That led to talk of recollections, and Reeve said: "I have seen Sieyés, Roederer, and Louis XVIII.!"

Stephen mentioned that the old Lord Chief Baron, father of the late Sir Frederick Pollock, had remarked to him: "If my youngest daughter lives to be as old as I am now, she will be able to say, 'My grandfather saw Prince Charles Edward cross the Tweed two hundred years ago.'"

When the liqueurs were handed round I chose Maraschino, and gave, considering the place where we were assembled, surely a sufficient reason for doing so, for does not Gibbon, in a note to a passage in the *Decline and Fall*, describe it as "our incomparable Marasquin!"

The books of The Club were brought in, three in number.

The first dinner recorded in the third volume in which I inscribed my name, is that of 8th February 1831.

The first dinner recorded in the first volume is that of 7th April 1775, but unhappily, for a long time, it was not the custom for each member to sign his name, and the names are all in the hand of a clerk.

The entry of 13th December 1825, about which Professor Owen told me long years ago, is in Volume II. On that day there was great confusion in London, and only one single person dined at The Club. That was Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister.

I was interested to observe that Mountstuart Elphinstone was elected in 1830, having been proposed by Sir George Staunton, who in 1850 proposed me for the Athenæum.

I don't think, by the way, that I recorded the fact at the time, that I was proposed at Brooks's in the autumn of 1855 by old Lord Camperdown, the grandfather of the present peer, who was in his turn proposed by Charles Fox, whom he did not know personally. When he was elected several nights passed before he could be presented to the great man, so engaged were Fox and his friends at the gaming table.

As I walked home with Arthur Russell I told him the story mentioned above of the very attractive invitation for Sunday afternoon, and he told me in return of a French-woman who had written to her friend:—

"Je vous prie de venir aussi peu habillée que possible."

19. For the third time to the Committee of the Literary Fund, of which I became a member this spring.

Lord Derby, as usual, presided. I walked away with Lecky, who mentioned that a well-known London publisher

had said to him that "most books just about paid their expenses."

Our talk strayed *viâ* Longmans to Campbell the poet, and my companion said very truly: "How strange it is that he should have written so much that is perfectly worthless along with a very little that is as good as anything in the language!"

Lecky told me too that when the question was discussed whether Campbell should be commemorated by a statue or a bust, Rogers remarked in allusion to his inveterate habit of drinking: "I prefer a statue, for I have not seen my good old friend on his legs this many a day."

Dined with the Clothworkers to meet Lord Dufferin, but no Lord Dufferin came, as he is still ill; but we ate, as cheerfully as the melancholy circumstances permitted, the whale steaks which were provided, I presume, as a delicate compliment to his early Arctic explorations.

I sat next Lord Stalbridge who told me the true version of the reply made by his sister, Lady Macclesfield, to Samuel of Oxford, which I had heard and been accustomed to repeat in a somewhat different form. The Bishop said: "I weigh exactly such and such as I step out of my bath in the morning."

Lady Macclesfield asked, "Does that include the soap-suds?" It appears that she had not the remotest intention to make any allusion to his well-known nickname.

20. Talked long in the garden of Melbury House with Mrs. Greg and Mrs. Shipley. When I remarked that "The reason why one rarely came across a Jesuit who struck one as remarkable, probably was that men of originality were not so well suited for the Order as others who took more easily an impress from their surroundings," the latter observed, "The originality is put into commission."

I passed on with Mrs. and Miss Bishop to the Convent at Roehampton, where, it being the festival of the Corpus Domini, there was an interesting ceremony. A long procession—the nuns in black, the young ladies who are receiving their education, in white—started from the door of the building and moved slowly round the garden, singing the Hymn of Thomas Aquinas, *Lauda Sion.*

In a spot in the grounds admirably selected, and backed by foliage, now in perfection, the whole assistance knelt, and the *Tantum Ergo* was sung. Then the procession took its way round the little lake to another altar, where the same hymn was repeated. Thence it returned, singing a hymn in honour of the "Sacred Heart," to the chapel, where the concluding part of the "Benediction" followed, and we drove back to London.

The Milnes Gaskells, Buckinghamshires, and others dined with us.

Lady Buckinghamshire, whom I had not seen before, is the daughter of Mrs Hamilton Duncan *née* Miss Mercer

Henderson, to whose brother I sold, some twenty years ago, the small estate of Balbougie in Fife, which had been long in the Cuninghame branch of my family. Strange that she should have married the owner of Hampden, where we lived so long, and to whose family that historic house returned whilst we were there!

22. The Breakfast Club met at the Ranger's Lodge, Greenwich, which has now been given to Lord Wolseley. When I was there two years ago the place was, through no fault of my friends who were living there, in a sad state of disorder, and now it is far on the way to be very much the reverse. Our host mentioned that the new part of the house had been built by Lord Chesterfield of the Letters, but that the older portion had been erected on ground taken from the Common by the Farrier-major of Charles I. The populace threatened, after that monarch's execution, to pull it down. A compromise was, however, arrived at, in virtue of which Wolseley has still to pay annually a certain sum to the poor of the parish.

Courtney, Trevelyan, Arthur Russell, Herschell, and Frederick Leveson Gower were present.

On our way home Morier introduced Arthur Russell and myself at the Athenæum to Captain Wiggins of the Kara Sea, whose expedition to the Yenisei he had so much to say about when he was last in England.

The annual Geographical Soirée at Willis's Rooms, my

wife and I receiving the guests, I suppose over a thousand. In one of the rooms there was an extremely ingenious model of the Atlantic, intended to illustrate the action of the wind in producing the great oceanic currents, and notably the, to us, all-important Gulf Stream.

Dr. Nansen, a young Norwegian of twenty-seven, who has just succeeded in crossing Greenland from East to West, was the hero of the occasion.

24. At three o'clock I took, for the first time as President, the Chair of the Geographical Council.

At half-past six I presided *ex officio* at the dinner of the Geographical Club, with Dr. Nansen on my right and Count Piper, the Swedish Minister, on my left. Next but one to Count Piper sat a gentleman whom I did not know, but who turned out to be Mr. Cook the patron saint of the modern traveller. I made his next neighbour, Sir George Bowen, ask him whether it was true that Lord Dufferin had telegraphed to him, asking to be conducted from Constantinople to London, and that he had replied: "It would give me much pleasure to conduct your Excellency from Constantinople to London were I not at present engaged in conducting the British Army to Khartoum."

In answer the great *entrepreneur* said, "Lady Reay asked me precisely the same question in her drawing-room at Bombay. The story is only *founded* on fact, but it owes

its form to Lord Dufferin, who advertises me everywhere." I had of course much talk with Dr. Nansen, but a great deal of what he said to me was embodied in the paper which he read at the Meeting of the Geographical Society, at which I took the chair, in the large theatre belonging to the University of London, at half-past eight, and as that document will be published in the *Proceedings*, our conversation need not be recorded here. It was a very crowded meeting, and was addressed after the conclusion of the paper by four Arctic voyagers, Sir Leopold McClintock, Sir Allen Young, Dr. Rae, and Sir Erasmus Ommaney.

I chanced to walk this afternoon with Aberdare from the Athenæum down to the House of Lords. As we passed into Westminster Hall it struck me that just eight years had passed since I last entered it on 24th June 1881.

I went in and listened for a time, on the steps of the throne, to the debate on the third reading of the Land Transfer Bill, which was followed by the Division in which so many of his party abandoned Lord Salisbury.

26. I met last night Mackenzie Wallace, who, since his name was last mentioned in these Notes, has become Sir Donald, and we had this morning a long conversation upon India, whence he has just returned, *viâ* Bushire, Teheran, Astrabad, Bokhara and St. Petersburg.

A number of members of the Geographical Council and others dined with me to meet Dr. Nansen, who gave me the most curious account of the feats performed by Norwegian Skie runners. He declared that he had known a case where one of these, rapidly descending a hill and arriving at the edge of a precipice, had sprung into the air and touched the ground one hundred feet from the point where he left it. A leap of eighty feet would appear to be no uncommon feat.

He praised the raw skin of the white whale, *Delphinapterus Leucas*, as the most delightful of foods, combining the merits of a nut and an oyster.

Met at the Soirée of the Royal Academy Sir Edwin Arnold, who is thinking of starting for a journey round the world. He was specially attracted by Japan. "Imagine," he said, "a country whose grammar does not contain an 'imperative mood!'"

27. For I think the fourth time to visit the truly wonderful collection of Miniatures which has been brought together in the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

I have seen, after all, a mere fraction of the whole, but amongst the things which have interested me most are the Queen Elizabeth by Hilliard and the Falkland by Cooper, both of whom I hear spoken of as at the very head of their Art.

The name of Plimer was quite unknown to me, but he

appears to be hardly, if at all, inferior to Cosway. I do not remember ever having seen before any representation of the Princesse de Lamballe, or of Lady Ann Lindsay, or of Adrienne Le Couvreur, or of Sophie Arnould of whom it was said, "L'esprit sert à tout, même à chanter!"

Dined with the Frederick Farrers, meeting amongst others a German who said to me, "Die Truppe schiesst noch," but there is great uneasiness amongst the officers at the constant influx of Socialists into the ranks. The time will come, say many of them, when, "Die Truppe schiesst nicht mehr." My conversation with Karl Marx ten years ago (see these Notes for 1879) came back to my mind.

28. Breakfasted with Arthur Russell to meet Mallet, who is in London for a night.

Our host mentioned that Coleridge's reply when he was asked whether he believed in apparitions, having been alluded to one night at The Club, Lord Hatherley remarked, "Yes! he said that to me."

Mallet repeated the curious story of somebody exclaiming at Mr. Evelyn's house in Surrey—"Who's that? There is some one looking in at the window!" "Oh! it's the Bishop of Winchester," answered another of the party. Presently afterwards came the news that the Bishop had fallen from his horse, and been killed hard by.

We talked a good deal about Free Trade, and Mallet

told us that when he saw Cobden on his deathbed, the latter observed to him that Mill had done more harm by his sentence about the fostering of infant industries, than he had done good by the whole of the rest of his writings.

29. Breakfasted with Lefevre, along with Sir James Carmichael—whom I had not met before—Lowell, George Brodrick, Bryce, and others.

Layard told us that the great *fiasco* of the Law Courts was owing mainly to the casting vote of Beresford Hope. On Layard asking him why he was in favour of the site which was selected, he replied: "Because it will make the spectator look up, and the object of Gothic architecture is to direct the eye to Heaven!"

Conversation turned to the murder of Prim, which occurred when Layard was Minister at Madrid. Prim showed, he said, extraordinary pluck, walking upstairs after he was mortally wounded, and telling his wife, who had heard the shots in the street, that he was not seriously hurt.

July

1. Dined with the Literary Society.

We talked of Philpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, and Coleridge mentioned that his reputation for saying sharp things began early. One of the guests at an undergraduates' party in Oxford sang a song much out of tune. Then Philpotts was called upon, but he declared that he had not a note in his voice. "If you can't sing you must make a speech or tell a story," said his friends. "If I am to tell a story," replied the future controversialist, "I think I should say that I should like to hear ——— sing that song again."

Much later in life he went to stay with Sir ——— ——— in Devonshire.

"It's a beautiful place, is it not?" remarked somebody. "Yes," said the Bishop, "it is a beautiful place; if it were mine I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

Sir Charles Bowen told us that a favourite horse of his was taken very ill and sent to a veterinary establishment for rest and attention. Presently afterwards he went to see it, and had a long conversation with the groom in charge. "I fear," said Bowen, "there is no doubt that it has navicular disease." The man, who was very sympathetic, sorrowfully assented.

"But what am I to do?" asked the Lord Justice.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "I would conscientiously advise you to sell it to another gentleman."

Sir Charles Bowen also mentioned the story recorded in these Notes for last December, about the young nobleman who consulted Lord Beaconsfield as to addressing the House of Lords. Lord Beaconsfield must have borrowed that, said Coleridge. When Lord Herbert sat down after his first speech in that Assembly, a friend said to him, "Did you find it difficult?" "Difficult! It was like addressing sheeted tombstones by torchlight."

The conversation turned to the period when ——— sat below the gangway and attacked, whenever he had a chance, the first Gladstone Government.

Somebody said to Lowe: "Why is ——— so angry?" "Hungry!" was the reply.

On another occasion after a vicious onslaught ——— sat down, professing "the most absolute love and affection for the head of Her Majesty's Government." "Oh!" remarked Lowe. "It's all very well to talk about love and affection; what he wants is a post-nuptial settlement."

The Dean of Westminster who sat on my right was full of talk about Arthur Stanley's early Journals and the extraordinary precocity which they exhibited.

Stanley, he said, was consulted when an undergraduate, by the then Government through the late Lord Stanley of

Alderley as to the Hampden appointment, and dissuaded it on the grounds of Hampden's obscurity of expression which enabled his opponents with great ease to fix charges of heresy upon him.

"The appointment must be made," said Lord Melbourne, "for we have gone too far, but young Stanley is a deuced clever little fellow."

"I am sure," I remarked, "that Lord Melbourne did not say *deuced*."

"You are quite right," replied my Very Rev. neighbour, "he used another word beginning and ending with 'd.'"

Coleridge, who was in excellent vein to-night, told an amusing story of the perplexities of Dr. Goulburn when he was asked to baptise a Jew, who, wishing very much to marry a High Church girl, was met by the objection of the difference in their faith.

The Jew gradually accepted all Christian doctrines, but could not swallow the personality of the devil.

In this the Dean saw a difficulty. "For," said he, "it seems to me that when I ask you whether you renounce the devil and all his works, you may not find it easy to say 'Yes,' if you don't believe that there is any devil."

The Jew saw the force of the observation and thought that he might have to give up his young lady, whereupon Goulburn, who is a good-natured man, proposed to consult Dr. Tait, the then Bishop of London, on the subject. He

did so, and the Bishop after listening to the whole story said: "Where do you find the Christian faith summarised?"

"I suppose," replied his visitor, "in the three Creeds."

"Do you see anything in them about the personality of the devil?"

"No, now you mention it, I don't."

"I think then, if I were you, I would baptise him."

Goulburn took his leave, glad to be relieved of responsibility, but as he was going out of the room his diocesan called after him: "I say Goulburn, Goulburn!" Goulburn turned back. "I earnestly hope, you know, that he *will* come to believe in a personal devil!"

Coleridge told us also that Sir John Holker had said to Disraeli, when they sat together in the House of Commons, "You know all these men opposite well. I don't mean the front bench. We all know more or less about it. I mean the men immediately behind; tell me about them." Disraeli put up his eyeglass and looked along the bench: "Do you see that man?" he said; "he is the greatest rascal living—I knighted him."

Then Oxford got its turn, and we had several stories more or less well-known, but one new to me.

A German professor, who having imperfectly understood the drift of Mr. Oakley—who was expounding his views as to the propriety of doing what was right, independent of all

considerations of future reward or punishment—horrified that respectable divine by exclaiming: "Oh! Mr. Oakley, I am delighted to find that we so exactly agree. I, like you, entirely disbelieve in a future state."

The Literary Society at the commencement of the present season, on 5th November 1888, consisted of the following Members (I copy the official list):—

THE LORD COLERIDGE,

President.

1848 Rt. Hon. Spencer H. Walpole, *Ex-President.*
1857 General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., F.R.S.
1860 The Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I.
—— Captain Sir Douglas Galton, K.C.B.. F.R.S.
1861 Sir Charles Newton, K.C.B.
1869 General Sir E. B. Hamley, K.C.B., M.P.
1870 Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.
1871 Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Peterboro.
—— The Earl of Selborne.
1872 Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff.
1873 Sir James Paget, Bart., F.R.S.
1873 William Hartpole Lecky, Esq.
1874 Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's.
—— The Lord Carlingford, K.P.
1876 Rt. Honble. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., M.P.
1877 Hon. Mr. Justice Denman.
1878 Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, M.P.
1879 The Hon. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I.
—— The Lord Walsingham.
1880 Frederick Locker-Lampson, Esq.
—— J. E. Boehm, Esq., R.A.
—— Rt. Hon. Sir C. S. C. Bowen.

1882 Spencer Walpole, Esq.
—— Professor W. H. Flower, C.B., F.R.S.
1883 Professor Huxley, F.R.S.
—— Rev. Canon Liddon, D.D.
1884 The Lord Aberdare, G.C.B.
—— Henry James, Esq.
1886 Andrew Lang, Esq.
1886 Sidney Colvin, Esq.
1888 Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.
—— Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.
—— Augustine Birrell, Esq.
—— H. S. Cunningham, Esq.
—— Henry Doyle, Esq., C.B.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Professor Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B.
Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, M.D., K.C.B.
Professor Jebb.
Rt. Hon. and Most Rev. The Archbishop of York.
Henry Reeve, Esq., C.B.

SUSPENDED LIST.

1854 George Richmond, Esq., R.A.
1866 The Earl of Dufferin, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I.
1884 The Earl of Lytton.

The Dean of Westminster (Dr. Bradley) has been elected this season.

Dined at The Club. I sat between Sir Prescott Hewett and Mr. Maunde Thompson.

The others present were, Reeve, Lord Derby, Arthur Russell, Lacaita, and Newton.

Reeve mentioned that he once met Balzac who asked him to dine; but he could not go. Balzac expressed his regret, adding, "Nous avons Vidocq et Sanson!"

Lord Derby told, in a slightly different form, the story

I heard in India, of the native, who, arriving just as a train was starting, found himself thrust with some companions into a carriage which had already been appropriated to another purpose, and called to the guard: "Let us out, let us out; we are suffering inconvenience; there are biting dogs here."

Mr. Maunde Thompson mentioned that at the Sunderland Sale, where the prices realised were for the most part exceptionally high, the British Museum had secured through Quaritch, for fifty shillings, a book which they had been very anxious to obtain, and for which they had allowed him to bid as high as £60 or £70.

The conversation turned upon the idea, recently revived in some quarters, that the Annals of Tacitus had been forged by Poggio Bracciolini, to which Mr. Maunde Thompson said that there was this decisive objection, that a manuscript copy of them existed which belonged to the ninth century.

Lacaita assured us that an Italian had once said to him: "Why do the English call Presciutto by the name of Bacon, that great philosopher, the friend of Plato?"

He repeated also an anecdote of Lady Davy, who, throwing herself on her knees, used to the Pope, when he chanced to sneeze in her presence, the common, but in that particular case exquisitely inappropriate, formula: "Salute, e figli maschi!"

Sir Prescott Hewett said that he had seen a story of a famishing English couple, who, in one of the rooms of the exhibition now going on in Paris, asked if they could dine, and were met by the question of the waiter: "Quel jour?"

4. My wife gave a "dancing dinner" to young people, so I, whose presence was not desired, did the oldest thing I could, and dined with Sir Harry Verney, who was appointed an attaché by Canning.

I took down Lady Sophia Palmer, who gave a most interesting account of her adventures at Petra and elsewhere during Arabi's rebellion.

Amongst other amenities, she and the other young ladies of the party had a sword drawn across their throats; at another place one of the guards shot a man, who fell down dead with his foot inside Lady Sophia's tent.

In the course of the evening I heard the authentic version of an anecdote which had come to me in an imperfect form:—

A little boy and girl, grandchildren of Sir Thomas Watson, whom I used to meet at the Literary Society, and whom I once consulted as a physician, proposed to act a play which was to be entirely out of their own heads. Their family and friends assembled expectant.

When the curtain drew up the two young people were

being married at St. George's, Hanover Square, but parted on the steps of the church, the bridegroom having been suddenly summoned to take part in the Egyptian campaign.

Presently a door was opened and a voice announced that ten years must be supposed to have passed away.

When the stage was again visible, the husband, his breast covered with various colours to represent decorations, had just returned to his adoring wife, who proudly observed to him: "And I too have not been idle," at the same time opening a cupboard and displaying a row of ten dolls, the children who had been born during his absence.

6. I returned to 13, Great Stanhope Street, to-night, after a visit of some thirty-eight hours to the Eastern Counties with Lubbock and Mr. Frederick Hanbury, the Editor of *The London Catalogue*. The latter was our guide, and under his advice we took our tickets by the 9.10 train yesterday morning for Cambridge, whence we drove to Cherry Hinton, where we found the four great rarities of the spot—*Carum bulbocastanum*, *Seseli Libanotis*, *Linum perenne*, and *Siler trilobum*, the last-mentioned known as wild or quasi-wild only in this one spot of Great Britain.

Returning to the Cambridge station we passed on to Mildenhall, where we were met by the Vicar, Mr. Living-

stone, who took us to see his fine church, remarkable for its tall spire, for the very peculiar tracery of its east window, and for the large wooden angels of the roof.

At lunch in the Vicarage I sat next Lady Bunbury, widow of Sir Charles (see the Indian volume of these Notes) who took us to see the Manor House where she resides, and on the garden wall of which grows the very rare *Galium Anglicum*.

From Mildenhall we drove very slowly to Brandon through a curious country divided by lines of Scotch fir, and for the most part given up to rabbits, but affording a home to some interesting plants, of which we gathered, among others, *Medicago falcata* (Bentham), *Onopordon Acanthium*, *Scleranthus perennis*, *Phleum phalaroides* (formerly *Boehmeri*), and *Artemisia campestris*, which I saw last sixteen years ago on the Tumulus of Odin at Upsala.

From Brandon, which was a great manufactory of flint implements in pre-historic times, and where gun flints are still made for exportation to Africa, we passed *viâ* Thetford over some thirty-five miles of railway to Norwich, where we slept.

I rose early this morning and went to look at the Cathedral which has a very fine spire of Norman age, but I only saw the building from the outside, for although it was market day, neither it nor any of the numerous

churches, which I happened to see, were open. Faber's lines about Liège came back to my memory:—

> "The market girls thronged into church
> To pray as they went by.
> Alas! that such a sight should seem
> So strange to an English eye!"

From Norwich we went by rail to Acle, whence a drive of about an hour took us to Ranworth Broad, a combination of a mere and a marsh, on which we embarked and had a rich harvest of plants, among which it may be enough to mention *Ranunculus Lingua*, *Stratiotes aloides*, *Lathyrus palustris*, *Epipactis palustris*, *Cicuta virosa*, *Peucedanum palustre* and *Agrostis lanceolata*.

From Ranworth Broad we passed into the river Bure, and went as far as a little inn near the Ferry at Horning, in front of which lay some large and very fine specimens of fossilised sponges. Thence we returned to our place of embarkation.

The expedition was extremely fruitful botanically, though we looked in vain for *Liparis Loeselii* at a spot where Mr. Hanbury had formerly found it in abundance.

The herbage is this year unusually rank, thanks to long continued rains, followed by great heat; but the conditions which have been favourable to many other plants have apparently not been favourable to this little orchid.

The sights and sounds of the mere were pleasant: fine swans, rather shocked by our intrusion, herons, the cry of the coot, and the song of a bird unfamiliar to me—I suppose the reed-warbler.

The narrow water-paths which led from one part of the open water to another were highly profitable in plants, but not so agreeable, thanks to the sulphuretted hydrogen which bubbled up in all directions as our boat was forced through the decaying vegetation.

From Acle we returned to Norwich, whence we ran by rail past Ipswich and Colchester, both of which appeared larger and more important places than I had imagined them. By ten o'clock I was once more at home.

7. In a letter received yesterday ——— writes:—

"I half heard a pretty *mot* the other night; but only half heard as the buzz of talk was great. Some one was extravagantly praising the finish of Meissonier's pictures. 'Ah,' said a bystander, 'un artiste ne cherche pas le fini mais l'infini.'"

Dined with the Dilettanti to look after the election of Spencer Walpole, who was to-night added to the Society along with Mr. Lucas, Lord Ellesmere, and Lord Savile.

A good deal of business was brought before us, and the re-printing of the late Lord Houghton's Article in the *Edinburgh* for 1857, giving an account of the Society, was resolved upon.

The Dilettanti at the beginning of this year consisted of the following members (I copy the official list); but since it was drawn up Mr. Halliday has resigned and Mr. Sartoris has died:

W. A. Tyssen Amherst, Esq., M.P.
Forster F. Arbuthnot, Esq.
John Ball, Esq.
Sir Reginald P. Beauchamp, Bart.
The Right Hon. Sir Charles S. C. Bowen.
The Lord Brassey, K.C.B.
Lord Robert Brudenell Bruce, R.N.
Sir Frederick William Burton.
Hy. A. Butler-Johnstone, Esq.
Wm. Cornwallis Cartwright, Esq.
The Hon. Sir Joseph Wm. Chitty.
The Lord Colchester.
Sidney Colvin, Esq.
Sir Robert A. Cunliffe, Bart.
Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P.
Alexander Dennistoun, Esq.
Albert G. Dew-Smith, Esq.
The Lord Dorchester.
The Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I.
Chas. I. Elton, Esq., Q.C., M.P.
Sir George Errington, Bart.
Sir William James Farrer.
Cyril Flower, Esq., M.P.
Sir Wm. Augustus Fraser, Bart.
Thomas Gaisford, Esq.
Charles Milnes Gaskell, Esq., M.P.
William Halliday Halliday, Esq.
James Stewart Hodgson, Esq.
The Lord Houghton.
The Lord Hylton.
R. C. Jebb, Esq.
H. E. H. Jerningham, Esq.
Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.
Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.
William Watkiss Lloyd, Esq.
James Russell Lowell, Esq.
The Earl of Lytton, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.
The Hon. Robert Henry Meade, C.B.
H. Bingham Mildmay, Esq.
Sir Charles T. Newton, K.C.B.
Robert Milnes Newton, Esq.
Sir Richard Horner Paget, Bart., M.P.
Edward Henry Pember, Esq., Q.C.

Francis Cranmer Penrose, Esq.
His Excellency The Honourable Edward J. Phelps.
Viscount Powerscourt, K.T.
The Earl of Rosebery.
Edward John Sartoris, Esq.
Edward James Stanley, Esq.
The Earl of Strafford.
George Tomline, Esq.
Sir Reginald Earle Welby, K.C.B.
Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn, Esq.

In addition to those I have just mentioned, M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, and Lord Baring have been elected this season.

9. Spoke at a meeting at the Mansion House with reference to Lady Dufferin's Association for Providing Medical Aid for the Women of India.

Lord St. Levan, who, when he was last mentioned in these Notes was Sir John St. Aubyn, told me this evening at the house of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, that the constituency of West Cornwall, created in 1832, had never once been polled.

Lady St. Levan mentioned that they used, before the recent ecclesiastical changes in France, to have a good deal of communication with the monks of the Norman St. Michael's, who called the Cornish mount "Le petit St. Michel."

11. Gave up 13, Great Stanhope Street, and returned to York House.

——— writes :—

"Do you know the wicked story of old Mrs. Smith, Henry's

mother, who went to hear Maurice preach, and having heard T. Hughes call him 'The Master,' added—'not master of his subject!'"

She had a good deal of fun that same old lady, who, when I saw her for the first time in 1852, and on to the end, always made me think of a grey eagle. It was she who, when some Protestant fanatic was abusing the Pope, remarked: "The merciful man is merciful also unto his Beast."

13. The Breakfast Club met at 11, Upper Brook Street, where Lacaita is living with his son.

Hübner was present as a guest. The conversation found its way to our host's imprisonment at Naples, where he was shut up for a fortnight in the days of Ferdinand II. The piece of evidence against him, which he had most difficulty in setting aside, was a letter written by Lady Anna Melville, who afterwards married Stirling Maxwell, in which with reference to a pleasure party to La Cava and Amalfi, of which Lacaita had been asked to take the entire management, but declined, saying that it must be organised on purely Republican principles, she had written to him to say, "Do come and talk over with us our delightful Republican Government."

Hübner, who, of course, in those days was at the very opposite pole of opinion, said: "I also was imprisoned—for just one hundred days."

"Where?" we asked.

"At Milan, in 1848."

"Did they treat you well?" somebody enquired.

"Very well," he answered. "I was not exactly in prison. All the prisons were full; but I was handed over to a gentleman who became responsible for me. I was arrested under very romantic circumstances, but the story is too long to tell."

I begged him to tell it nevertheless, which he did, and the facts were briefly these:—

It appears that just when the Insurrection broke out he had gone to a house hard by his own, which was inhabited by an Austrian employé. A successful attack was suddenly made upon this house by a party of insurgents, and presently the Castle began to try to dislodge them by a steady fire.

The husband escaped, and Hübner was left with the pretty wife. When the bullets were already coming through the window and striking the opposite wall they got under the window in the shelter of some mattresses, and had to remain there three days and three nights.

When it was safe to leave the building Hübner went into the streets, which were themselves very far from safe, gave himself up to a householder, and was by him handed over to the Provisional Government, who placed him in the not too severe custody to which I have alluded above.

In the course of the same conversation the curious fact transpired that Lacaita had been one of the two people who went with Prince Felix Schwartzenberg on board the steamer by which he left Naples.

I remember Hübner telling me in India that one of the things on which he most felicitated himself was, having got Prince Felix Schwartzenberg a little later to go to Vienna, and take charge of the Government.

15. I returned this afternoon from Salisbury, whither I took Clara on Saturday afternoon to pay a visit at the Deanery. George Boyle showed me amongst other things the privately printed Memoir of Mr. Sidney Lear, by his widow, and gave me a copy of his own *Selections from Clarendon*, a book which has lately been published by the University of Oxford. He handed me, too, the inscription on the Statue of the Duke of Wellington, mentioned on a previous page, which runs as follows:

> "Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
> Invictum bello te coluere ducem:
> Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu
> Ut desit famæ gloria nulla tuæ."

On the same piece of paper he noted the subjoined curious anecdote:—

"Hog, of Newliston, met John Dundas in a train. Dundas admired Hog's trousers, and was told that they were made of wool from his own sheep, and that he

(Dundas) should have a pair. The trousers never came till this epigram produced them :—

"Mi Porcus proprio contextas vellere braccas
Vovit—nunc vanas spes doleoque fidem
Heu fractam ! Stultus ! porcus strepitum dare magnum
Lanas quam minimas noscere debueram."

16. ——— writes under date of 14th :—

"A certain lady and her family hired a place in Scotland which was haunted by the ghost of a woman who was to be seen constantly at night wandering through the rooms and passages. When the family arrived the lady was much struck with the place, and said, 'I must have been here before, for I know this place so well, only there ought to be two rooms here, and there is only one.' The agent replied that within a few weeks the owner had caused a partition to be taken down and made the two rooms into one.

"Still the lady was puzzled at her knowledge of the place till she remembered that it was a house she used to go to in her dreams.

"Well, some time passed, and the agent was up at the house again, when the lady complained that one part of the contract had not been fulfilled. They had hired a house and a ghost for the summer, and no ghost had she seen.

"The agent replied, 'Of course not, because *You* are the ghost : we recognised you the moment we saw you.'"

20. The Breakfast Club met at Goschen's—Dufferin, Herschell, Trevelyan, Courtney, Aberdare, Frederick Leveson Gower and Acton being present.

Just as I was leaving home I received a letter from

Coleridge, in which he deplored the early death of the last mentioned, which he had seen in some newspaper.

I was happy to be able to read to the deceased, who was in the rudest health, the first sentence of his obituary notice.

Oddly enough, there was in the Spring an equally unfounded report of the death of Acton's only son. The story of the suicide of Lady Acton, which also a few days ago found its way into the Press, had really some shadow of foundation, a Baroness Acton having drowned herself, as Acton told me to-day, just under Lady Acton's windows overlooking the Tegern See.

The story of the scrape into which Lady Anna Melville got Lacaita having been mentioned, Herschell told us that a somewhat similar case had occurred during the American War. Amongst other things which were difficult to procure in the South were stays, and a lady having written to a friend in the North to obtain for her two of these articles, he sent them, and wrote at the same time to say, that he hoped the armour might prove useful against some of the Northern heroes. Presently he was warned that he was in grave danger of arrest, and he had the greatest possible trouble in getting out of the difficulty into which his inopportune joke had brought him.

21. A large gathering at York House, cheerful in spite of the very showery weather, which kept us much within doors.

Miss Somers Cocks, Hübner, Sidney Colvin, Lionel Byrne, Maurice de Bunsen, Hanbury of La Mortola, Mr. Basil Thomson, the reader of the paper at the Geographical Society noticed a few days back, and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace were with us.

The last, speaking to me about Morier and his projects for getting a great trade through the inhospitable Kara Sea, said that it was the most modern form of blockade running.

Hübner gave an account of the death of the Princess Lieven. She had just edified her *entourage* very much by the religious sentiments which she expressed, when she asked, "In what town is the Congress to meet?" Her head fell back, and she was dead—*quidnunc in excelsis* to the last. Hübner repeated also what I had heard him say before, that he had known an old banker of the name of Escalus, at Vienna, who well remembered hearing his father describe the dangers and difficulties of travelling to Trieste in his early days.

"If I live two years more," said Hübner, "I shall be able to say that I can, with one intermediate link, go back two hundred years."

Another subject on which we touched was Marshal MacMahon, whose genius does not lie in the *àpropos*. When he was visiting St. Cyr he was told that a negro student was a good deal looked down upon by his com-

panions, and that it would be to his advantage if the Marshal took some notice of him. He agreed, and the youth was sent for; but all that MacMahon could find to say to him was: "Ah! *Vous êtes le nègre—continuez.*"

22. Dined at the Athenæum with a large party gathered to do honour to Dufferin. Morier, Alfred Lyall, Lord Knutsford, and Sir Charles Bowen were present, amongst others.

I sat between General Strachey and Alfred Morrison. The latter talked of Cromwell, forty of whose autograph letters he possesses.

He said that the foreign policy of the Protector was a still unwritten chapter of English history, and wondered who had inspired it; he was inclined to think Lockhart.

Layard, who has been lately at Southampton, told us that the records of that town are full of its dealings with the Republic of Venice, which carried on a trade with it for something like two centuries.

29. Dined at Grillion's. Frederick Leveson Gower, Arthur Mills, Lord Norton, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir James Paget, Sir Edgar Boehm and Northbrook were the others present at this, the last dinner of the season.

The conversation turned upon the City Companies, in whose favour Sir James Paget had a good deal to say, maintaining, for example, that the Fishmongers had done more for fishing than any Government in Europe; and

having evidently a very friendly feeling towards his own Company, the Grocers, who have, it appears, never had anything to do with grocery, but were of old times entrusted with measurement *en gros*.

Boulanger's name came up. One of the party said that he had seen the General riding in the Park, and thought that he looked very much like a gentleman.

Another declared that he had said to himself: "Now, if I met that man in a railway carriage, what should I take him for?" and had replied to his own question: "For a *fabricant de meubles de l'Alsace*."

A third had been chiefly impressed by the fact that he had no back to his head.

While we were on this subject Paget was asked by one whether it was a fact that our least exalted qualities have their seat in the back of the head; and by another whether it was a fact the back of the head was the seat of energy.

He replied: "If I had been asked, not whether 'it was a fact,' but whether 'it was a belief' that such was the case, I might have answered in the affirmative"; but he evidently set no store by the idea that a deficiency in the back of the head indicated either a want of energy or an absence of other less desirable qualities; though he would be inclined, I think, to form unfavourable conclusions as to intellectual power from an abnormal want of development either in the front or the back of the head.

Northbrook mentioned, when we were speaking of Bernal Osborne, that he had once, when an Under Secretary, quoted some opinions which that personage had expressed when in office, but which were diametrically opposed to something he had just stated, being then out of office. Osborne coolly remarked: "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

The name of the late Master of Trinity reminded me of his remark, quite an unfair one by the way, when he heard the late Dean Howson preach: "I have never till now had a high opinion of the abilities of the late Mr. Conybeare."

Who was it who recently told me that the work jointly produced by these two gentlemen has been one of Longman's most lucrative speculations?

It was to Dr. Howson, if I remember right, that the late Master of Trinity remarked, as he returned with him from St. Mary's to the Lodge, and found that Henry Smith had left cards for both of them during the time of the University sermon, "You see, he wanted neither to hear you, nor to see me!"

27. Returned to York House from a visit to the Maskelynes at Basset Down. The house stands on the slopes of the Downs looking north towards Swindon. Its chief interest consists in its gardens, which Mrs. Maskelyne, an excellent botanist, has laid out, and to most of the plants in which she gives minute and individual care.

There I learnt to know three English plants with which I was not acquainted—*Draba aizoides*, *Lathyrus tuberosus*, and *Potentilla fruticosa*, the last of which Mrs. Maskelyne had seen wild in great abundance near High Force.

In other parts of the property, on which, by-the-by, both the Avon which enters the sea below Bristol and the Kennet rise, she showed me *Vicia Sylvatica* and *Astragalus glycyphyllus*, which I had never seen in flower; *Lathyrus sylvestris* and *Carduus eriophorus*, a truly grand thistle which I had never seen at all; *Gnaphalium margaritaceum*, and *Carduus tuberosus* I had seen before, but the interest of these two was that the first was brought to the gardens from a station in Wales where it is supposed by some to be wild, and the other was brought by Mrs. Maskelyne herself from a station a few miles from Basset Down, where this excessively rare plant is generally reputed to be wild.

Amongst our fellow guests at Basset Down were Arthur Clough, a son of the poet, and, like him, in the Education Office.

Another agreeable incident of this journey was the company of Acton from London to Swindon. I asked him about Stade of Giessen (see these Notes for 10th May, 1888), and he told me that the most interesting circumstance connected with Stade was the fact that he had begun his book on Ancient Israel with the most Conservative intentions!

Mr. Watkiss Lloyd lately lent me a paper on the Dilettanti by Professor Michaelis, taken from the 14th volume of Lützow's *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, 1879, which treats the history of the Society with Teutonic thoroughness. The first chapter is on its organisation, and did not add much of importance to what I knew already. The second, on "The Dilettanti as Collectors," brings out that aspect of the Society's activity better I think than any one else has done, and also shows how about the time of the French Revolution the Sculpture gallery was gradually thrown into the shade by the Picture gallery.

The publications of the Dilettanti are treated in a third chapter, from which I learnt *inter alia* that Lord Anson was a Member.

Professor Michaelis thinks that the Society should henceforward devote itself to the sort of work which has been done by Schliemann, or by the Germans at Olympia, and indicates the Temple of Athena Alea at Tegea as a fit subject for its investigations.

August

2. I came back to-day from the Ridgeway, whither I went with Clara and Victoria on the 31st ulto.

Among the incidents of my visit was an expedition with my host and hostess to see the garden of Sir William Bowman, the celebrated oculist.

Among many things which interested me I note *Disa grandiflora* from Table Mountain, one of the most beautiful of terrestrial orchids. The Russells' own garden, with which they take endless trouble, has brought together many curious plants. It is to it I owe the seeds of *Sonchus alpinus*. Thence, too, came the seeds of *Sonchus palustris*, a very rare English plant.

Amongst the thousand and one things we talked about was the figure known as Svastika in Sanscrit, and Arthur Russell gave me the following names for it:—Fylfot in English (Vielfuss), Croix gammeé in French, Gammadion in Greek, Krückenkreuz in German.

6. Returned from Peper Harow, whither I went on the 3rd.

The place was looking extremely well, and in a long walk with Midleton on Sunday, followed by a still longer drive yesterday, I saw much more of the country than I

did on my former visit. Our walk took us across the Park and over a wild common to a small stream, which crossed, we soon reached the house which used to be inhabited by Mrs. Ward, standing amongst scenery lovingly described in her now famous book, *Robert Elsmere*.

My companion especially directed my attention to the walk, in the beginning of the 28th chapter, of which the following is a portion :—

"He was on the top of a high sandy ridge, looking west and north, over a wide evening world of heather, and wood, and hill. To the right, far ahead, across the misty lower grounds into which he was soon to plunge, rose the woods of Murewell, black and massive in the twilight distance. To the left, but on a nearer plane, the undulating common, stretching downwards from where he stood, rose suddenly towards a height crowned with a group of gaunt and jagged firs—landmarks for all the plain—of which every ghostly bough and crest was now sharply outlined against a luminous sky.

. . . . . .

Presently he reached the edge of the ridge, whence the rough track he was following sank sharply to the lower levels. Here was a marvellous point of view, and the Rector stood a moment beside a bare weather-blasted fir, a ghostly shadow thrown behind him. All around the gorse and heather seemed still radiating light, as though the air had been so drenched in sunshine that even long after the sun had vanished the invading darkness found itself unable to win firm possession of earth and sky. Every little stone in the sandy road was weirdly visible; the colour of the heather, now in lavish bloom, could be felt though hardly seen. Before him melted line after line of woodland, broken by hollow after hollow, filled with vaporous wreaths of mist.

About him were the sounds of wild nature. The air was resonant with the purring of the nightjars, and every now and then he caught the loud clap of their wings as they swayed unsteadily through the furze and bracken. Overhead a trio of wild ducks flew across from pond to pond, their hoarse cry descending through the darkness. The partridges on the hills called to each other, and certain sharp sounds betrayed to the solitary listener the presence of a flock of swans on a neighbouring pool."

Much of our drive was through scenery of similar character, but the most interesting point of it was the villa at Witley, formerly inhabited by George Eliot, and now by Midleton's connection, Lady Enniskillen. It stands on the edge of a declivity commanding admirable views far across to the South Downs, and is altogether an extremely attractive little place. Amongst my companions on my visit to it was Lady Bantry, sister of Mr. Herbert of Muckross, whom I remember in the House of Commons. She told me, on the authority of the last Duchess of Westminster herself, that when the Shah told her that the fame of her beauty had reached Teheran, she said to some one who stood by: "He takes me for Westminster Abbey."

I had heard the story, but was under the impression that it was only *ben trovato*.

Lady Bantry mentioned also that her husband had had to take the name of Hedges for a property, whereupon, the family name having become White Hedges, he being

very dark, was called "Blackthorn," and she, "May Blossom."

My host gave an account of a conversation between a friend of his and a young German nephew who had been brought up at Strassburg.

The uncle asked how he got on with the French students. "Oh," he replied, "they go their way and we ours."

"Do you ever fight duels with them?"

"Duels!" rejoined the other, astonished at its being supposed that they could condescend to such friendly relations—"You don't imagine that we are on such terms with them as that!"

Mr. Harvey, who has the living of Peper Harow, gave an account of taking Arthur Stanley and Lady Augusta up Monte Generoso, and of their all seeing there the remarkable atmospheric phenomenon known as the Spectre of the Brocken.

8. Sent back to Mrs. Bishop a number of *Præterita* which she had lent me, and in which occurs an account of Charles Norton, so often mentioned in these pages. I quote a portion of it:—

"A man of the highest natural gifts in their kind; observant and critical rather than imaginative, but with an all-pervading sympathy and sensibility, a scholar from his cradle, nor only now a man of the world but a gentleman of the world, whom the

highest born and best bred of every nation would recognise in a moment as of their caste."

On my way back from Peper Harow this morning I met Madame de Peyronnet at Guildford.

In the course of our journey Madame de Peyronnet told me of a young French officer, who finding during the siege of Paris that horse disagreed with him, remarked: "Je me croyais meilleur cavalier."

Mme. Blaze de Bury has sent me a paper which she has written on Lord Dufferin for the *Correspondant*, in which I find the following Note:—

"Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, alors jeune Membre de la Chambre des Communes était un des meilleurs amis, des plus fidèles coreligionnaires politiques de M. de Montalembert."

I am afraid I have no sort of right to be described as "un des meilleurs amis de M. de. Montalembert"; but from the time I first met him at the last Lord Fife's, in 1858, until I said "Good-bye" to him years afterwards at the door of Shaftesbury House in Kensington, then inhabited by the author of the *Broad Stone of Honour*, I retained a strong admiration for and a great interest in him, although it was not till after his death that I became acquainted with circumstances in his history which trebled that interest.

I don't think I have ever noted that Arthur Russell told

me he was once present at a conversation about the habit, strange to French ears, of giving to English children all sorts of names sanctioned neither by the Church nor the Classics. "J'ai," said Montalembert, "un ami en Angleterre qui se nomme Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant —pas un Saint du Calendrier!"

9. In a letter dated 1st April, but which I only answered to-day, ——— writes:—

"Bryce's book is big enough to admit of all sorts of praise. It is all but exhaustive. Studied from the American point of view, it is not only the most comprehensive, but also the fairest statement of the facts of this great experiment of ours that has been made. It is sagacious and able. In pure statement of facts and in the analysis of them it is as good as could be wished, but Bryce's spectacles seem to me sometimes like Claude Lorraine glasses. He sees the features of the landscape correctly, but with a different colour from that of nature. His temperament, his position in English Society, and his experience at home give a roseate hue to some of his views of America. I note, too, a certain timidity, a certain desire to be pleasant, where it would be better not to be pleasant, which I attribute to the same source. Bryce had found himself more at ease, and more truly and gratifyingly recognised for the man he is, in America than he had ever been in England. If he had been born in America, and breathed the moral atmosphere of the land as his native air, he would have *felt* certain things very differently from what he feels them now. This criticism of mine is a little vague I am quite aware; but it is a criticism of tone, of colouring, and cannot have the definiteness of a criticism of style, of principles, or of facts. I make it mainly because this tone affects the worth of

the book as regards its influence in America. Its tendency is stronger to promote our self-satisfaction than to stir us to that noble discontent which is the strong motive of improvement."

10. I see, to my amusement, that Bentham joins *Poa Parnelli* and *Poa Balfourii* together under the name of *Poa nemoralis*. Could his opposition to Babington and the "splitters" be better emphasized?

Mr. Frederick Hanbury writes to say that since our expedition to East Anglia he has had a delightful visit in Scotland, coming in the middle of Lord Breadalbane's deer forest on "one or two grand streams and glens for *Hieracia*," where he made a rich harvest.

Hübner, just about to return to Austria, came down to dine.

We talked of the great Hungarian Houses. He put the Palffys, the Batthyanys, the Esterhazys, and the Forgatsches quite in a class by themselves; but the last-named have fallen of late a good deal into the background.

Thence our conversation wandered to Japan, and he gave a curious instance of the superficiality of the *Western* civilisation which has been spreading more or less over that country.

One of the leading physicians at Vienna told him that he attended the wife of the Japanese Minister in her last illness. She had a bed like any other lady of her station

in life in the Austrian Capital; but in the bed was a board on which she really lay, and amongst her luxurious pillows was the old Japanese head rest.

11. A large party at York House, amongst others the Mallets, Somerset Beaumont, and Mr. Seely, with whose grandfather I went to stay in 1864 to meet Garibaldi. (See these Notes for that year).

A long conversation with Mrs. Greg recalled to me the passage in Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, on the history of the word Pagan, which I have hardly looked at since Oxford days; but I read it to her this morning, and thought that it well deserved a re-perusal.

Mallet having repeated the story of William IV., when Duke of Clarence, calling across the street to an acquaintance at Portsmouth: "———, I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth"; to which the other replied, "I am very sorry your Royal Highness has come down here to take away my character," added, on the authority of Jowett, that Tennyson had said, "That is so witty that you cannot laugh at it; it makes you grave."

I have been carefully looking through, for the first time since before I went to India, my reserve of English plants, with a view to make my herbarium, arranged according to the list given by the late Mr. Hewitt Watson, in his *Compendium of the Cybele Britannica*, London, 1870, as perfect as possible. I see that out of the 1,428 British plants

which he counts, from *Clematis vitalba* to *Equisetum variegatum*, I have still thirty-nine to acquire.

13. Mr. Hamerton's book, *French and English*, which I have just had read to me, recalled his much older book, which I read years ago, *Round my House;* and I have just finished a second perusal of it. I know no saner estimates of our nearest neighbours than are contained in these two works.

14. Ran up to London for an hour or two, travelling with Stephen, who is staying with us. As we passed Mortlake he said: "Sir Henry Taylor lived here at one time, and I went down to see him when I was a boy about seventeen. Meaning to ask me whether I was inclined for a stroll, he said: 'Art in a mind to walk?'"

Read at the Athenæum No. 4 of vol. iii. of *Præterita*, thereby continuing a conversation with Stephen, which had turned on Scott, about whom Ruskin writes, as Stephen spoke, excellently. The number is an admirable specimen of its author's merits and defects—striking sentences and remarks, showing much insight alternating with harum-scarum nonsense.

The following passage amused me, taken in connection with the conversation about its writer which I had with the subject of it when he was staying with me at Guindy as Chaplain to the Viceroy. (See these Notes for February 1884).

After recording a walk with Lady Mary Kerr in the Rhymer's Glen, Ruskin adds:—

"Her brother, then the youngest Captain in the English Navy, afterwards gave up his soul to his Captain Christ—not like banished Norfolk, but becoming a monk in the Jesuits' College at Hampton."

Another book which I turned over at the Athenæum was Mr. Hodgkin's *Italy and her Invaders*, much of which would, I see, well repay a nearer acquaintance.

Amongst many things which struck me was the judgment on the "De Civitate Dei," in vol. i. page 384, and a curious letter of Apollinaris Sidonius describing Ravenna, so like Beckford's brilliant account of Holland that one almost fancies the modern must have read it.

I did not remember, if I ever knew, that the body of Galla Placidia, after sitting for considerably more than a thousand years in her tomb, was burnt to ashes by some children who accidentally set fire to it in, I think, 1567.

15. Looking over a letter from Rees, dated March 6th of this year, I came upon the following, which is Indian all over:—

"There is nothing much to report, but lately in the Bombay Presidency some coolies digging came on a cobra and a vase, and all the schools in the place became emptied because of the rumour that the Government were going to sacrifice fifty children to this cobra to induce it to show where the treasure

was that it guards. You know a cobra always guards a treasure, and the Sircar wants fifty lakhs for railway extensions."

With Stephen to Kew. On our way back he mentioned to me the inscription which Mr. Pember has written for the window which some of us contributed to the church built by Venables shortly before his death, near his home on the upper Wye:—"Conditori hujus ecclesiæ amicissimi quidam."

That led to a good deal of talk about Venables, and to regrets that so few of his good things have been preserved.

16. Mr. Stephen Simeon, who is staying here, repeated to me to-night some lines quoted to him, as the last Lord Houghton's, but which were new to me:—

> "Well I remember how, one Sabbath morn
> I shot hen-pheasants in the standing corn;
> 'Twas in September. Can'st devise a plan
> More hideous in the sight of God and man?"[1]

17. Miss Linter, one of our near neighbours, sent me to-day the very last thing in shells, of which she has a most remarkable collection. It is a *Bulimus* from Roraima, not yet named.

24. Leaving York House, on the morning of the 20th, I travelled *viâ* Morpeth to Wallington, Trevelyan's place in Northumberland, which lies near the station of Scot's Gap, so called from the Scots having come

[1] Quoted somewhat differently in his *Life*.

down that way in the raid which led to the Battle of Otterburn.

The house was built just at the end of the seventeenth century round a court which has in recent times been roofed in. It contains many objects of interest, amongst others, one of the finest collections of Oriental China in Great Britain.

Of the pictures, the most interesting to a stranger are probably some small ones by Ruskin, although there is a Sir Joshua of huge proportions, representing Sir Walter Blackett, a former owner of the property, and a Gainsborough representing a Miss Trevelyan. The last-named portrait displeased Arthur Young when he passed this way on his northern tour, and was described by him as a portrait of a "Hat and Ruffles." That criticism had the effect of making its owner place the picture in the hands of Sir Joshua, with directions to paint out the hat and ruffles—and these were carried into effect.

The grounds are chiefly remarkable for their fine timber, which strikes one all the more as the district through which one approaches them is very bare and wind-swept. There is next to no land under cereals in the neighbourhood; the whole country is given up to cattle or sheep. The population is sparse and extremely well-to-do, partly from the wages being very high, the mere ordinary labourer having disappeared, and partly from the absence

of public-houses, which were banished by Sir Walter Trevelyan, the last proprietor but one.

Almost all the people leave money; so much is this the case, that the widow of a woodman, who lately bought an annuity with the sum of two hundred pounds, instead of bequeathing it to her heirs, was very badly thought of by her neighbours.

Amongst others whom I found in the house when I arrived, was Mr. Hodgkin, the author of *Italy and her Invaders*, mentioned above, who is a banker in Newcastle. He told me that his attention had been directed to imperial history by the Roman Wall, which he has evidently made a special subject of study, and to which he offered, if I again came to this region, to be my guide.

On the morning of the 22nd I went over by rail to Rothbury, interesting from the smallness of its death-rate, and as having been the centre of the Derwentwater rising in 1715.

Thence I passed to Cragside, Lord Armstrong's very remarkable place, between one and two miles from the town. Very remarkable, I call it, for it does not resemble any other place I have seen. In the year 1865, the site on which it is built was a rugged slope, crowned by fine precipices and covered with large masses of rock scantily sprinkled with a very thin mixture of sand and peat, which supported a certain amount of vegetation—*Erica vulgaris*,

brambles, hawkweeds, and the like. Trees there were none, save a very few at the foot of the slope, where it falls down to a little stream, which is confined on its further side by another but far less rugged and inhospitable acclivity.

Lord Armstrong saw that a house, built on the first-mentioned slope, would be protected from the north and east. He set to work accordingly, and at a convenient spot erected a very large building which harmonises well with the surrounding scenery. He retained the existing vegetation, but supplemented it by planting trees in every direction, together with masses of such shrubs and herbaceous plants as were likely to flourish in such a situation. The results he has produced are extraordinary. The Douglas pine has, in parts of the grounds, reached 60 feet; the *Pinus nobilis* grows luxuriantly, finely contrasted with the golden yew, the Californian form of the hemlock spruce, and many other conifers; while there are acres of rhododendrons, acres of the *Gaultheria Shallon*, which grows so strongly, that Lord Armstrong thinks it would if unchecked, overcome even *Erica vulgaris;* and *Cotoneaster Hookeri* is so masterful, that its godfather, who found it in the Himalia, says that he has never seen it so flourishing, even in its native wilds. Another plant used very extensively, and covering wide spaces, is a *Polygonum*, I think *Brunonis*. The most striking effects,

however, are produced in June, by the rhododendrons, and at this season by the heath family, including *Menziesia Polifolia*, in both its purple and white varieties. Here too I made acquaintance with the very pretty *Menziesia Pennsylvanica*, and saw likewise the variety of *Erica Tetralix*, known as *Erica Mackaii*, on which my eye had not fallen since a sprig of it was given to me by a botanical fellow-traveller, whose name I never ascertained, when I was driving through Connemara in 1855.

The greatest care has been taken to eliminate everything which did not grow at least as strongly as the indigenous plants, and the result has been to produce a feeling of well-being which is highly exhilarating.

Along the face of the rugged slope has been carried an admirable and carefully engineered approach, which passing through the house under arches, communicates with the high road by two distant gates, while in every direction easy paths have been wound amongst the rocks, so that the whole domain can be explored with great ease and the most admirable points of view obtained, in which the Coquet with one of its tributaries, the small stream to which I have already alluded, and in the course of which an artificial lake has been formed, play an important part.

The gardens, situated on the top of the gentler acclivity, are good, though not nearly so interesting as the grounds.

Their chief peculiarity is the skilful manner in which a variety of climates have been produced by the use of glass screens, which break the force of the wind without intercepting the light.

Lord Armstrong took me for a drive of some length across moors dotted with young trees, at present only some 18 inches high. As, however, they are prospering exceedingly, and as first and last he has put in some 5,000,000, this part of the country seems likely to be in the days of our grandchildren, an important forest. The house is full of works of art—water-colours, amongst which David Cox is largely represented; pictures in oil, among which Millais' "Chill October" claims the foremost place; fine blue china, including several of the so-called Hawthorn pots, and much else.

A great deal of marble has been used in the decorations, and amongst it some very large pieces of Cipollino. Of course the electric light is employed throughout, the power being generated by water brought from lakes on the moors down to a station on the banks of the stream to which Lord Armstrong took me.

He is still perfectly hale at seventy-nine, and I am glad to have seen so notable a figure in so pleasant and characteristic a setting.

On the evening of the 23rd, Colonel Hay arrived at Wallington (see these Notes for the summer of 1887).

Our host has a most exceptional acquaintance with the history of the American Civil War, and plied him, in the house and out of it, with endless questions thereanent, to all of which Colonel Hay, who has completed, since he was last in England, his *Life of Lincoln*, was able to give the clearest answers.

His *répertoire* of good things has in no way diminished, and, two years ago, some of these were coined by Mr. Evarts, who lately said to him :—

"There is one text in the Bible, the truth of which I cannot admit : 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out.' Whenever I have to make myself acquainted with the details of a man's property after his death, I find that he has carried with him at least half."

Of a family not too famous for its virtue, the witty lawyer had said : "That family is propagated by slips."

I mentioned, in the course of talk, the story of the Duke of Clarence, recently alluded to in these pages, whereupon Colonel Hay told an anecdote of an infuriated politician shaking his fist in the face of Senator Fry, and exclaiming : "You must admit, as an honest man, that Mr. Blaine is the most infernal scoundrel in the country !" To which the other replied : "You forget yourself, Mr. ——— !"

It was in the course of this same conversation that Trevelyan told us that at a Cambridge Election some

rude person had said to a man on the opposite side with violent gestures:—

"You are licked!"

Whereupon the other quietly rejoined:—

"And you are unlicked!"

He repeated also one of Henry Smith's sayings, which was new to me.

At Gladstone's last contest for Oxford a clergyman came up to give his vote.

"I vote," he said, "for Gla——no, I mean for 'Eathcote and 'Ardy."

The Gladstonian party claimed the vote.

"He never finished the name," said their opponents.

"He never began the other names," remarked Henry.

Colonel Hay told us that the Mexican General Porfirio Diaz had been presented with a sword forged from a meteorite, and gave a curious account of another meteorite incomparably larger than any of which I had ever heard, weighing some hundred tons, but lying at a spot in the States which rail-roads have not yet reached.

In the afternoon Trevelyan read us Lowell's *Yankee Idyll*, published at the time of the Trent affair, which is really a metrical and quasi-comic State-paper of great merit.

At night our host read, from the *Harleian Miscellany*, the very vigorous account of the doings of Major-General

Morgan at the battle of Dunkirk, and at the taking of Ypres.

Colonel Hay cited, when speaking of presence of mind, the conduct of Nigra when he was getting the Empress into her carriage with a view to her escape from Paris. A small crowd was collecting and a *gamin* called out:—

"Voilà l'Impératrice!"

"You little blackguard," said the ready Italian, "what do you mean by crying 'Vive la Prusse!'"

The indignation of the bystanders was directed towards the unpatriotic little wretch, and the Empress got clear away.

I had quite forgotten Macaulay's letter from Calcutta, in which he balanced the claims of Literature and Politics; but I read it again, when Trevelyan said that he was inclined to consider it the best thing his uncle had written.

He showed me, too, Macaulay's copy of Æschylus, full of notes expressing the most enthusiastic admiration and recording, *inter alia*, his opinion that the first part of the "Eumenides" is one of the finest things in poetry.

28. I left Wallington at noon on the 24th, and travelled, *viâ* Middlesborough, to Hutton Hall, the home of Sir Joseph and Lady Pease, at the foot of the Cleveland Hills.

Thence I visited Guisborough Abbey, the name of which I had never heard, but which must have been a

place of very considerable importance. In the gardens stands much the largest horse-chestnut tree I have ever beheld, and wherever its great pendant branches touched the ground, they have rooted and sent up vigorous suckers.

A second excursion was to Saltburn, a watering-place in whose fortunes the Pease family are deeply interested. A third was to Whitby, where the Priory of St. Hilda deserves a visit, alike for its fame, for its architectural merits, and for its commanding position by the stormy Northern Sea; but the weather, which has been very bad in these districts for a long time past, was peculiarly unfavourable for our expedition.

A pleasant feature of my stay at Hutton was that in the course of it Lady Pease made me acquainted with Miss Alexander's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.

This forenoon I again started and travelled past Darlington to Middleton, near which, with some local assistance, I succeeded in finding on the banks of the Tees *Potentilla fruticosa* in full flower. Not far from it grew another plant which I had never seen wild, *Myrrhis odorata*.

After finding the *Potentilla* which had brought me to Middleton, I drove on to High Force, an extremely respectable if not very interesting waterfall, and from that point I fell back upon Barnard Castle.

29. I drove, this morning, to Greta Bridge, and entering

close to it the grounds of Rokeby walked down the river to its junction with the Tees.

The poem which this place inspired is probably the least successful of Scott's larger efforts; but after making all deductions, what a lucky fellow was Mr. Morritt to have his no doubt charming property preferred before so many other no less charming spots!

Its last owner, a son or nephew of Scott's friend, sat for a long time with me in the House of Commons, but he has been dead seventeen years, and a brother reigns in his stead.

Sections V. to IX. inclusive of Canto II. of *Rokeby* sufficiently describe my walk, save that the footpath is now no "niggard" one, but extremely easy and convenient.

Amongst other things the "dismal grove of sable yew" still grows "'twixt rock and wave," nor is it likely that its appearance is much altered since the poet beheld it.

I had not time to get to Scargill, which lies, if I apprehend correctly the information given to me, several miles above Greta Bridge, upon a stream known as the Scargill beck, which is a tributary of that river. The name of Scargill occurs repeatedly in *Rokeby*, but of course my interest in it arose from Macaulay's, in its own line unsurpassed, *Epitaph on a Jacobite.* (See these Notes for 1860).

I observe in a note to Scott's poem that *Campanula*

latifolia, "the throat-wort with its azure bell," grows in profusion "upon the banks of the river Greta, where it divides the Manors of Brignal and Scargill, about three miles above Greta Bridge." That of itself would be reason enough to visit the spot, for I never found that plant wild in England, though I did see it with Axel Blytt near Christiania.

30. From Barnard Castle I made my way yesterday forenoon by the North Eastern Railway across the backbone of England, here covered by dreary moors (which looked drearier I daresay than usual under the mists hung low on all the higher levels), coming down by a long viaduct to a less melancholy country, through which I ran northwards to Appleby, whence I passed south to Smithills.

Long ere I reached it the weather had mended, and the lovely old place was looking its best in the early autumn evening. I thought in how many ways it had become connected with my life since, not quite on my first visit, I sketched out in my mind, one winter's afternoon, the series of journeys and papers which eventuated in my *Studies in European Politics*, published in 1866.

In the course of conversation Richard Ainsworth quoted the characteristic reply of one of his workmen, when asked if he liked his whisky neat. "Well," he said, "I like it best *neet and morning*."

At Smithills I picked up Clara, and travelling to Liver-

pool embarked for the Isle of Man, reaching Government House this afternoon.

Walked in the fields with His Excellency. I am here earlier than last year. The temperature is more genial, and large sheets of the dwarf furze, interspersed with heather, pleasantly vary the landscape.

We talked of the Schleswig-Holstein war, and my companion mentioned to me a conversation between Rouher and Lord Cowley, which has not yet seen the light, but which was of the greatest possible importance in influencing the resolves of our Government at that time.

Rouher candidly avowed that if we went to war, the Emperor's first thought would be Venice, his second, some aggrandisement of France in the direction of the Rhine, and only thirdly, Denmark.

31. Sir Barrington Simeon, who is staying here, told me that a young Englishman, about to be presented to the Pope, had asked him whether he should address the Holy Father as *Saint Père* or *Sacré Père!*

Over the chimney-piece in the dining-room is the picture of H. E.'s grandfather, which my wife lately gave to him. Speaking of it he said to-night: "My grandfather was well characterised by some one who, in reply to the question, 'Mr. Percival is a very good sort of a man, is he not?' replied, 'Not at all. I'll tell you what he is; he is a very good man of a very bad sort.'"

This afternoon he again read to me from his *Life of Lord Russell*, the part which he selected being that statesman's journey in the Peninsula, after Salamanca and before Vittoria. It was on that occasion that he visited Arrouca, and saw the nun whose quite imaginary history formed the subject of his novel.

September

1. We talked at breakfast about Ward of the *Ideal*, who was Simeon's neighbour in the Isle of Wight. He was once nearly drowned, and Simeon said to him: "I have often heard that when a man is on the point of drowning the whole of his life seems to pass before him. Was that your experience?" "Not the least in the world," replied his friend; "I remembered that we were to have a turkey for dinner; it is my favourite food, and I regretted that I should not eat it."

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal came to lunch, and I drove afterwards with Mrs. Walpole and them. We talked about memory, and he told me that when he was at his best he could learn his part with immense rapidity; that, for instance, if a play was given to him at six, he could learn some hundreds of lines—he thought as much as five, but

was not clear about the exact number—and be ready to act it by seven, but that very soon the whole thing faded out of his mind, and was to him as if it had never been.

She told me on the other hand that she could learn very rapidly too, and had a most retentive memory.

In the course of talk about the movement which has been going on with reference to the employment of children in theatres, she called my attention to the fact that there is hardly a play of Shakespeare's in which a child does not appear. He said that the demands upon the actor had very much changed of late; that when he was young he had often to act eighteen different parts in one week; the long runs of the present day were then unheard of.

Walpole read to me his first chapter. I had no idea that Lord John Russell had been so extremely precocious. His earliest passion seems to have been for the theatre, to which even when a very little boy at Westminster he went continually.

His poetical vein developed itself betimes, and I was reminded, while I listened, of my conversation with Disraeli in 1860, when he dwelt upon the poetical and sentimental side of Lord John's character as that which was most characteristic of the man.

2. I drove this afternoon to Peel, to see the Castle, which I erroneously supposed until to-day to be the one

celebrated by Wordsworth in the stanzas which include the two famous lines :—

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

It appears, however, that the subject of that fine poem was quite another place, situated on the mainland.

This, nevertheless, is the veritable Peel Castle connected with the legend of the soldier immortalised in the distich :—

> "Like him of whom the story ran,
> Who spake the spectre-hound in Man."

The strange old guide alluded to in the following extract from a letter of Coleridge's is still to the fore :—

"Peel interested me very much, and the extraordinary fidelity with which Walter Scott had caught the air and general feeling of the place, without ever having been there, struck me as a great proof of genius and imagination. He had a very clever naval brother, who had been there, and told him all about it ; but 'how vague' and 'poor' is generally the notion you get from description when you are able to test it afterwards by seeing the place. In Scott's case it is really *now* difficult for us to believe he had never been in Man. Do go round the Castle with the Bombardier, if he still lives, and hear for yourself the growth of a myth. St. Magnus and the Spectre-Hound, Lady Derby and Fenella are all dealt with as equally true, and I have no doubt all are equally believed in."

On our way to Peel we went up the little artificial eminence known as the Tynwald hill, where, under a tent,

whose floor is strewn with rushes, the Lieutenant Governor of Man sits once a year with a drawn sword before him, while the Senior Deemster, standing on his left hand, reads out, and thereby promulgates, the new laws.

My wife quotes in a letter the following very true remark from *Hamerton's Intellectual Life* :—

"There are people of the highest rank in the England of to-day, whose existence is as much nomadic as that of Red Indians in the reserve territories of North America, ... they migrate from one hunting ground to another as the diminution of the game impels them."

In the same letter she says :—

"A terrific midge has developed itself, the size of a pin's point, but vicious as a must elephant, and voracious as a man-eating tiger."

3. Yesterday it blew half a gale; to-day it is still and everything wrapt in mist. I read Wordsworth's Sonnet, written at sea off this island; good, but how inferior to his friend Coleridge's magnificent mistranslation on the same subject![1]

"Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong,
And doubts and scruples seldom teazed the brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong.
For suddenly up-conjured from the main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search though long

[1] "The intelligible forms of Ancient poets," etc., etc.

And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
Oh fancy, what an age was *that* for song!
That age, when not by *Laws* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held,
But element and orb on *acts* did wait,
Of *powers* endured with visible form,
With will, and to their work by passion linked."

4. A Catholic friend writes:—

"If Christianity can be freed from the disastrous envelope of theology, the founder of which was mainly that man of genius, St. Paul—whom I sometimes accuse of having been the first Scotchman—and if it can be brought back to what its Founder declared to be its sum and essence, I see no reason why it may not be the permanent religion of the world."

I could not lay my hands on my copy of the rules, etc., of the Literary Society when I was last writing about that institution, but I have borrowed the one belonging to my host, and now add the information which I should have subjoined to what I noted in July.

The original Members were 33, including:—

Sir John Barrow, Bart.; Revd. William Beloe, B.D.; Richard Cumberland, Esq.; Henry Welbore Agar Ellis, Viscount Clifden; Right Honourable Sir William Drummond; William Gifford, Esq.; John Philip Kemble, Esq.; The Venerable Archdeacon Nares; Frederick North, Earl of Guilford; Samuel Rogers, Esq.; Richard Sharp, Esq.; William Sotheby, Esq.; Edward Adolphus Seymour, Duke of Somerset, K.G.; Sir William Scott, Lord Stowell; Sir

Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.; Honourable William Robert Spencer; Sharon Turner, Esq., Honorary; Very Reverend William Vincent, D.D., Dean of Westminster; George Annesley, Earl of Mountmorris; William Wordsworth, Esq., Poet Laureate, Honorary; the Revd. William Lisle Bowles, M.A., Honorary.

The first election was made in 1807, the fortunate man being the Revd. J. Collinson. Dr. Burney was elected the next year, Croker and Lord Glenbervie in 1810, Hallam in 1811, Mackintosh in 1812, Sir George Staunton in 1813, Sir Robert Inglis and Sir Walter Scott in 1815, James Morier in 1816, Milman and Gally Knight in 1818, Crabbe in 1819, Washington Irving and Sir Francis Palgrave in 1822, Colonel W. M. Leake in 1823, Sir T. Stamford Raffles in 1825, Sir J. Coleridge in the same year, Lockhart in 1826, Mountstuart Elphinstone in 1829, the last Lord Stanhope in 1830, Southey in 1832, Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, in 1834, Baron Alderson and the last Lord Carnarvon in 1837, Dr Chalmers in 1839, and Owen, the oldest living member, in 1844.

Nearly a whole generation passed from that time till I was elected in 1872, the late Thomas Baring, Venables, and the last Lord Lyttelton having been the other three added to the society in that year. The number of members elected up to the present time is, if I count aright, 183, making with the original members, 216.

Reeve, Richmond, the elder Walpole, Dufferin, Lecky,

Coleridge, Paget, Newton, Trevelyan, Stephen, Huxley, Boehm, and myself are members both of the Literary Society and The Club.

5. To-day's post brings from Pekin a letter which is little short of a complete review of the present relations of China to the West. It is far too long to find a place in pages which will not see the light till many things are changed in those relations.

I quote, however, one brief passage :—

"Our commerce has been increasing, and although competition has put down and divided profits, and nobody grows rich very fast, we know from total entries in and out and from revenue, that a big trade is growing bigger.

"We send away more tea than ever, but less and less goes to England, where the Indian leaf finds increasing favour. Russian traders buy China's best teas and pay high prices, and English merchants have thus to purchase in a rising market and sell in a falling one in London, where India brings down prices. We also still take as much opium from India as ever, but the native product is now not only legalised in China, but is encouraged—is improving—is at most points displacing the Indian drug—and will eventually oust it, just as Indian tea is ousting Chinese in London."

It is characteristic of the writer that the letter is duly marked No. 15. I forget when No. 14 came, but distinctly remember receiving No. 13 in the lovely woods of Tamarazpulli in 1883.

I have in the last two or three days listened to a good

deal more of the *Life of Lord Russell*, and seen much more of the island, more especially Castletown in the extreme south, with its keep long inhabited by the Derby family.

I have also read or had read to me a good deal of Stanley's excellent *Christian Institutions*, full of suggestive facts. Amongst them I learnt with much surprise that the cup was given to the laity in the old church of Monkwearmouth, familiar enough to me nearly fifty years ago, as late as 1515.

The Dean's account of the origin of the most important ecclesiastical vestments is not without humour.

The Alb was the Camisia or shirt of the soldier; in fact the Deacon, whose special dress it was, officiated in his shirt-sleeves, as Faber, it is said, told his Anglican congregation he was quite ready to do if it made them any the happier, when they murmured against some change in the usual attire, which he had introduced. The Dalmatic was an ornamented shirt brought into fashion by Commodus; the surplice was the super-pellicium worn over the Pellicium or fur which came next the skin, like our flannel jacket; the rochet of the bishop is the lineal descendant of the Rock or coat of the German Barbarian; the cassock is the Casacalla or Caracalla, the long over-all, or shall we say wrap-rascal, which is associated with the name of the brother of Geta; the chasuble descends from

the casula, the little house or stout upper garment of the peasantry in Italy; while the cope claims kindred with the capa or copa, which was a more or less imperfect forerunner of our waterproof or driving-coat.

I said "Good-bye," on the morning of the 7th, to the Isle of Man, and crossing in fine weather to Liverpool passed to Smithills, where I spent two quiet days; travelling thence to Merevale, near Atherstone, the country house of Trevelyan's sister, Mrs Dugdale, the widow of the Dugdale who was at Balliol with me, and inhabited the rooms immediately under mine, which were afterwards occupied by the present Speaker, who married Miss Dugdale.

Merevale is a noble place, commanding very extensive and characteristically Midland views, built at enormous expense some fifty years ago by the father of my Oxford contemporary just mentioned, and contains many relics of the great Antiquary, who, however, himself lived at Blythe, a pleasant old manor house some eight miles off, which we visited on the 10th.

Close to it is Maxstoke, a moated house, not a castle, dating from the middle of the 14th century, and defended by a prodigiously strong castellated enclosure with large towers at the corners.

A portion of the old house has survived fire and other calamities, but a good deal of the existing building be-

longs to the age of Charles II., and even to a later period.

It contains a variety of interesting objects, the most important of those I saw being the chair upon which Henry VII. was crowned on Bosworth Field.

I had not been previously aware that so much of the old forest of Arden still remained. One of the finest features of the grounds of Merevale are the grand oaks of that famous woodland. Sir William Dugdale did not, I apprehend, suppose that his descendants would live at Merevale when he wrote in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire* that Lord Ferrers "made choice of this mountainous and wooded desert as fittest for solitude and devotion," in which to found a Cistercian Monastery.

It came into the possession of the antiquary's family through the Stratfords.

From Merevale I returned to York House.

16. Miss Somers Cocks, who with the Mallets and Lady Colley is staying here, mentioned that a little girl of nine, to whom someone had remarked, looking at a map of Africa: "When I was young we had only to learn the places along the coast," replied—tell it not in the Geographical Society!—"it's all that *pig* Stanley!"

Arthur Russell writes with reference to a passage in my Indian Diary about the saw-fish:—

"You bring back to me an anecdote. I was walking about

the British Museum with Dr. Günther. 'What are those strange bones which make the saw,' I asked him—'considered, I mean, in the homologies of the skeleton, as we used to say before Darwin?'

"Dr. Günther answered: 'There can be no doubt but that they are teeth fixed in a prolonged upper jaw.'

"'What!' exclaimed Lady Arthur, 'do you mean to say that there exists an animal who carries his teeth at the end of his nose?'

"Dr. Günther looked grave, and after a pause he said: 'Well, I think we must admit that is so.'

"The sword-fish is often seen in the fish market at Constantinople, and I recollect saying to Odo when I was there during the Crimean War: 'How like a big mackerel!' The tunny is closely related to him and to the mackerel."

He tells me, too, that—

"——— went to see some Philadelphians, parents of a friend. Well, the company after dinner agreed that any one was to tell the oldest and best known story he knew. Each narrator was silenced by the cries of the audience after the first few words. When ———'s turn came, he related the story of Androcles and the lion, and the Americans listened with breathless interest to the end. They had never heard the story before. Quelle chance! as our neighbours say: there was one Englishman present who knew the story.

"The incident made me read the original in Aulus Gellius, and I see the poor old beggar 'Androcles et leo, loro tenui revinctus, urbe totâ circum tabernas ibat, donatus est ære,' etc., etc."

I have now finished a first reading of Stanley's *Christian Institutions*. One of the most interesting chapters is

that on the Pope, bringing out amongst other particulars that his white dress is only the common garment of all ranks in old Roman society, that his proper attitude at the Communion is that of sitting, that he celebrates in his own cathedral—"the church by the Latin gate"—not on a structure of stone, but on a wooden plank, that he stands at Mass facing the people, has no crozier, and may when elected be a layman.

At page 280 of my edition (the fourth) is related a most significant conversation between Stanley and Dom Luigi Tosti, which ends thus:—

"Now we have Pius IX.," (Tosti is speaking), "and in twenty or a hundred years we may have a new Pope, as unlike to Pius IX. as Pius IX. is unlike to Pius V., as Pius V. was unlike to Leo X., as Leo X. was unlike to Hildebrand, as all were unlike to St. Peter; and in this I rest my hope of the ultimate conciliation of Rome and Italy, of Catholicism and freedom."

Venables used to say that superannuated judges should be made bishops. It appears that there is a famous precedent for this in eastern ecclesiastical history. Nectarius, the successor of no less a personage than Gregory Nazianzen, was exactly in that position; and when appointed by Theodosius had not been even baptised.

18. I see I have forgotten to mention that somebody (I think his son-in-law, Mr. Holland Hibbert) repeated at Merevale a happy saying of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's, who,

when ——— came down to the House *after dinner* to take part in a temperance discussion, observed that he was "full of his subject."

Mallet writes :—

"Condillac's great principle is this: 'Une chose ne vautpas parcequ'elle coûte, mais elle coûte parcequ'elle vaut.' This is the Alpha and Omega of Political Economy. Any man who has really mastered the meaning of this utterance may burn all his books."

20. Was it Walpole who lately told me that Lord North, when his son mentioned to him that he had been obliged to part with his mare on account of pecuniary difficulties, had replied by the words :—

> "Æquam memento rebus in arduis
> Servare!"

Arthur Russell writes :—

"Lady Blennerhassett taught me this—Das Klassische wird daran erkannt dass es durch Wiederholung gewinnt—by Henke a Professor at Marburg."

He adds in a postscript :—

"Years ago I walked over the pass of the *Tête Noire* with two students of the University of Dorpat, Lithuanians, pleasant companions whom I had met at Chamounix. We talked of mottos, and they quoted many they admired. Turning to me one of them said: 'Pray, what is the motto of your family?' 'We have an Italian motto, strange to say,' I answered: '*Che sara, sara*,' and I added, '*Sie werden das fatalistisch finden*.' He answered, '*Nun, es ist entweder fatalistisch*

oder indifferent je nachdem Sie es subjectiv oder objectiv auffassen.'"

21. Answered a letter of Evelyn's, from Rome, in which he told me, *inter alia*, that an old woman from whom he had bought some fruit at Tivoli had given him amongst the change a coin of Vespasian, insisting that it was of the mintage of Pius IX. "As you see," he observes, "things move fast here."

Arthur Russell writes :—

"Thank you very much for the verses of Gresset—they are charming and full of good feeling. I have often observed how Voltairian Frenchmen who have been educated by the Jesuits speak with affection of 'ces bons Pères' in after-life, and I am glad to know the origin of a line I have often heard. Humorous Frenchmen in taking leave will make a comic bow and say :—'C'est ainsi qu'en partant je vous fais mes adieux.' I never knew where that came from."

23. Arthur writes from Vienna, giving an account of the curious complications which have arisen in Austria in consequence of the appointment of Count Franz Thun to be Statthalter of Bohemia, in forgetfulness apparently that he had made not long ago a strong speech in favour of the Emperor's coronation at Prague.

Re-read a letter of Lady Reay's, dated 7th May, in which she says :—

"The Thakore of Bhownuggur was speaking of religions; he said 'God is one; He is the bright lamp, and the coloured

shades obscure His light in various ways. The green shade is the Mahomedan religion, the blue is the Christian, the red the Hindoo, the yellow the Parsee ; but there is only one God, one light.'"

29. A large party at York House. Lady Malmesbury, Mrs. Greg, Mrs. Barrington, M. Jusserand, now *Chargé d'Affaires* at the French Embassy, Count Leyden, who occupies the same position at the German Embassy, Lady Blennerhassett and her son.

Lady Blennerhassett told us of a German, who wishing to compliment a lady in French and having Nachtigall in his mind, said: "Vous chantez comme une petite bête-la-nuit."

To her, too, I owe a riddle:—

"Getrennt—mir heilig !
Vereint—abscheulich !"

Mein Eid and Meineid respectively !

She quoted also a saying of Doudan's about some of Renan's phrases which was new to me:—"Bonbons qui sentent l'infini."

30. Read aloud to ——— Acton's *Oceanic Sentence* (see these Notes for 1883), and then by way of contrast the following from Ruskin:—

"The lives good for most people and intended for them are the lives of sheep and robins, and they may be every evening and morning thankful that they have fields to lie down in and banks to build in and are not called by heaven to 'the sorrow of its thrones.'"

October

2. Re-read a letter from Mrs. Greg, in which, with reference to Peacock's lines in *Gryll Grange*, "I played with you 'midst cowslips blowing," she remarks:—

"They are lovely, and combine the most delicate and pathetic sentiment with a sprinkling of arithmetic that amuses me much; I cannot help doing the sums when I read them."

Arthur Russell writes with reference to a story about Lord Ellenborough told in these Notes for 1875:—

"I asked Sir Charles Wyke when he came home (from Denmark, I think) whether he observed any great change? 'Yes,' he said, 'all the little girls wear black stockings.'"

He tells me also that Lord Lansdowne's St. Cecilia has gone to America, and sends a sundial inscription from Fécamp in Normandy:—

"L'ombre toujours passe et repasse,
Mais sans repasser, l'homme passe."

I came across lately in a book upon Sundials the following remarkable inscription taken from one on the Cathedral wall of Chieri:—

"Corro á quel Di che del Signor la Spada,
Una Fara l'Italica contrada;
Questa fida che fa lance ch'io porto,
Segna l'ora d'un Popolo risorto"—

thus translated by the Editor of the volume, but the third line seems very doubtful:—

> "I run to that day when the sword of the Lord
> Shall unite the Italian country.
> This faithful (sword) that I bear, which forms the gnomon,
> Marks the hour of a resuscitated people."

It would be interesting to know its date.

I thought one of the neatest in the collection was:—

> "C'est l'heure de bien faire."

I have had read to me since I came from the North the *Dynasty of Theodosius*, by Mr. Hodgkin. It led me to Gibbon's fifth volume, which covers much the same period, and covers it, of course, admirably, though the style of the more modern writer makes a deeper impression on the memory.

To these I have added Mr. Hodgkin's two lectures upon Claudian, guided by which I have read many passages of that author in the edition of which I became possessed many years ago in Paris, not, sooth to say, for his or its merits, but because it was bound, not alas! by Trautz-Bauzonnet, but by Bauzonnet-Trautz, which is not quite the same thing.

I cannot say that I have lit upon anything which has much interested me. Even the famous passage at the beginning of the satire on Rufinus gains, I suspect, in my

estimation, by its most celebrated line having been quoted by Madame de Staël in connection with the fall of one greater, if not wickeder, than Rufinus.

Does Claudian ever rise above a respectable prize-poem level? The Epigram *De Sene Veronensi* is, perhaps, as good a piece as he ever composed, but I should not put it very high. On the whole, I think a professor of wise ignorance would recommend that he should be left alone for any of the pleasure to be got out of his poetry.[1] Of course, he has a value, in that he throws some side lights, though often, perhaps, very deceiving ones, upon a period of history through which our guides are few.

5. Arthur Russell writes :—

"Rawlinson said to me once: 'I have been working out this morning with Dr. Delitzsch's new book, *Wo lag das Paradies* (I think that is the title), and by map, the site of Eden. I have got the Tigris and the Euphrates all right, but two of my rivers won't hold water.'"

Captain Sidensner, an officer of the Russian Navy, strongly recommended by Morier and others, dined here with a view to talk of a scheme for engaging English capital in the development of South Central Siberia, which is connected with the idea of opening a communication

[1] Armstrong was right when he said :—

"Faith! I am not clear,
For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which lasts in prose or song
Two thousand years, deserves to last so long."

between this country and the valley of the Yenisei through the Kara Sea.

6. I have finished in these last days the two first volumes of *Præterita*, much of which I had not previously read. There is nothing in them which at all approaches the wonderful passage on the Rhone at Geneva, alluded to on a previous page; but they give very favourable impressions of their author, a great deal being set down which shows sense, humour, and insight amidst much that is sufficiently crazy. Here for example is the passage on Byron, at page 258:—

". . . . only two things I consciously recognised: that his truth of observation was the most exact, and his chosen expression the most concentrated that I had yet found in literature. By that time my father had himself put me through the two first books of Livy, and I knew, therefore, what close-set language was, but I saw then that Livy, as afterwards that Horace and Tacitus, were studiously, often laboriously, and sometimes obscurely, concentrated; while Byron wrote as easily as a hawk flies, and as clearly as a lake reflects, the exact truth in the precisely narrowest terms, nor only the exact truth, but the most central and useful one."

Very pleasant too is the account of Abbeville and nearly all that follows it in the ninth chapter; so is the description of the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, as it was when Ruskin, Henry Acland, Newton, Scott Murray, and Lord Wemyss were undergraduates.

Near the end of Volume II. there is an account of Wallington, hardly kind either to the stately house or the pretty little stream near which it stands.

"Wallington is in the old Percy country, the broad descent of main valley leading down by Otterburn from the Cheviots. An ugly house enough it was, square set, and somewhat bare walled; looking down a slope of rough wide field to a burn, the Wansbeck, neither bright nor rapid, but with a ledge or two of sandstone to drip over, or lean against in pools; bits of crag in the distance, worth driving to for sight of the sweeps of moor round them, and breaths of breeze from Carter Fell."

7. Arthur Russell writes with reference to a passage in these Notes about William Palmer:—

"Count Gozze told me that he walked once long ago to h chapel in Montorio which marks the exact spot where St. Peter was crucified. He and W. P. knelt down. W. P. was then a Catholic. As W. P. never ceased praying, Gozze rose and waited for him outside, gazing on the view of Rome. At last P. followed, brushing his knees, and said: 'You know, I think it very doubtful whether St. Peter ever was himself in Rome,' and he commenced to review the evidence at length."

I see I have not noted a riddle which Lady Malmesbury repeated to me the other night: "Quelle est la différence entre un serpent et la fourrure? Le serpent est une bête qui change de peau, et la fourrure est une peau qui change de bête."

I lit to-day amongst my papers upon the curious list (given me by Lady Isham before I went to India) of the

chief curiosities contained in the cabinet in the Lamport Library. A chance led to a careful examination being made of a long neglected book-room at Lamport, with the astonishing result that in it were found, amongst many other things, sixteen works hitherto unknown to bibliographers, seven hitherto unknown editions, including one of the *Venus and Adonis*, besides very rare volumes in great number and variety.

I remember Lady Isham mentioning that the whole had been valued at over £47,000.

I don't think I recorded at the time that Lady Malmesbury some days ago mentioned a singularly maladroit inscription which had been put up in honour of the first Lord Lyons when he returned to Christchurch, in Hampshire, with which place he was connected :—

"He done what he could!"

13. A large party with us. Pater talked much of the charms of Bergamo and Brescia, where he has lately been.

Conversation turning at luncheon upon the respective merits of the Dantesque and Miltonic Satan, somebody said not very felicitously: "Milton describes Satan as he appears in the world." "Ah!" replied my wife, "but then Dante knew him at home."

After dinner our talk passed to India, and Webster, my

late Chief Secretary, remarked: "I have often sold islands to arrive as a merchant does cargo"— the allusion being to the islands of the Godavery, which come within certain limits pretty much where they are expected, and the right of cultivating which for a year is eagerly competed for by the peasantry along the banks of the great river.

Henry James came in the afternoon and stayed to dine. As we walked on the river bank below Marble Hill, Lady Malmesbury, looking at the punts full of patient fishermen, said: "Since I have been here I have not seen one single fish caught." "Yes," said Henry James, with Pater in his thoughts, "it is art for art's sake—'L'art pour l'art.'" *

19. Returned to York House from Knowsley, whither we went on the 15th.

There was a large and pleasant party, including the Lymingtons, Frederick Leveson Gower, Mr. Baillie of Dochfour, Mr. Hamilton Russell, Mr. Cazalet, Lady Winifred Byng, with her sister Lady Margaret Herbert, Michael Biddulph, his wife Lady Elizabeth, and his step-daughter Miss Adeane.

The 16th was very wet, but some of us walked out in the afternoon. On our way back we talked of the old Lord Shaftesbury, the father of the philanthropist. He was a great contrast in his works and ways to his better known

* Pater had been with us when we started, but he and Arthur Russell had turned back.

son, one of his peculiarities being that he could not bear that any of his humbler neighbours should leave his house after dinner in a state of sobriety.

On one occasion, as Lord Lymington averred, he had a large tenants' dinner, and towards the conclusion of the entertainment he took up his position at a window which commanded the exit to ascertain if the hospitalities of the house had been duly seen to. When the last guest had been assisted into his conveyance, as tipsy as the honour of the family required, the old gentleman sent for his butler and thus addressed him:

"Simmons, I thank you; you have done your duty nobly, and God will reward you for it hereafter!"

This excellent person departed this life in great comfort, for looking back upon his career as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, he solaced himself with the reflection: "Many is the job I have done for Old Mother Church!"

On the 17th and 18th the weather was fine, and I had four long walks with Lord Derby, in the course of which we talked over, with much agreement, a great many subjects, amongst others the following:—

Imperial Federation, The future of Australia, The future of Canada, The relations of the Native Princes of India to the British Government, Indian Securities, Henry and John Lawrence, Lord Auckland and the Viceroyalty, Mr.

Peacock, Maine, China, Competitive Examinations, The Defence of the Mersey, the State of Army and Navy, The Naval Manœuvres, The Position of Gladstone if he got a majority at next Election, The views of the Radical Party as to the retention of the Irish Members in the House of Commons, Lord Kimberley, Financial Trusts, Cinchona, Frederick Peel, Edward Egerton, The Administration of a large estate, Renan, Henry Bright.

I had forgotten that it was Lord Derby who took the first steps to get the cinchona-yielding trees introduced into India.

Our talk found its way to President Lincoln, and I annexed an anecdote of him which I had not previously heard. "When he was acting as judge in the far West he drove back from court at the mercy of a coachman who, as he soon saw, was very tipsy. He remarked on this to his companion, whereupon the fellow turning round said: 'Well, Jedge, I daresay that's about the first right decision you've given to-day!'"

We conversed, *inter alia*, of the Socialistic ideas which are spreading amongst the Radicals, and I observed how entirely opposed they were to the views which used to be held by the United Liberal Party.

"Yes," said my companion, "when I was young these ideas were only cherished by a few very old Tories, for instance, by Lord Stanhope, not the historian, but his

father. Even in Pitt's speeches you will find a good deal of lurking Socialism in his notions about Poor Relief."

I think it was to Frederick Leveson Gower that I owe the story of an old woman who, on being asked if she had seen the doctor, replied: "No, but he has promised to send his accomplice;" and it was certainly he who, on the authority of his mother, once Ambassadress in Paris, gave a most humorous account of Lady Holland sitting surrounded by the notabilities of that capital, when dropping her work she calmly turned to, of all people in the world, the Princess Lieven! and said: "Pick it up, my dear"!

We talked about ———, a saint if ever there was one! and he told me how he had once strongly recommended to her a highly proper French novel, which had, however, the suggestive name of *Un Mariage Scandaleux*. The admirable lady, doubting nothing, went to the bookseller with whom she was accustomed to deal in Boulogne, and asked for the book. The man was extremely horrified, and assured her that he did not keep such works. She persevered, however, and received from him the name of another shop where she could probably get what she desired. The bookseller to whom she was referred regretted that he had not got that particular publication, but diving into his back premises returned with a whole armful of immoral literature, trusting that some one or

other of the volumes which it included might do equally well!

All the 18th we were agitated by the prospect of the appearance of Mr. Gladstone, his wife having made an arrangement in the most explicit terms that he and she should appear at luncheon. Lady Derby, accompanied by Frederick Leveson Gower, the only follower of the G.O.M. of 1889 who was in the house, went off to meet him at the Prescot Station, but returned without having effected her object. Then it was thought that he would drive over from Ince Blundell, where Mrs. Gladstone had said they were to pass the night of the 17th. Hours glided away and we separated in the afternoon, returning to meet Mr. Arthur Balfour, who arrived as it was getting dark. Still, no news of the great man!

This morning, a day too late for the fair, there came a characteristic communication to the effect that the advent was to be expected, not on Friday the 18th, but on Friday the 25th.

29. The last ten days have been given almost entirely to the scaffolding of life, and more especially to arrangements with reference to Evelyn and Adrian, both of whom are seriously ill at Capri and Belfast respectively. I returned to-day from the latter place.

I note one or two particulars belonging to this period, which are of the kind I usually consign to these pages.

On the morning of the 21st the *Times* contained the startling intelligence of the death of John Ball. It was only a few days ago that I was talking about him to Lord Derby, and regretting that his political career had been interrupted. "Well," said my companion, "he has written his name on the Alps"; and so we talked on about him without the least idea that his life was so near its end.

On the 23rd I attended his funeral at St. Thomas's, Walham Green, whither came a good many of our common acquaintance. When the procession was formed from the church to the grave, I found myself walking with Lecky, each of us with a taper in his hand. I thought of a recent letter to me on religious subjects from my deceased friend, and felt as they sang "In Paradisum deducant" that if the Church spoke "en pleine connaissance de cause," her charity and wisdom would be all one could possibly desire.

On my way through London to Ireland I dined at the Athenæum, where I was told that Mr. Parnell had lately replied to a person who asked him what he thought of the future:

"It all depends on Gladstone. If he lives for three years we shall get all we want; if he lives for five years we shall get more than we want."

I had never before been in the South-West of Scotland, and there was a glimmer of interest in seeing on a bright morning the heads of the bays of Wigtown and Glen Luce.

The little island of Whithorn, in the former, was, if tradition speaks truly, the residence of St. Ninian, and the point whence Christianity began to attempt the conquest of Scotland.

Loch Ryan, the arm of the sea which one descends in passing from Stranraer to Larne, is rather pretty, and Ailsa Craig, rising 1,100 feet above sea-level, is a really fine object.

On the mainland, not much to the north of the mouth of Loch Ryan, I observe on the map a place called Ballantrae, which doubtless gave its name to Mr. Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*, which was lately read aloud here in the evening—a powerful story of a highly disagreeable kind, introducing one to no single character which is otherwise than unpleasant. A book, not inferior in power to Mr. Stevenson's, and by no means open to the same criticism, full, too, of judicious political teaching, is Mr. Froude's *Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, most of which I had read to me at Belfast.

November

1. The weather is most delightful, a true summer of All Saints. We celebrated the day by opening the Orchid House, which we have just built, and which owes its origin to a conversation which I had last summer at Mrs. Bishop's with an Italian gentleman of Greek descent. He spoke to me of the great pleasure he had derived from a small collection of orchids which he had brought together at Antibes, where he resides.

I asked him whether he bought most in London or Paris. "Generally," he said, "neither in the one place nor the other, but at Twickenham."

"I know something about Twickenham," I replied; "from whom do you buy them?"

He mentioned a dealer of whom I had never heard, and when we returned to York House we set to work to discover him, with the amusing result that we found he lived within a quarter of a mile of our own door.

We bought a few orchids from him, which we added to some sent from the Nilgiris, or obtained elsewhere, so that we can just make a beginning.

2. Lady Blennerhassett came in the afternoon and stayed

to dine. In the course of conversation she quoted a saying of Bonstetten's with regard to failures of memory:—

"Les idées y sont toujours, seulement la corde de la sonnette est quelquefois perdue."

4. Replied to a long letter of Lawson's, in which he gives me many details about the progress of the manufacture of cinchona febrifuge in Southern India, which I set going. He says that the Herbarium has enormously increased, that the Library has been added to, that the Gardens at Ootacamund are becoming beautiful, and that those of Sim's Park are improved; while thousands of my Ipecacuanha plants are now growing in various parts of the Wynaad.

The Literary society had its first meeting for the season at the Bristol Hotel to-night. I sat between Henry Doyle and Sir Alfred Lyall, who lately sent me, in their published form, his poems, which I had long possessed in the two privately printed editions.

Coleridge mentioned a curious case with which he had been connected, in which a woman dressed in man's clothes made love so effectually to a young girl that the latter, when she discovered the deception, became insane.

On the evening of the 7th I gave away the prizes and delivered an address at the Burnley Mechanics' Institution, which is strongly supported by Lady O'Hagan as well as by Sir Ughtred Kay Shuttleworth with whom I was staying.

On the 8th I transferred myself to Towneley, which

became Lady O'Hagan's property after the death of her cousin, the family place having fallen by lot to her.

It is a large building, situated on the banks of the Calder, in an extensive but not pretty park, and close to a colliery. I consider it, however, one of the most interesting places I have seen in England, partly from its antiquity, for portions of the house go back to 1356, but chiefly because the Mass continued to be said there through all the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Puritan times. The chapel, last done up in 1601 in accordance with the taste of that date, contains objects of very great interest: a piece of a fresco, said to be brought from the Catacombs and to belong to the fourth century, but far more perfect in style than anything which we usually associate with that age; a fine Jansenist Crucifix in ivory, the arms so placed as to indicate the belief that Christ only died for the Elect; and a very admirable Altar-piece in carved wood brought from Bruges.

I attended on the 9th the Low Mass, which was said by Dr. Vaughan, the Bishop of Salford, and on the 10th that said by Dr. Klein, who also preached in the evening before Benediction. The family with their servants supplied, and very charmingly supplied, the music. Dr. Klein wore at the Altar a cope belonging to the days of Henry VII. and forming part of a series of vestments brought from a neighbouring Abbey with which the Towneleys had been very closely connected.

Among other curious objects preserved in the house is the skull of Colonel Towneley, executed for his connection with the Rebellion of 1745, and brought thither from Temple Bar.

We saw one of the hiding-places used for concealing priests, of which there are many ; the portrait of a Towneley, who on returning home after many troubles, was recognised only by his dog ; and a picture of Charles Towneley, the collector, sitting in the midst of his treasures, now in the British Museum. I see, by the way, that he believed the bust now known as Clytie to be that of Isis. At his feet lies a Kamschatka dog, himself an historical personage in that he was one of a team which drew the messenger who carried to the Russian Governor, of I know not where, the news of the arrival at some point of Captain Cooke's ships. I give the story with the delightful vagueness of the manuscript record from which I took it.

The conversation at dinner on the 8th turning upon Father Burke, the Bishop of Salford mentioned that something having been said to that worthy about his brogue, he remarked that his father and mother had had no brogue.

"That is strange," somebody observed. "How did that come about?"

"Because," was the reply, "they never spoke English."

The Bishop also told us that Father Burke, having in his hearing given a most elaborate description of the storm

at the Crucifixion, he had asked: "Where did you find that description?" "I found it in the Psalms," was the answer.

I travelled up to London this morning, reached the Geographical Society at half-past two, presided in council at three, attended the committee of the London Library between four and five, took the chair at a very large dinner of the Geographical Club at Limmer's Hotel at half-past six, and presided at the first meeting of the Session of 1889-90 at half-past eight.

We met, as usual, in the theatre of the London University, and the paper, which was on Cyprus, was read by Sir Robert Biddulph, who was Chief Commissioner of that island when I was at the Colonial Office.

12. My wife called me into the conservatory to show me four long-tailed tits (*Parus caudatus*) which had passed the night there. They did not seem at all alarmed, but went away in the course of the forenoon when the windows were opened.

My sister writes, speaking of a visit which she made in London many years ago:—

"I sang—

'He's low doon,
He's in the broom
That's waitin' for me'—

and a lady present enquired, with a puzzled air, whether Scotch people in that class of life would be likely to have a brougham."

And again—

"When men and women read this Diary they will be struck by the delightful life of seeing, hearing, learning, and experiencing Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff must have had. They won't know 'wo der Schuh drückte'—not about your eyes, for instance, what a life-long hair-shirt they have been!"

19. ——— sends me an amusing extract from a letter written by a young Oxford man to a Radical friend who is about to marry a lady of high rank, Home Rule politics, and teetotal opinions:—

"I congratulate you upon having found a wife who is neither a Tory, a Ritualist, nor a drunkard, the prevailing vices, as we all know, of the so-called upper or criminal class."

24. Miss Somers Cocks read aloud to me the paper on Sir Thomas Browne in Mr. Pater's new book, entitled *Appreciations*, which he has just sent me. The following passage is equally characteristic of Sir Thomas and of his critic:—

"The leading motive of Browne's letter is the deep impression he has received, during those visits, of a sort of physical beauty in the coming of death, with which he still surprises and moves his reader. There had been, in this case, a tardiness and reluctancy in the circumstances of dissolution, which had permitted him, in the character of a physician, as it were, to assist at the spiritualising of the bodily frame by natural process; a wonderful new type of a kind of mortified grace being evolved by the way. The spiritual body had anticipated the formal moment of death; the alert soul, in that tardy decay,

changing its vesture gradually, and as if piece by piece. The infinite future had invaded this life perceptibly to the senses, like the ocean felt far inland up a tidal river."

I asked my companion also to read to me the poem by Shairp, No. 348 in the recently published *Treasury of Sacred Song*, decidedly the most interesting piece, hitherto unknown to me, which I have found in the second and third of the books into which Mr. Palgrave divides his work :—

"Then to Him they pass'd : but still unbroken,
Age to age, lasts on that goodly line ;
Whose pure lives are, more than all words spoken,
Earth's best witness to the life divine.
Subtlest thought shall fail, and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go ;
But our human needs, they will not alter
Christ, no after age shall e'er outgrow."

I wonder if the excellent Principal knew that in his last two lines he was almost translating Renan :—

"Il ne sera remplacé que par un idéal supérieur ; il est roi pour longtemps encore. Que dis-je ? Sa beauté est éternelle, son règne n'aura pas de fin. L'Église a été dépassée, et s'est dépassée elle-même ; le Christ n'a pas été dépassé."

George de Bunsen is likewise spending Sunday with us. He related, on the authority of his father, a curious story of a party given by the latter in the Caffarelli Palace to the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Frederick William IV.

All that was most intellectual in Rome was there, and the Royal guest surpassed himself in brilliancy. When all had departed, the host rushed up to an elder sister of his, and said to her with great *empressement:* "Well, what do you think?"

"I have been thinking, all the evening," was the reply, "of 2 Kings viii. and 12: 'And Hazael said, Why weepeth my lord? And he answered, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel.'"

Bunsen cited, too, a good maxim of his father's:—

"Always take a book in your hand. Although you may only open it and glance at its title-page, your relation to it will be quite different from what it was before you set eyes on it."

25. Presided to-day at the Geographical Council, at the club dinner, and at the evening meeting.

When I reached No. 1 Savile Row, this afternoon, a letter from Mr. Stanley, the African Explorer, was put into my hands, and portions of it were read to the Society this evening.

One of my colleagues of the Council mentioned to me to-day that, at some Irish country house, an extract from a newspaper was being discussed, in which it was remarked that a good-looking Home Rule representative reminded one of Velasquez.

"And who may Velasquez be?" said somebody.

"Faith, I don't know," remarked another person

present; "but I suppose he is a member of the Central League!"

27. Mr. Theodore Bent came down to dine and sleep. I have been glancing during the last day or two at his book on the Cyclades, without feeling inclined to follow him to the fever-stricken Melos, the hideous volcanic Santorin, or for that matter to any of

"Those Edens of the Eastern wave."

The Dyers also dined with us. He told me that the English Oak is succeeding most wonderfully in South Africa. At Kew they now collect all their acorns, pack them in barrels, and send them to the Cape.

I remarked on the large number of European genera found by Lieutenant Stairs when he ascended the other day the at length re-discovered Mountains of the Moon, a feat which he described in an inclosure to Stanley's letter mentioned above.

"The European vegetation," replied Dyer, "has a very wide range; a large proportion of the plants which Mr. James brought back from Mongolia might have been gathered in the immediate neighbourhood of Braemar."

28. I went in the afternoon to Kew, where the chrysanthemums are just past their best. I have been in the gardens every week or two this year, and have always been rewarded by learning something new.

Bunsen sends me what he says is the correct version of

the telegram which the Grand Duke Nicholas sent from Plevna to the King of Roumania :—

"Venez à notre secours. Passez lè Danube où vous voulez, comme vous voulez, sous quelles conditions que vous voulez, mais venez à notre secours au plus vîte. Les Turcs nous abîment, la cause Chretienne est perdue."

30. ——— writes :—

"You know Ruskin's motto round a triangle shield, 'To-day, to-day, to-day!'"

And again—

"Yes, I am quite in love with 'Aline,'[1] and the feeling of the book altogether. It puts the 'scaffolding of life' so completely in its right place, and shows moreover how much is 'scaffolding' which is commonly taken for structure."

December

2. Returned to York House from Oxford, whither I went to dine with the Club mentioned in an earlier volume of these Notes, which I have not attended since before I went to India, last, I think, in the Spring of 1880.

The meeting took place at Merton, and there were present amongst others, besides our host George Brodrick: Mr. Robinson, of New College; Professor Fowler, now at

[1] In *A Will and a Way*.

the head of Corpus; Mr. Watson, the late Principal of Brasenose; Mr. Pelham, Mr. Lionel Smith, of Balliol; and Mr. Shields, who told me that he had penetrated a few years ago to the Jebel Druze, and had been extremely well received.

In the afternoon I went to see, amongst others, Sir Henry Acland, and sat long in his study, on a chair made of wood given by Captain Cook to Sir Joseph Banks, and by him to John Hunter, the fellow of one which belonged to Goodsir, of Edinburgh, and of which an account has been published.

When I rose to go we were talking of a plan which Acland had had for connecting the Bodleian with the Radcliffe Library by a gallery. He told me that he had consulted Woodward about it, and had enquired if there was any difficulty. The architect replied in the negative, and on Acland asking him on what principle he would proceed, he said: "The principle upon which all additions to buildings should be based is a simple one. Each generation ought to provide for its own wants in a beautiful manner."

As Acland repeated this he took down Woodward's design from the wall of the passage through which I was making my way to the door, and gave it to me.

I said: "It is curious you should give me this. The first time I saw you, more than forty years ago, I came

as an undergraduate to consult you about my sight, and mentioned that I had gone to the Radcliffe Library to look at some books about the eye. You answered: 'I suppose this is the first time it has ever been used for such a purpose.'"

Oxford is changed in many ways, no doubt much for the better; but Heaven grant that no improvement may rob her altogether of that peculiar charm which Mat Arnold has so admirably described:

"Beautiful City! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she is, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty—in a word—which is only truth seen from another side, nearer perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen! Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic, who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! Home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties! What example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all so prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left, miles out of sight behind him — the bondage of 'was uns alle bändigt, Das Gemeine!' She will

forgive me even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son, for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?"

4. Miss Somers Cocks writes:—

"An episode on my return journey from Cheltenham struck me as rather funny. An elderly clergyman of the most irreproachable type, in the corner of my carriage, called out at Swindon for a paper, holding out a penny to the boy and saying in a decided tone twice over, '*Something clerical!*' 'Yes, sir,' said the boy briskly, '*Ally Sloper*, sir!' and to my astonishment the parson responded quickly, but rather confusedly, 'Yes, that'll do!'"

7. Conversation turned, when I was in the West, upon Mrs. Ritchie *née* Thackeray, whom I used to see not unfrequently, but had hardly met for nearly a quarter of a century. To-day, Mrs. Barrington having helped me to re-unite our old link of acquaintance, I went to see her at Kingsley Lodge, near the edge of Wimbledon Common, and had a long talk. We spoke, amongst other things, of her novel founded on the story of Angelica Kaufmann, which I have had lately read to me at Herdshill and here. She told me that the most curious fate had smoothed the way for her while writing that book. She was obliged to send off to the *Cornhill* the first part of it in a hurry. It

was not till she had done so that she discovered that her heroine had really lived at Venice, and had really been transported thence to England by a great English lady. Further, she had made Angelica connected with the family of a Dr. Starr at Eton, otherwise Dr. Thackeray, a connection of her own, and had imagined an attachment to have sprung up, on the part of one of his seven daughters, to Zucchi the artist, who afterwards married Angelica. She discovered that it was all perfectly true, and that Miss Kitty Thackeray was supposed to have died for love of him.

The Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte led us to Mrs. Craven, and I found that Mrs. Ritchie and her sister, who married Leslie Stephen and is long since dead, were nursed by her through an illness in Naples.

9. Presided at the Geographical Council dinner and evening meeting. At the second of these I was introduced to Baron von Hügel, now settled in Cambridge, whom I last met at his father's house when I was in Brussels in 1865.

On my right sat Mr. Maudslay, who has made six journeys to Central America for the purpose of examining the old cities in Yucatan and Guatemala. He too, it was who, as the friend of Sir William Macgregor, read to the Society a portion of the paper in which that gentleman has described the very difficult journey which

took him from the coast near Port Moresby to the highest point of the Owen Stanley Range.

10. —— ——— recently wrote to me from Western Ireland :—

"The tranquillity of our neighbourhood has been quite monotonous! And this quietude has been increased by the burning down of the hayricks of the late president of the Land League by some of his advanced followers, in consequence of his taking a boycotted house. Such little rifts within the lute usually make the music mute for a time, to the benefit of outsiders. Even the Boards of Guardians have taken to discussing sanitation and local improvements instead of votes of admiration for the breakers of the law. I see in this week's newspaper report of a meeting that the construction of some new houses was spoken of, and one of the guardians said that 'during the last storm Dr. ——— had to sit up all night with his back against his house wall to keep it from being blown away.'"

11. I came to-day, in Mrs. Ritchie's *Old Kensington*, which I have just finished, on the best apology for unpunctuality I have ever seen. "Punctuality," says the heroine, near the end of the 51st chapter, "always seems to me a struggle between myself and all Eternity!"

12. Who was it who told me, a week or two ago, that Sir Edward Grey had gone to have his physical powers tested by Frank Galton, and that his lungs having been found to be superior to any which had been hitherto registered, a relative wrote to him, "I hear you are the greatest wind-bag known!"

De Tabley writes :—

"You know Barton, some twelve miles from here, is a good hunting-ground for Miocene fossil shells ; and they come out of the clay almost as good as new—the strangest looking forms, more like the shells of tropical seas than of an English sea-side. One of them, an *Apporhais* (I don't know which species), has still kept its colours. Another very prominent shell seems to be *Voluta luctatrix*."

15. A large party at York House — amongst others Acton. We talked of the French Revolution, and he said that utterly incorrect as was in many particulars Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins*, nevertheless Louis Philippe and several other excellent authorities had said that it reproduced extremely well the feeling of the time to which it related.

He said also that he had come to the conclusion that Marie Antoinette was not really handsome, and when he was asked what he thought of her policy cited a remark of the Prince Bishop of Bamberg when he heard of the death of the King :—

"Sie hat es besser verdient."

I had never heard Voltaire's observation when some one found him reading the Bible : "Je lis la cause de l'adversaire."

I asked Acton whether he thought the Revolution might have been averted if Turgot had remained steadily in power.

"Possibly," he replied; "but it would have been a very strict despotism."

"It would have been an Indian Government," I said. He assented.

Another of the innumerable subjects about which we conversed was our long series of breakfasts at 4 Queen's Gate Gardens, during my first decade of parliamentary life, and he recalled a sharp passage of arms which had taken place at one of these between Mr. Babbage and Dr. Kalisch. I had totally forgotten the circumstance, but on turning to the diary on which the first twenty-eight years of these Notes were founded, saw that the breakfast in question had taken place on the 18th July 1863, and also that Acton was quite right in his recollection that at that period I had kept an exact record of the place where each guest sat. He told me, too, that he dined in this house when it belonged to the Comte de Paris, sitting next the present Lady Dufferin, another guest being Disraeli. When dinner was over they walked through the grounds, which then communicated with "Lebanon" by a tunnel, to a ball at Orleans House. The Comte de Paris offered Disraeli his choice of several wide-awakes, but he declined all, unwilling to derange his characteristic curl.

The Monkswells were also with us.

Lord Monkswell added, on the authority of his father, to my Bethelliana: "When Sir Robert Collier was Solicitor-

General in Lord Palmerston's last Government, Roundell Palmer being Attorney, some very difficult question arose. The law officers thought we were wrong and inclined to give in; but the Prime Minister would not hear of it. Thereupon Roundell Palmer gave it as his opinion that by relying on their majority they could fight the thing through, and despatched Collier to consult Bethell, then Lord Chancellor, who sent him back to his immediate superior with the words: "Tell the Attorney-General that in every case I think the only thing to do is to tell the naked truth!"

Have I anywhere noted the same worthy's remark to Kinglake, who was his junior in a case?

"My dear Kinglake, avoid a logical fallacy as you would the devil. The facts remain at your disposition."

Mr. Maudslay is another of our guests. He is busy at present on a new map of Central America, and talked to me a great deal about that region. He considers Costa Rica to be at present the most prosperous portion of it, and that the most important person there is Mr. Keith, a nephew of Meigs, the millionaire of Peruvian fame.

16. Miss Mabel Cartwright, the only one of our yesterday's party who did not go this morning, quoted to me the saying of an American: "Mankind fell in Adam and has been falling ever since; but never touched bottom till it got to Ulysses Grant!"

De Tabley writes :—

"As regards the botany of your Autumn there is no kind of doubt that *Myrrhis* is a native in the North of England, where you saw it, and I believe it is generally diffused. It reaches the River Mersey in Cheshire, but I think we can hardly consider it truly native there. I have found it also in Wiltshire, but there it is a mere casual. I am surprised that you, who have seen so many more rarities than I have, should have not come before in England, upon the broad-leaved Campanula. All round the place that I was brought up at, in Cheshire, it is very generally diffused by the side of shady streams. But I certainly have never seen it since in any other part of England."

And again :—

"You are very lucky to have seen a long-tailed tit so far south, and in such an unwild neighbourhood. I never saw the animal in a state of nature, though all the other tits can be seen in Cheshire, with a little trouble ; the great titmouse being rather the rarest. I ought, however, to say that the crested titmouse is absent, so that I said 'all' wrongly."

17. To Westminster Abbey to be present at the unveiling, by Lord Cross, of Maine's medallion. It is placed immediately above the bust of Cobden, and near enough the monument of Warren Hastings to be pronounced in good Indian Company. Amongst others there was Franklin Lushington, whom I have not seen for years. As I came out I said something about his admirable poems to an exceptionally well-informed person who was

acquainted with him. She replied: "I never even knew that he had written poems." Such is fame![1]

19. Adrian came to us on long leave, almost quite re-established.

23. Lord Justice Bowen, accompanied by his daughter, Mr. Courthope and Mr. Archibald Milman, passed yesterday with us. The first-named mentioned that when he was an undergraduate at Balliol, Mr. Gladstone came to stay with Dr. Scott, the lexicographer, then Master of that College. When he was gone, Dr. Scott said to Bowen: "What a strange man Mr. Gladstone is! He has been trying to persuade me from Homer that δεξιός means left, and that αριστερός means right!"

Bowen also called my attention to the following passage from the opening Canto of the fourth volume of the *Ring and the Book*:—

> "So, and not otherwise, in after time,
> If some acuter wit, fresh probing, sound
> This multifarious mass of words and deed
> Deeper, and reach through guilt to innocence,
> I shall face Guido's ghost nor blench a jot.
> God who set me to judge thee, meted out
> So much of judging faculty, no more.
> Ask Him if I was slack in use thereof!"

These weighty words had been quoted to him by

[1] Since then he has, I am glad to say, republished them, as well as his brother's *Inkerman*, surely unsurpassed in its own line, under the name of *Wagers of Battle*.

Hannen *apropos* of the Parnell Commission, over which he presided.

Our talk wandered to the late Master of Trinity, and Mr. Courthope repeated a saying of his of which he said John Conington had been very fond. An undergraduate, not observing that he was running two sentences into one, so translated a passage as to make it appear that the Greeks had been badly beaten at Salamis. "That portentous calamity," quietly observed the Master, "was prevented by a full stop."

Milman declared that the married life of Richard III. had been happy, and that although the lady's mother had lived in the house!

"Ah!" I said, "you evidently incline to the view of the man mentioned by Leighton in his address to the students of the Royal Academy, the other day, who prayed, 'Oh! Holy St. Sebastian, would that thy pure soul might be mine, and that thy body might be that of my mother-in-law!'"

26. Answered a recent letter of Lady Reay's, in which she mentions that the son of a great Mahratta chief, came to see her. She asked him what does C A T spell! "Mice!" was the reply.

Evelyn, writing on the 23rd, announces his return to Rome from Taormina and Naples, where he has been recruiting after his illness.

Boyle writes of the Bishop of Durham, who died a few days ago:—

"I have been in closer relation than usual with him lately about the new edition of one of his books, which I was to revise; and the sudden end was a surprise, as in his last letter he spoke of regaining health. But there has been a real completeness and unity in his life and work. I call him the soul of candour, and I have never known a man who estimated himself so truly. Nothing he disliked more than to be called learned. As he said to me, 'when I think of Neander and Baur, I feel people abuse language when they call me "learned."' There was genuine simplicity in his life and religion, and he did manage to 'inspire' younger men."

Of Browning, Boyle says:—

"About his place as a poet I am not sure, but as he has been one of my chiefest interests since I was a school-boy, I feel somehow like the man in Landor's dedication, who has shaken hands with them that followed him to the shore, and sees from the vessel one standing wide apart whom he never can hope to see again."

He also encloses a translation by the last Lord Lyttelton of Clough's beautiful poem, *As Ships Becalmed at Eve.* I thought the fifth verse was the most successfully rendered:—

"To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks, in light, in darkness, too!
Through wind and tides one compass guides,
To that and your own selves be true."

"Ite adeo, reditus jam non patet, ite carinæ,
Aere seu nitido, sive nigrante polo,
Per ventos, per aquas, dux adstat euntibus idem,
Hunc colite, et propriam rite fovete fidem."

To the funeral service of our excellent neighbour, Miss Twining, who died on Christmas Eve at Dial House. Her benevolence was boundless, and she was highly intelligent; witness her beautiful book, *Illustrations of the Natural Orders of Plants*, which was a great pleasure to me in the East.

27. Finished Sir Alfred Lyall's *Life of Warren Hastings*. He holds the scales extremely fairly between the foes and friends of that famous personage. The following are his concluding sentences:—

"His fortune brought him forward in the transitional period between Clive and Cornwallis, when the confusion of new conquest was still fermenting, and when the methods of irregular, unrecognised rulership had been discountenanced but not discontinued; when the conscience of the nation demanded orderly government before it had become altogether practicable. It is no wonder that among the sundry and manifold difficulties of such a period, a man of his training and temper should have occasionally done things that are hard to justify and easy to condemn, or that his public acts should have brought him to the verge of private ruin. For he was undoubtedly cast in the type, so constantly recurrent in political history, of the sons of Zeruiah, and he very nearly earned their historical reward."

29. A day of much Indian civil and some home military talk, Sir Alfred Lyall and Lord Harris—who stayed with us seven years ago in India, and has since been a few months in the India Office, as well as some time in the War Office, and who is now Governor Designate of Bombay—being at York House.

30. Madame Renan writes:—

"Le troisième volume d'Israël est imprimé; mon mari en corrige les épreuves en ce moment, mais c'est un travail considérable qui ne sera guère fini avant le mois de Mai. En février il publiera l'ouvrage dont je vous ai déjà parlé, je crois, *l'Avenir de la Science*, cette œuvre de jeunesse dont rien n'a paru encore, il n'a rien voulu y changer, et cela fera l'originalité de ce volume de philosophie scientifique et sociale."

31. To Browning's funeral at Westminster. My wife—agreeing no doubt with the poet's old housekeeper, who, as he told me, remarked when he made himself ill by going to pay a similar mark of respect to G. H. Lewes, "I don't see the good of catching cold at other people's funerals"—wisely stayed at home, and surrendered her ticket to my nephew Douglas.

I thought the ceremony well managed, much better than Arthur Stanley's funeral, the last function of the kind which I attended in the Abbey. The most original part of it was the introduction of what was described as

a "Meditation," by Dr. Bridge, the Organist, on Mrs. Browning's words :—

"What would we give to our beloved,
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And 'giveth His beloved sleep!'

"His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

Half London was there of course. When after the first portion of the service was over and the nearer friends gathered round the grave, the American Minister, who was sitting immediately opposite me, left his place and with his Secretary walked up to join them.

In the crowd a man was pointed out to me whom I had never, to my knowledge, seen before—Mr. George Meredith, the novelist.

I walked away with Arthur Russell and Harold. On our

way to the Duke of York's Steps the former, with reference to a question which I asked him in a note yesterday, whether it was he or Browning who, on the 27th June 1863, told me the amusing epitaph—"He was a man without guile and an apothecary without ostentation,"—said: "It was Browning who told us that epitaph. I distinctly remember his doing so on our way back to London from Hatfield."

Our talk strayed to Edward Bouverie, who died the other day, and Arthur Russell mentioned as a curious trait of Parliamentary manners that once when driving with him, from some dinner, to the House, Bouverie pulled off his white tie and put on a black one, saying: "I am going to speak to-night, and the House doesn't like being addressed in a white tie. I daresay you have observed that."

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5. F. PALGRAVE, who was of our party, went with my wife in the afternoon to Holyrood House, which he remembers inhabited by Tennyson.

With reference to this visit he mentioned that he had at that period said to the poet, whose fame had been recently increased by the wide diffusion of *In Memoriam:* "In republishing your works you will probably now leave out some of the less mature of your compositions."

Tennyson assented, and they proceeded to look through the volumes, finding some eight or ten poems which both agreed might be sacrificed. The arrangement was not finally carried into effect, Moxon, the publisher, having suggested certain difficulties.

When Palgrave made a similar suggestion to Browning, he replied: "What, leave out anything! No. Quod scripsi, scripsi!"

In the drawing-room, after dinner, George Brodrick re-

peated very well a large part of *Cowper's Grave*, by Mrs. Browning. Talking of this, in the smoking-room, to Harold and me, Palgrave mentioned that he had been present when a discussion arose in the Master's House at Balliol between Jowett and Lord Westbury, about the merits of Tennyson. Lord Westbury rated them very low, and, throwing himself back in his chair, repeated several stanzas from *Childe Harold* following the one which commences with the words :—

"But ever and anon of griefs subdued."

In a moment or two every sound at the table ceased ; even the waiters stood immovable till the recitation ended, when, turning to his host, the old man said : "Now match that from the writings of your friend — Miss Alfred Tennyson !"

I told Palgrave that I had consigned him to the Infernal Gods for leaving Whytehead's *Second Day of Creation* out of his *Treasury of Sacred Song*.

He had never heard of it, but when I read it aloud he surrendered at discretion, saying, however, that it was the first thing that had been pointed out to him the omission of which he regretted. He spoke with great admiration of Charles Tennyson Turner's sonnet on the *Child Mummy*, No. 414 of his collection just alluded to.

We talked much of Gifford Palgrave and his strange life.

A poem which he has left in *terza rima*, called *The Pageant*, extends to some 14,000 lines. A good deal of it, however, will not be published, because it reflects opinions which he entirely abandoned several years before his death, returning once more, after many wanderings, to the Roman obedience.

6. Arthur Russell writes :—

"I saw a new French word in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* : '*tous* les folkloristes appreciéront cette collection,' etc., etc., not printed in italics. M. Jusserand tells me it is now a French word, and so is (he says) 'struglifer' or '*strugforlifer*,' for a disciple of Darwin."

8. Found in the shrubbery the first yellow Aconite of the season.

At night I delivered in Richmond an address about Mat Arnold, which occupied a great deal of my time during the last weeks of 1889.

9. F. Palgrave sends me an amended edition of a poem upon Browning's death, which he showed me when he was here, describing a visit to 29 De Vere Gardens, on 28th December. The first two verses are perhaps the best :—

"Twilight and peace in the chamber ;
Twilight of death and peace
For him who the strife, the long battle of life
Had fought out to the last release.

"Dead in a dying City
Through her silent waterways sped,
Towards the misty West, and the place of rest,
And gray home of the mighty dead."

Mr. C. N. Eliot came down to dine and sleep. Since he stayed with us at Madras (see Vol. I. of my Indian Diary) he has entered the Diplomatic Service, and is now Private Secretary to Morier.

We beat over many Russian subjects, *inter alia*, the present Ministry, in which he placed Vischnegradsky, who has charge of the Finances, first in point of ability. He is a man of humble origin, springing from, or almost from, the peasant class. Pobiedenosteff—I try to write his name, which means the bearer of Victory, one of the titles of St. George, as it is pronounced—is the son of a priest. At one time Mr. Eliot used to attend his receptions, at which the intellectual and pious society of St. Petersburg gathered. A paper was generally read; there was a good deal of singing, and later an entertainment in the nature of a "high tea."

There is now nothing like a *Salon* in the Russian capital; the talk never rises above the ordinary drawing-room level.

The Diplomatic Corps would seem to be very much less favoured than it was, thanks to the mania for Russifying everything, which has banished the Western tongues from

Court. Neither Morier nor any of the other Ambassadors has ever anything like a serious conversation with the Czar, and the Empress also passes an extremely isolated existence.

Mr. Eliot has been studying Finnish, and is just about to publish a grammar of that language. He does not put the Kalewala high, though, of course, it has curious passages. Its date is unknown, but it was not written down from the mouths of bards till quite recent times. I asked whether iron was mentioned in it. "Yes," he said, "one of the most interesting parts of the poem describes the finding of it, which appears to have been brought about by its being observed that the holes made by the hoofs of animals crossing a boggy district became filled with a red liquid."

Mr. Eliot went as far as Tobolsk to meet Victor Morier, going by railway to Ufa, where he visited the Ecclesiastical Head of the Russian Mahomedans, as well as the Orthodox Archbishop. It was the fast before Christmas, hence the latter could not eat, while the former was, as always, unable to drink. The Christian accordingly quaffed sherry in tumblers, blessing the young Englishman most copiously afterwards. The rival religionist ate for two, but contented himself by giving his benediction in a more guarded form: "May you be as fortunate as you deserve to be."

"Have you met in Russia," I asked, "any learned Ecclesiastics?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Eliot, "I have met one, the titular Archbishop of Viborg, who resides in St. Petersburg, and is the Head of the Spiritual Academy there."

Tobolsk is now a place of small importance, as it lies off the great route from West to East. The wide difference between the freedom of conversation in Siberia and its want of freedom in Russia strikes a traveller much. There is an American go-aheadness in the former country very unlike the West of the Ural. Mr. Eliot had visited the Kalmucks in the province of Astrăkăn (both syllables short). They are Buddhists, and keep up considerable relations with their co-religionists further east. They showed him their books, and when they found that he knew something of Sanscrit they said: "We perceive, sir, that you are a magician. We have some sick people here, whom you must heal." It was in vain to protest and to disclaim all medical knowledge. He was obliged to touch the invalids—let us hope to their advantage.

11. Drove over to see Mrs. Ritchie. We talked much about Browning, and she mentioned that the poet had at one time quarrelled with her. She never knew the reason, but the separation lasted for some time. It came to an end when they were both living in Normandy, chiefly through the good offices of M. Milsand, who told his friend how anxious she was for a renewal of their old agreeable relations. The name of the book which com-

memorates Browning's visit to that region was suggested by her saying that it really ought to be called *White Cotton Night-Cap Country*, a remark to which he replied: "No, I shall call it, *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, for I have a very terrible story to tell."

12. Walked with Mr. Eliot, who returned to us last night, in front of the house, which was bathed in floods of sunshine. We continued our Russian talk. He thinks that the attempt to Russify Poland has, so far as the peasants are concerned, been successful. The upper classes are extremely discontented, but have not material force behind them. The Polish language is prohibited along the lines of railway, so that although your cabman who drives you to the station speaks nothing but Polish, you must not speak a word of it within the building. The greatest efforts are being used to force the population into the Orthodox Church.

I asked Mr. Eliot if he had become acquainted with any of the Russian Dissidents. He replied that he had at one time taken much pains to learn all about them, and had come to know many. They were at first extremely shy, but at last gathered so much confidence that some of them actually showed him a copy of the Apocalypse, in which two hideous and grotesque figures were represented, each seated upon a throne, and explained to him that the one was the Czar and the other the Orthodox Church. On another

occasion he had been present at a debate which went on for some three hours between an Orthodox Professor of Theology and a number of Dissident adversaries, the subject of contention being how the Cross should be made in crossing oneself. The Orthodox join two fingers and the thumb; the Dissidents use only two fingers, by which they typify the double nature of Christ, believing that when the Cross is made in the other manner a little devil sits in the interval between the fingers and the thumb.

The Orthodox Professor then proceeded to give many reasons making against the proposition that the Czar was Antichrist, but his opponents declined to follow him on to such dangerous ground.

I asked Mr. Eliot to run through my paper published in 1866 in my *Studies in European Politics*, and to tell me how far his own impressions of the present were in accordance with mine of the past. They agreed generally, but he says that so far as the interests of agriculture and of the landlord are concerned, the emancipation of the serfs has not turned out nearly so well as I hoped it would do; that the desire to press towards Constantinople has not at all diminished, and that, as I mentioned above, the state of things in Poland after a lapse of a quarter of a century—as to which I had a balanced opinion—seems to have turned decisively against the Polish national aspirations.

He says the word Czar is practically never used in society in Russia. It is quite correct, but would convey to the ear of the Russian something like our phrase, Her Most Gracious Majesty. Czarina is not Russian at all. Czaritza is, but is only heard in Ecclesiastical ceremonies. The common word used for the Emperor is Gossudar, meaning Lord.

He mentioned some remarkable papers by Solovief, the object of which was to try to prove to the Russians that their patriotic pride was founded upon nothing, that most of their institutions had been borrowed from the West, and were only Russian in that the Russians had had the folly to keep them when more enlightened nations had exchanged them for better things.

13. Mrs. Humphry Ward writes of my Address about her uncle:—

"There are only two things I miss from your list which seem to me to belong to his finest works: the description of the Oxus in *Sohrab and Rustum*, and the poem called *The Future*. Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar* in the last volume makes a fine pendant to this last—each is so characteristic of its writer. Yet perhaps the best parallel to *Crossing the Bar* is that exquisite poem, *A Wish*."

Dined with the Literary Society. Coleridge repeated to me a fine translation of some lines in Homer by a Mr. Abraham Moore, and mentioned that a poor Welsh litigant, who had a suit with a man of fortune, had brought this

personage from the Western Circuit to fight his battle, all the leading counsel who were accustomed to go to Cardiff having been retained by his adversary. Mr. Moore won the case, and Jekyll wrote:—

> "Dives retains the Cardiff Bar,
> And proudly counts their learned noses;
> But Lazarus, discreeter far,
> On Abraham's bosom safe reposes."

Our President also recounted an incident of his own earlier life. He had to cross-examine an eminent professional witness about a proposed harbour. In the course of doing so he said:

"But, Mr. ———, isn't there a reef of rocks that would be a great inconvenience to you?"

"Oh yes!" replied the witness; "undoubtedly there is, but we propose to get rid of it in such and such a manner."

"Very good," rejoined Coleridge; "but when you had got rid of it, would there not be a very awkward sand-bank to contend with?"

"Certainly," said the witness, "but against it we should provide thus and thus."

"Well," answered Coleridge, "but when you had removed both these obstacles would you not still have a great deal of trouble from the current of the river when in flood?"

"Clearly," was the answer, "but we should encounter

that difficulty successfully by another expedient" (which the witness proceeded to explain).

"You have seen the place, have you not?" said Coleridge.

"Oh yes," replied the other.

"Well, I never did," was the rejoinder. "I have invented alike the reef, the sand-bank, and the river!"

I then asked Coleridge if he knew a story which is told of a professional witness, now in the odour of scientific sanctity. "*He* was my witness," was the reply. "I guessed as much," I said.

Coleridge gave, too, an amusing account of a conversation on Goat Island with ——— about the vagaries of a well-known person in one of our Colonies. He has generally the discretion not to take part in public affairs when he is quite intoxicated. On one occasion, however, he came back a little too soon and made a most astounding speech whilst still under the influence of liquor. The man whose business it was to report it came to him next day and said: "I should like to be allowed to read you the notes which I took down yesterday, in order that I may be sure that I caught your meaning correctly."

"Dear me," said the person interviewed, after he had listened to them, "that's not at all the speech I made. What I said was this," and he proceeded, lying on his sofa, to dictate a rattling good speech. When it was over

and his visitor was about to take his leave, ——— said: "You are young. You wish to get on in your profession, don't you?"

"Certainly I do," said the other.

"Well," continued ———, "I will give you a piece of advice. Never again try to report a Prime Minister when you are drunk!"

My sister sends an amusing account of a visit paid to her in the last days of 1889, by the old grandson of Carl August—a pretty Weimar idyl to be added to so many of which it has been the scene in the last hundred years:—

"We had such fun about our dog. The Grand Duke gave him to us ten years ago, and I told him about the dog's Jubiläum, and that I had had his portrait taken for his former master, and would now give it to him as a Christmas present. I showed him two varieties to choose from, but he wanted both, and then he said, 'But you are always speaking of the dog, and it is your sons' portraits I am so glad to have, but now where is the dog?' 'Shall I bring him?' says Aloys. 'Yes, do;' when . . .—and then in came the two handsome animals—collie, black and tan and powerful, and Aloys holding him fast, and beauteous in his home Alt-Deutsch dress of black velvet. Collie gave his paw to the Grand Duke, and made his exit, and then I asked to be allowed to bring in the Grand Duke's dog, and in came the loveliest, rarest creature, an exquisitely shaped collie of the finest type, and blonde as if all made of floss silk. If an angel had for some wise purpose become a dog, it would look just so. The Grand Duke told us then how he loved it, and how it loved him, which was indeed very evident, and he sat stroking its lovely head as it sat looking up at him. It

struck me at the moment that any one suddenly coming in and seeing this gentle, high-bred old prince caressing this exquisite dog, and this beautiful youth in his Alt-Deutsch dress, in the rosy room, would have had an impression."

——— writes :—

"I wonder why I feel that dogma is the fuel which sustains that light which you and Mr. Arnold confess is as an aureole to our Church. It seems to me so necessary to formulate, to touch authority, to limit thought within bounds, as every other created thing is limited. Never mind, Trajan and Ripheus were in Dante's heaven, and you will one day know the uses of dogma."

Arthur Russell writes with regard to a passage in my recent Address :—

"The point on which I do not agree with you is this. You profess, I think, too much contempt for the metaphysicians and the theologians, whom you call tiresome people, who chop logic ; while I believe that we should feel grateful for their labours and acknowledge what they have done to raise and expand the spiritual life of man. Most of the ideas which are now the common property of cultured men have been elaborated for us in the cells, the studies, the books, the lecture-rooms of these patient workers, and it is very interesting to me to know where their ideas came from. I do not ask you to feel the same interest : I only ask you to be fair to the memory of these men who have thought for us. It is not reasonable to expect that men who are in earnest about the truth can refrain from expressing in words their reasons for disagreeing and separating from other men : their methods may not be the same as ours. A Platonist of Alexandria, or a Monk of Monte Casino, a

Rabbi of Cordova, a Professor at Tübingen or Cambridge, cannot be expected to use the same language in different centuries; but for all that we should not forget what we owe them, and they are not stupid men who have wasted their time. For you they are all making wild guesses in the realm of the unknown; but I, who feel what I owe to them, cannot blame their exertions and regret that they were not wise enough to remain silent. Without the patient labours of the metaphysicians and the theologians, mankind would have made very slow progress from darkness to light.

"That men who thought should have expressed their conclusion in words, that dogmas were formed, asserted and denied, opposed, criticised, re-stated and transformed, was all quite inevitable in the spiritual evolution of men; and it is not philosophical or fair to make merry over their folly.

"That is what I mean. I have tried to point out quite clearly where and why I separate from you and Mat Arnold."

To this excellent letter I have replied at length, and to the effect that although the turn of my phrases in various parts of the Address might lend itself to the interpretation which my correspondent put upon it, all that Arnold or I meant to do was to draw a broad line between Religion on the one hand and Philosophy or Theology on the other. We never attempted to deny that this or that opinion or system, philosophical or theological, might be a quite inevitable stage in the spiritual evolution of mankind.

18. The following was sent me the other day by Bagot:—

"An Irishman, showing the wonders of a church to another,

and standing before the High Altar, said: 'There's an illigant soight entirely!' Mike: 'Arrah! sure it is; it bates the Divil!' Pat: 'That's the intintion!!'"

21. To the funeral of Lord Napier of Magdala. The arrangements were not creditable to those who had charge of the ceremonial; but the music was throughout exceedingly good. No part of it was more beautifully sung than the two hymns, *Lead Kindly Light* and *Peace, Perfect Peace.*

22. My nephew Douglas pointed out to me three sonnets on the Nile, by Keats, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, respectively. The first is poor, the second mediocre, the third very nearly admirable, two lines in it quite so, the comparison, namely, of the river's flow to

"Some grave mighty thought threading a dream,"

and the description of Cleopatra—

"The laughing Queen who caught the World's great hands."

23. ——— writing about Emerson, says happily:—

"I was quite prepared to sit at his feet, but I could not find a ledge on which to perch myself."

24. My wife read me a striking sentence from Mezeray, who, speaking of François de La Noue, says:—

"Il montra toute sa vie cette noble délicatesse qu'un écrivain appelle la sagacité du cœur."

I have been looking at the *Visions of England*, a book of poems by F. Palgrave, which he lately sent me. He is singularly successful in the coinage of pregnant poetical phrases. What could be better, for instance, than

"The calm, open-eyed rashness of Englishmen born";

or this description of the stream behind George Herbert's Bemerton—

"His memory is Peace: and peace is here;
The eternal lullaby of the level brook,
With bird-like chirpings mingled, glassy clear."

Mr. Percy Myles, a clergyman much interested in Botany, dines with me. He mentioned that a girl looking over his library one day found at last, amidst the dreary waste of scientific works, something which looked attractive. "Oh!" she said, "here is a novel, *Flora of Middlesex!*"

25. Arthur writes from Vienna:—

"——— also told me that the rising generation in Hungary are very ignorant of modern languages, and that all reports are published in Hungarian. He considers Magyar more difficult than Persian, and certainly it is a beast of a language, although rather well sounding, as it is spoken slowly."

I have had two-thirds or so of Lady Dufferin's pleasant and kindly book about India read to me. Every here and there it crosses bits of my own past, and recalls some agreeable memories. The life of a Viceroy consists mainly of two very distinct halves, and while she leaves, most

properly, and indeed inevitably, on one side "The Kingcraft and the Statecraft," she reflects very well "the Grandeur and the Gold."

February

2. Dined with the Dilettanti at Limmer's Hotel. I sat next Mr. Charles Elton, of legal and antiquarian fame. He mentioned that the oldest deed which he had actually used in a court of law was of the year 961, and purported to be written by St. Dunstan's own hand. The case turned upon the question whether certain land in Kent was or was not subject to Gavelkind, and the production of that deed won the victory for Mr. Elton's client.

He told me, too, that he was engaged in a case by no means yet finished, which had begun in the days of William Rufus. The question there turned upon the right to certain lands in the county of Durham.

6. Arthur Russell, amongst whose many accomplishments some acquaintance with Hebrew is included, writes to me about Dr. Adler, the venerable Jewish Rabbi, who died lately:—

"Some years ago he got into a controversy with a clergyman. He declared that the New Testament had not taught the world any new morality, and that what is called *Gelimuth Chasadim*

in Talmudic ethics comprised all Christian charity. So I went to the Athenæum and consulted Buxtorf's *Lexicon Rabbinianum*, and I found, 'Beneficium ultro et liberaliter præstitum est autem *gelimuth chasadim* tale officium et beneficium pro quo nulla expectatur retributio ab eo cui exhibetur.'

"The English Divine would answer probably that the Talmud was put together long after the Sermon on the Mount had been preached; but as the Talmud collects the traditional sayings of the Fathers of the Synagogue, we may admit that Rabbi Adler's patriotic letter contained much truth.

"I have a book, *Les Origines du Sermon sur la Montagne*, by Rodrigues, a Jew, which gives in two columns parallel passages from the Talmud and the Gospels, and in the preface it is said, I recollect, that Frank, the Jewish Professor of the Collège de France, made Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, retract some words he had used on the origin of Christian charity, which the Hebrew community considered offensive, and the Archbishop admitted that he was wrong. 'Sa grandeur a eu la grandeur de reconnaître,' etc., etc., says my book."

8. Dined with the Knutsfords, meeting a party which recalled my chief interests in the closing year of the last decade. I took down Mrs. Smyth, whose husband, also present, has just been appointed Governor of Malta. On my left was General Cameron, who is about to succeed him as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. Opposite me was Sir Hercules Robinson; and various other minor Colonial luminaries were likewise there, as were the Goschens and Mr. Stanhope, now Secretary of State for War, with his wife. I recalled to Sir Hercules Robinson the conversation mentioned in these Notes near the

end of 1880, in which he said to me: "This is my tenth government, and it is the stiffest fence which I have had to take yet."

On the whole, however, he thought he had enjoyed the work and life in South Africa more than any other of which he had had experience. He told me, too, that he was to have succeeded me at Madras if Lord Kimberley had remained in office. I asked no questions on that subject at the time; but had taken it into my head that the man sent thither to replace me, if the Gladstone Government had stayed in, would have been poor Dalhousie.

10. The afternoon belonged chiefly, and the evening wholly, to Geography.

On my left at dinner was Dr. J. W. Ogle, who was with Faber in his last illness, and had, or has, also Newman for a patient. I made, in the course of the evening, the acquaintance of Mr. Dent, the President of the Alpine Club, as well as of Mr. Woolley, who seems to have ascended half the great peaks of the Caucasus.

After the meeting was over I took with me, as far as his house in Onslow Square, Sir R. Beauchamp Walker, who is one of my colleagues on the Geographical Council. We talked naturally of Berlin things and people, and he mentioned incidentally that when Lord Napier and Ettrick, then our representative in Prussia, was appointed to Madras,

old Marshal Wrangel, who thought it necessary to make some civil observation to the Governor-designate, said in his funny little squeaky voice: "Mein lieber wie gross ist die Insel?"

In the interval between the Council Meeting and the Club Dinner, after attending the Committee of the London Library, I went to dress at the Athenæum, and talked long there with Coleridge about the House of Lords. He also introduced me to Sir William Grove, of scientific renown, who has now retired from the Bench and is getting an old man, for he told us he had been called fifty years ago.

14. Dined with the Armine Wodehouses. The conversation turned upon Sir F. Rogers, later Lord Blachford; and Sir F. Sandford said that when he was at the Colonial Office they had a legend there that Lord Palmerston had said that the three cleverest men he had known were Rogers, Gladstone, and Lowe, Rogers taking the first place. Both Coleridge and Kimberley, who were present, thought that this laudation was quite excessive, while admitting Lord Blachford's great ability. Kimberley spoke in the very highest terms of his skill in writing.

"Was he better than Sir Henry Taylor?" asked Coleridge.

"Oh yes, very much better."

"I suppose Taylor was too cumbrous?" rejoined the other.

"Exactly so," replied Kimberley; "that is precisely the criticism to which he was open."

Sir F. Rogers was extremely intimate with Newman, and looked through the *Apologia* for him. Newman had a great regard for Dr. Bagot, the Bishop of Oxford, and in the first draft of the *Apologia* said that none of our other Bishops could hold a candle to him. Sir F. Rogers, as Coleridge told us, took exception to this. His friend replied: "I do not at all agree with you about the Bishop, but I have put out the candle."

15. Went up to the Grillion breakfast, after which came the election, which was, I thought, most satisfactory, one representative of each of the three great divisions of political opinion being successful—Chamberlain, Morley, and the Duke of Abercorn.

Later I went to the Athenæum, and had a long talk with George Boyle, who is up for Convocation. The name of Bishop Bagot coming up, "Do you know," said my companion, "that all his charges and everything of any importance which he gave to the world, even the letter to Newman about the *Tracts for the Times*, were composed by Francis Paget, the once well-known writer of Anglican religious stories? People who knew the Bishop on his sportsman and country-gentleman side used to ask with great surprise where Dick Bagot had picked up his literary ability."

Boyle had just been staying with his friend, Dr. Claughton, the ex-Bishop of Rochester, and gave an interesting account of the old man, now eighty-two, reading aloud Faber's very striking hymn :—

> "I wish to have no wishes left,
> But to leave all to Thee ;
> And yet I wish that Thou should'st will
> That which I wish should be."

17. We have had since the 15th a large party at York House, who have now all left us, among others Sir Donald Wallace, just starting for another visit to the East; Lady Gregory, whose husband is in Ceylon; Sir Frederick Burton, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ward. The last-mentioned repeated to me a story of Pio Nono which I had not heard. Some devout lady told him that he had the power of working miracles, as shown by the fact that an old sock of his, which she wore, had taken away her rheumatism. "Ma fille," was the reply, "vous êtes plus heureuse que moi, car j'en porte deux et mon rhumatisme va toujours."

Sir Frederick Burton and Lady Gregory, who come from Clare and Galway respectively, talked of the strange limestone formation of those regions, which Bourget called the "Royaume des Pierres," and Sir Frederick described a visit to the Arran Isles off that coast. They contain, it appears, strange and elaborate fortifications about which absolutely

nothing is known. Both agreed that there was no doubt that the famous Round Towers were simply campaniles, so constructed that they could be used as refuges in case of a piratical raid.

20. To Mallet's funeral, which took place at Woking. When Bernard dined here, a week ago, there was not the slightest cause for anxiety, but the influenza, acting on an enfeebled constitution, proved fatal on the 16th.

His older friends were represented by Thring, Lefevre, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett and myself; the others present were mostly relations or younger men who had worked under him, such as Horace Walpole and Clement Colvin, of the India Office, or Murray of the Treasury. Arthur Russell came to the South-Western station, but was not well enough to go on.

Mallet's period of work could not have lasted much longer. I had hoped, however, that he might have lived to the three-score years and ten, which would have enabled him to see through the press not only his father's autobiography, but probably a considerable portion of the economic writings which have occupied of late so large a portion of his well-earned leisure. The country loses one of her best statesmen. As to what I lose the less said the better.

Mrs. Greg writes:—

"I know how you will be feeling this loss, and must say one

word of sympathy. One more gone who belonged to the intimate circle, who contributed to the brightness and worth of life, and whose absence will leave more blank spaces for the heart and the mind. Such losses have been frequent of late.

. . . . . .

"I am so glad to have met Sir Louis again last autumn at York House. It was the first time for years. Though much altered physically, he had lost absolutely nothing of his old charm. The mind was as strong and bright, the manner as pleasantly caustic, and the nature as genial as ever."

22. The Breakfast Club met at Arthur Russell's. The conversation turned upon ————, and some one asked me how he compared with his brother, whom several of us had known in the House of Commons, and who was certainly none too wise. I replied: "I can best answer that question by a line of Clough's:—

'Luther was foolish — but oh, great God! what call you Ignatius'?"

That led to talk about the German Reformer, and Aberdare quoted Fuller's phrase: "'The horse that wins must gallop beyond the goal."

Herschell told us that he had heard a discussion amongst some lawyers in the Far West as to who was the most eloquent man they had ever known, and it was eventually agreed that the prize must be assigned to a certain ———. This worthy had run for Nevada,

made half a dozen speeches, and carried his election triumphantly. At the end of his term he stood again, without the same success. Unbosoming himself to a friend he said: "Is it not strange that I was at first *elected* nearly unanimously, and am now *rejected* nearly unanimously. Can you explain the reason to me?"

"Well," said the person addressed, "the fact is, ———, there are two things in the world called Right and Wrong. You have all your life had a sort of idea that there was a difference between them; but somehow you have never got it quite correct."

Aberdare repeated a story which I have heard him tell before, but have not, I think, written down. It was told him by Lord Granville, but he verified it by consulting Mr. Charles Gore. Scene: A dinner at Mr. Disraeli's, horribly ill managed. Everything cold, until at last the ices came up dripping. Count D'Orsay leant across the table and said to Mr. Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Bessborough, and nearly connected with Charles Gore: "John, John, at length we have something 'ot!"

Lord Wolseley, in reply to a question, put Sherman first of the Northern Generals.

I walked with Wolseley and Aberdare down to Pall Mall, and then on with the latter (who has been very ill since he was last mentioned in these Notes, and begins to look his seventy-four) to the Athenæum, where Sir Richard

Pollock repeated to me a saying which he attributed to a Girton young lady:—

In what do a Misogamist and an Epithalamium resemble each other? They are both averse to matrimony!

23. A large party at York House—amongst others, the Lubbocks, Miss Kathleen Gordon, the Vere O'Briens, Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson. The last-named talked much about the flowers in South Africa, and of the way in which bulbs at the Cape force their way through even hard roads amidst clouds of dust.

Sir Hercules is strongly in favour of giving Swaziland to the Boers, and thinks it would be very much better for us if they had a port at Lorenço Marques, as we should then have much more control over them than is possible while they remain a purely inland power.

24. Took my seat at the Council of Foreign Bondholders, to which I have been recently elected, and attended the general meeting. Lubbock, who presided, mentioned that the association had dealt since its foundation with stocks to the amount of about £850,000,000, and had saved, on the lowest possible computation, at least £34,000,000 to the investing public.

Presided at the Geographical Club and the evening meeting, but was not able to be present at the Council. Sir Archibald Alison was my next neighbour, on the left, at dinner. The old home of the historian, the stoutest

Tory of his generation, has made room for a huge manufactory; and the great fear of the Liberal Unionists in the recent Partick election was that they might be overpowered by the electors of Possil Park, a hot-bed of Gladstonian and Radical activity. "Such an idea," said Sir Archibald, "might well make my father turn in his grave!"

The Paper was read by Mr. Woodford, and dealt with the Solomon group, from which he has just returned. Mr. Tyssen Amherst took part in the conversation which followed, in virtue of being the owner of an ancient manuscript which records the discovery of the Solomons by the Spaniards more than three hundred years ago; as did also Captain Bridge, who said that he had probably visited more Pacific islands than any other white man.

25. The Duke of Argyll writes:—

"I am in despair about Mallet's death; he was one of the very best of men, able, honest, and full of knowledge."

26. Sir Joseph Pease dined and slept here. He gave an amusing account of the inhabitants of a village in his neighbourhood. "They are," said an old gardener to his father, "a very good, honest set of people; they are all the children of smugglers and wreckers, and I am sure they wouldn't touch anything which they couldn't carry away!"

27. Dined with Lord Northbrook—a small party. I

mentioned Disraeli's curious slip of the tongue when he spoke of Her Majesty's Government as Her Majesty's Company. "It is strange," said Lord Derby, "well as I knew him, and often as I have talked to him about literary matters, I never heard him express the smallest interest in the theatre."

28. Dined with Mrs. C. Buxton. Some one mentioned that Disraeli, anxious that Sir John Holker, then Attorney-General, should be in his place at a moment when he was likely to be wanted, put up his eye-glass and said: "I don't see our legal hippopotamus."

March

3. To the Athenæum in the afternoon. In the entrance hall, Coleridge told me a story redolent of the *genius loci*. Once when we had given hospitality to our neighbours of the United Service, Sir Henry Acland saw an old General or Admiral struggling with his coat, and helped him on with it.

"Much obliged to you," said the veteran; "it's a damned heavy coat!"

"Well," replied Acland, "it is certainly a heavy coat, but whether it is a damned coat is a theological question which I am not competent to answer."

Dined at Grillion's, Lord Ashbourne in the chair, supported by Lecky, Lord Norton, Robert Herbert, Lord Fortescue, Herschell, and Sir J. E. Boehm.

The last-named quoted an old Vienna proverb: "Nichts ist das beste Wasser für die Augen."

Herschell told a curious story of a clergyman who had married, divorced his wife and obtained damages, re-married her, divorced her again and obtained damages, repeating this process of divorce and re-marriage three times in all.

The Empress Frederick, writing of Sir Louis Mallet's death, remarks most truly:—

"What a distinguished man he was! What an *esprit d'élite!*"

8. To see Lubbock on business. When that was disposed of, he showed me specimens of the male and female of the Huia from New Zealand. These birds are essentially crows, but have adopted the habits of woodpeckers. The male makes a hole in a tree, while the female, whose beak is quite differently constructed, pulls out the object of their search, which they then proceed to divide.

The Breakfast Club met at the house of F. Leveson Gower. The conversation turning on Mr. Knowles, the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, one of the party observed: "I once very nearly said to him something clever, but, alas! it was *de l'esprit de l'escalier*. 'The French,' he

remarked to me, 'are, after all, our natural enemies, and will continue so to be.' I just did not reply, 'You belong to the eighteenth, not the nineteenth century!'"

The name of a well-known person of very negative religious opinions coming up, Herschell told us that an eminent judge, at whose house this gentleman was, had said to him: "We are expecting the Cardinal, and I trust you will say nothing at all calculated to startle him."

"You may rely upon me," was the reply.

Ere long, however, their host heard his Eminence say: "Well, what is the phase of the higher religious thought which prevails now in dear old Oriel?—in what direction is the current running?"—and the other make reply, "Oh! quite away from Christianity!"

10. How strange are the currents and cross currents of circumstance. I learn this morning that Hawthorne's charming heroine in the *Marble Faun* obtained her name from the accident of the author's having spent some time, while he was writing the book, in sight of St. Hilda's Priory at Whitby.

At the Geographical Council to-day we had a preliminary conversation about the awards for this year. At the Geographical Club, my next neighbour on the left was Lieutenant Stairs, who was one of Stanley's companions. He told me that he was a Canadian; but that his family had

emigrated some eighty or ninety years ago from Elgin. The Paper was an account of a journey from the Persian Gulf, at Linga, to the northward, made by a young Indian Officer, Lieutenant Vaughan. It was thrown into shape by Sir Frederick Goldsmid, who read it.

13. My wife quoted at breakfast a happy phrase which Lady Russell used once to her: "There is no aristocracy so intolerant as the aristocracy of health."

14. "Vergilium vidi tantum." I observed the other day in Hawthorne's Life, that he was at the Cosmopolitan in May 1860. I looked up the Diary for that period on which Vol. I. of these Notes is founded, and found that I saw him there that month on Sunday the 20th. I have no record of having been introduced to him. America was, it would seem, a good deal to the front that night, for I see that I talked with T. Hughes about Lowell and with Motley about Wendell Holmes.

Dined with the Arthur Russells, taking down Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, whose poems I had read to me last year. She seems to have given a good deal of attention to the plants of New England.

She spoke of the *Houstonia*, and I mentioned that Asa Gray had told me that it was the first flower to come out in Spring. "Not quite the first," she replied; "there is one that comes before it—*Epigæa repens*." She said, too, that in her neighbourhood, in Connecticut, tropical things

which come to their maturity in a month or two, such as Cannas and the Melon tribe, flourish to perfection, although the winter is so cold that even the daisy and the juniper are impossible. In summer the humming-bird is abundant. Nothing could, she added, be more amusing than to watch the behaviour of these little creatures and of the bees in face of the problems presented to them by the golden columbine. The bees have to destroy the spurs to get at their sweet contents, while the long beak of the humming-bird penetrates their recesses with the greatest ease.

15. Arthur Russell showed me last night a new vegetable which had appeared at the Grillion dinner of the 10th. I asked about it to-day at Kew, and find that it is *Stachys tuberifera*, a Labiate from Japan.

18. Dined at The Club, where it was my turn to take the chair. Reeve was on my right, Lord Derby on my left, and Arthur Russell opposite. Conversation turned to the Princess Lieven and her curious ignorance of everything that did not come to her through the ear. "Did I ever tell you," said the last-mentioned, "that my mother was one day driving with her when her attention was attracted by a field of flowers which they were passsing, and she asked what they were.

"'Des pommes de terre,' replied my mother.

"'Mais vous plaisantez,' was the rejoinder."

Froude told us that he had hardly ever in his life had so strange a sensation as when at the dead of night he accompanied Arthur Stanley, Lady Augusta, and seven or eight workmen to dig up the tombs of the Kings in the Abbey, the object being to find the coffin of James I., which was not in its proper place, and was discovered in the tomb of Henry VII. "I have had my hand," he added, "in the coffin of Mary Queen of Scots, which had been broken by another falling on it. It was the weirdest scene—the flaring torches, the banners waving from the draught of air, and the Dean's keen eager face seen in profile had the very strangest effect. He asked me to return with him the next night, but my nerves had had quite enough of it."

Something led us to talk about fashions of wearing the hair—wigs and the like.

Lord Derby said that he had sat long by Disraeli before he found out that he considerably aided nature in that way. He discovered it by observing that when any one passed close behind the front bench, touching its occupants, as the narrowness of the passage often makes it necessary to do, Disraeli, not immediately, but after a judicious interval, always put his hand to the back of his head and gently re-adjusted what had been displaced.

I talked to Reeve of his friend and my acquaintance of thirty years, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, still vigorous at eighty-

three, and still writing the same admirable hand. I asked him too if he went often to Paris?

"No," he said, "very rarely; I now have hardly an acquaintance left in the place. They are always very civil to me at the Institut, but almost every one I knew well is gone."

20. I spoke to Lecky at the Club on Tuesday about the story which Arthur Stanley used to tell of the first proclamation of the House of Hanover in England. He writes under yesterday's date:—

"I see I have told the Bradbury story in my *History*, Vol. I., page 207. The congregation sang the 89th Psalm, describing the chosen Prince as raised up by God to save his people. The Schism Act was that very day to have come into operation."

Mrs. Bacon, sister to my hostess of the Villa Montauto, who is staying here, mentioned to-night a political riddle of five-and-forty years ago, which was new to me.

Why are the Protectionists like walnuts?

Because they are so disagreeable to Peel.

22. The Breakfast Club met at Herschell's. We talked of General Caprivi, whose name has sprung into world-wide circulation in the last few hours. Wolseley told us that when he went over in 1883 to attend the German Manœuvres, he found himself in a large company composed of officers of high rank. He said to our Military Attaché at Berlin:

"Now tell me, which of all these men is the one most likely to come to the front?"

"Oh!" was the reply, "certainly Caprivi." Wolseley was constantly with him during the next three days, but the battle on that occasion was not to the strong, for General Caprivi was most unfortunate and unsuccessful.

24. A large party at York House, all of whom have left us this morning. Amongst others we had Lady Vere Hughes, her aunt Mrs. Bacon, and the Wilfrid Wards.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ward was a daughter of Mr. Hope Scott by his second marriage with Lady Victoria Howard, and is half-sister accordingly to the owner of Abbotsford. She told me that she was born so late in her father's life time, that most of his intimate friends had died before she could remember. Newman, whom she remembered from her childhood, was, I think she said, the only exception. When we were talking of Pope's Villa, she called my attention to Johnson's very Johnsonian phrase about the grotto:—

"His excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage."

I mentioned the story of her relative Lord Lyons, which is recorded in these Notes for September 1880. She told me in return that he had said to a cousin, who like himself

was extremely stout: "We do not meet often, but at least when we do we always see more of each other."

Mr. Ward cited a wonderfully happy phrase of Aubrey de Vere's in a letter to him about Browning's death:—"We have lost a true-hearted poet and a *great thinker in verse*."

To the Geographical Council, Club and Society. We talked of the very youthful appearance of Mr. Johnston, who has lately been sent by our Government to Africa, and Mr. Freshfield told me that old Lesseps, upon seeing him, had said: "Quel pays! ou même les petits enfants sont des grands voyageurs!"

Have I ever noted the phrase with which M. Viennet, then in extreme old age, closed his long resistance to the proposal to elect Prévost-Paradol at the Académie Française? "Eh bien! Que sa nourrice l'amène!"

At the evening meeting instead of the usual paper we had a sort of lecture by Mr. Augustus A. Hayes, from New York, which was in parts highly amusing, as, for instance, where he said that he always felt more for the pilgrim mothers than for the pilgrim fathers, because in addition to all other misfortunes the former had the latter for their husbands.

26. I was looking at some letters of 1881, this morning, when I lit on one from George Bunsen, in which he asked me if I had seen a speech made at Nantes by a French Royalist Deputy in which, after recounting to the Minister

of Public Works, who was the guest of the occasion, all the roads, bridges, etc., which his part of the country still wanted, he said: "Je bois à la prochaine réalisation de nos légitimes espérances!"

30. Amongst others at York House were Mr. Hayes and his wife.

Mrs. Hayes was a niece of Margaret Fuller, afterwards the Marchesa Ossoli, and it was interesting to hear from him the family version of a story which I remember told in a slightly different form, when I was an undergraduate. Margaret Fuller and Emerson were watching Fanny Elsler, when the philosopher said to his companion: "This is not dancing, it is poetry;" to which she replied, "No, Waldo, it is religion!"

Mr. Hayes repeated too a saying of Mr. Appleton's, a Bostonian joker of jokes:—"If it be true that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I wish they would keep one at the corner of my street!"

At dinner on Sunday something was said about the autumn climate of a part of America being like Paradise. "What a way of connecting Paradise with the Fall!" remarked Dr. Klein.

Happy too was the complaint, repeated by Mr. Hayes, of some frightful bore from whose clutches Carlyle had with difficulty escaped: "I accuse Thomas Carlyle of inhospitality to my ideas!"

31. Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich came down last night to dine and sleep. He still holds the last appointment which I gave him, the Collectorship of Bellary, and mentioned that in Southern India the result of the political agitation of the last three years has been to divert the attention of the people entirely from their local and municipal affairs.

Dined at Grillion's—Lord Kimberley in the chair. He gave an interesting account of a conversation which he had with the King of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William, when he was sent on a special mission to Denmark in 1864. He took Berlin on his way, and in fulfilment of his instructions painted in the gloomiest colours what was likely to happen in Europe if Prussia went to war with her neighbour.

"I know it all," said the king, who was in a great state of agitation; "but if I were to draw back now there would be"—pointing, as he spoke, out of the window and repeating the phrase more than once—"a revolution in these streets! a revolution in these streets!"

April

1. Dined at The Club. Froude in the chair.

Arthur Russell recalled the curious story of his mother, when a child of five years old, at Dresden, having been dragged about the room with another little girl by Lady Hamilton, who was personating Medea.

Some talk about Sir John Moore led to the remark being made by Lecky and confirmed by Coleridge, that Mr. Wolfe, the author of the famous lines on the burial of that commander, and the perhaps even more beautiful poem which begins with the words: "If I had thought thou could'st have died," had left behind him some very remarkable sermons.

5. Lady Blennerhassett, M. Jusserand, and Douglas Ainslie came down to spend Easter with us. Lady Malmesbury, with whom Clara has been passing the Spring at Florence, joined us on the 3rd. This evening Lady Blennerhassett wore a necklace of pearls from the Danube, which led to some conversation about pearls in general, in the course of which M. Jusserand mentioned that the head of the *personnel* at the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay used to keep on his table a pearl oyster, to which a pearl was attached. This had been sent him by some Consul who had intimated to him, at the same time, that he

wanted a *Chancelier* who should answer to the description—"Une huître dans laquelle on trouverait une perle."

6. Lady Blennerhassett told us last night that Louis XVIII. had complained to the Emperor Alexander of having been obliged to take Fouché into his confidence. "Vous êtes bien difficile," was the reply. "J'ai déjeûné avec Pahlen ce matin!"

I asked her if she knew who the lady was who when describing the ceremony of the coronation of Alexander said:—"The young Emperor walked, preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, followed by the assassins of his father, and surrounded by his own." She did not know, and I looked up the passage in Alison, where I had read it thirty-two years ago; but he does not give the name, though he mentions that Fouché said when he heard the remark, "There is a woman who speaks Tacitus."

As Lady Blennerhassett left the dining-room she asked me, "Do you like women's votes?" and supplied the answer: "I like women who de-vote themselves."

M. Jusserand gave a curious account of the death of Ivan Tourguenief. It appears that his malady was cancer of the spine. When his sufferings were at their height he sent for a young Russian girl, a medical student, and begged her to give him poison. She answered: "You must not stain your fame by asking me to do this; you may still live to dictate something which may benefit

mankind and add glory to your country." He changed his mind in consequence, had some respite for his pain, and actually did dictate some things of importance.

M. Jusserand mentioned that Baron Solvyns, the Belgian Minister, had begun his Diplomatic career as Attaché at Stockholm, when Bernadotte was still reigning. He wore to the last the uniform of a French Marshal and spoke with a strong Gascon accent, while for the sun of Scandinavia he professed so sovereign a contempt that he loved to turn night into day, dining, much to the horror of his courtiers, at 11 P.M. He had the greatest dislike to allowing any one to see his naked arm; even his doctor was never allowed to go above the pulse. The reason was not understood until after his death, when it was found that just a little higher up were tattooed the words "Vive la République."

From Bernadotte we passed on to Napoleon, and M. Jusserand cited an article by Cherbuliez on the papers of Marie Louise, in the course of which her horror was well depicted at the unrestful character of her husband, who was always cherishing some new scheme—one of those men, in fact, who seem in haste to reach the rendezvous "que leur a donné le malheur!"

M. Jusserand quoted, too, an amusing bull of some one who had said about the great man: "S'il était resté Lieutenant d'Artillerie il serait aujourd'hui sur le trône," which

may pair off with the genuine Hibernian one, "If Ireland had remained silent, England would have been deaf to her cries!"

7. Lady Blennerhassett repeated a French saying about German, which she says, Dr. Döllinger used to delight in—"Ce n'est pas une langue, mais ceux qui parlent ce jargon se comprennent entre eux!"

M. Jusserand told a story of a peasant who was engaged in collecting fungi. "Que faites vous mon ami?" said a passer-by. "Ceux-là sont véneneux." "Ça ne fait rien; ils sont pour un cadeau," was the answer.

8. Arthur Russell writes:—

"Do you know the soliloquy of the Jew? I have heard it in France and in Germany with variations. First Jew asks 18 florins for his ware, second Jew reflects: 'Il demande 18, il prendra 16, ça vaut 14, j'en donnerai 12, il l'a acheté 10—offrons 8.'"

I could not remember some weeks ago where I had found the sentence:—

"Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business, which it is our duty to carry through and to terminate with honour."

I have just re-found it, however, at the end of the English translation of Gustave de Beaumont's *Memoir of Tocqueville* introduced by the words:—

"The story of his life seems to be summed up in a reflection found among his papers."

11. Sent back to the London Library *Valentine*, to which I was attracted by a paper of Mat Arnold's.

"George Sand is," he says, "one of the few French writers who keeps us closely and truly intimate with rural nature. She gives us the wild-flowers by their actual names—snowdrop, primrose, columbine, iris, scabious. Nowhere has she touched her native Berry and its little known landscape, its *campagnes ignorées* with a lovelier charm than in *Valentine*. The winding and deep lanes running out of the high road on either side, the fresh and calm spots they take us to, meadows of a tender green, plaintive brooks, clumps of elder and mountain ash, a whole world of suave and pastoral nature—how delicious it all is! The grave and silent peasant, whose very dog will hardly deign to bark at you, the great white ox, 'the unfailing dean of these pastures,' staring solemnly at you from the thicket; the farmhouse with its avenue of maples, and the Indre, here hardly more than a bright rivulet stealing along through rushes and yellow iris in the field below, who, I say, can forget them? And that one lane in especial, the lane where Athenais puts her arm out of the side window of the rustic cottage and gathers may from the over-arching hedge—that lane with its startled blackbirds, and humming insects, and limpid water, and 'swaying water-plants, and shelving gravel, and yellow wagtails hopping, half pert, half frightened, on the sand'—that lane with its rushes, cresses, and mint below, its honeysuckle and traveller's joy above—how gladly might one give all that strangely English picture in English, if the charm of Madame Sand's language did not here defy translation!"

The story is trivial; but there are here and there, as Arnold tells us, quite charming bits of landscape, none better than the first few pages, which took me back to a

delightful walk on the 26th May 1872, with Lubbock, Miss Rachel Bruce, now Mrs. Harcourt, and my wife, on the banks of the Allier, near Saincaize, where we were long detained on our way to Bourges. A great field of sainfoin, noble white cattle, relatives, no doubt, of "*le doyen inévitable de tous les pâturages*," and a singularly bright little dinner at the buffet, which was presided over by most friendly people, make a very pleasant picture in my mind: nor should I forget the society of a charming and confiding pointer, whose name I recollect was Bellone, and whose four puppies were brought to us in a basket to be admired.

12. Clara has lately been reading to me Samarow's *Minen und Gegenminen.*

His account of the Luxembourg incident led me to M. Rothan's book, *L'Affaire du Luxembourg*, which is full of curious matter. I was specially interested by the account of M. de La Valette's sudden appearance at St. Cloud, on the 5th July 1867, when he succeeded, if the account is correct, in preventing the mischief which Ollivier, according to his statement made to me (see these Notes for 1874), did not arrive there in time to prevent, just three years later.

Page 128 is worth reading as showing how little reason we had to feel any good-will to Bismarck, in 1867, if M. de Goltz had his authority for offering to France

"Une neutralité bienveillante prête à se transformer en neutralité armée à notre profit, si nous étions engagés dans une guerre avec l'Angleterre par example."

The following sentence at page 236 seems to me very happy :—

"Les dépêches, comme les éclairs qui prècédent les gros temps, se succédaient rapides, inquiètes, menaçantes."

The interview between Bismarck and Benedetti in the Wilhelmstrasse, of which the novelist makes so much, is told at page 244 in a somewhat different form.

14. At the Geographical Council to-day we settled the medals and other honorific rewards for the year, and I announced them to the Society at the evening meeting. The first Royal Medal goes to Emin Pasha, the second to Lieutenant Younghusband, who made in 1886-7 a very important journey across Central Asia from Manchuria to Cashmir and India.

The Paper was an account by Dr. Hans Meyer of his third and successful attempt to ascend the great African mountain Kilima-Njaro. He was on my right at dinner, while on my left was Mr. Whymper, of Andean and Alpine fame. The latter gave me a curious account of the proceedings of the condor, whose great object in attacking an animal is to get between it and the sun, so that the sudden black shadow may strike panic into its proposed quarry. He says the condor is by no means so large as is supposed;

the Lämmergeier and many eagles are larger. He had seen even gulls in Greenland which had a greater breadth of wing.

16. Replied to two letters from George Boyle. One of these was chiefly about Mallet's death, and in the course of it he said: "I thought of Mat's verses on Quillinan:

> 'Friends could not give what fortune can,
> Health, ease, a heart elate,
> But he is now by fortune foiled
> No more; and we retain
> The memory of a man unspoiled,
> Sweet, generous, and humane.'"

17. Dined with the Reeves, meeting amongst others Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador. He said, "You have been in the East and can understand how your winters affect us." "But you like our summers?" I said. "Have you a summer?" was the reply: "I have been five years here, and there has not been one really hot day."

Arthur Russell, speaking of Bryce, says:—

"He and John Morley are vexed and perplexed by the hostility of men of intellect. To me the problem is very simple. The universities were in the power of the clergy. We fought for the freedom of science. All scientific men were then with us. But you cannot expect sympathy from men of culture with the vulgar and ignorant declaimer of the platform."

19. The Breakfast Club met under the wing of Robert

Herbert. Goschen's Budget led to some talk about Licensing, and Aberdare remarked that he could not trace the slightest connection between the number of public-houses and drunkenness. Norwich has an altogether preposterous number of public-houses, but is conspicuous for its comparative sobriety; while Bristol is much better supplied with public-houses than many towns in the North where excessive drinking prevails to a very much greater extent.

After we had separated I went to inspect the arrangements made at the Albert Hall for the Stanley Meeting of the Geographical Society on May 5th. In the course of conversation there, Sir Beauchamp Walker told me that when the Princess of Wales went to Berlin the old Emperor presented Bismarck to her. With a sob in her voice she said, "I have long desired to make the acquaintance of Prince Bismarck." In the evening Lady, then Mrs., Walker said to the Chancellor: "Well, isn't she charming?" "She is not only," replied he, "a very charming, but also a very prudent little lady."

Later, I went to the Athenæum, where I had a very long conversation with Coleridge, just returned from his first visit to Holland, where, in twelve days, he had seen a great deal, and declares that those critics are right who put Rembrandt next to Michel Angelo. The "Night Watch" had entirely conquered him — and no wonder! He

pushed his explorations as far as Leeuwarden, and had much to say of a bric-à-brac shop there.

From him I passed to Lubbock. With reference to some remarks made in the bi-metallic debate, he spoke of the extraordinary way in which, during the recent period of so-called depression, this country has been piling up wealth. He thought that those who stated that the addition to it during the last ten years amounted to fifteen hundred millions did not overstate the truth, and added that we were now drawing twenty millions a year more from investments abroad than the rental of the whole agricultural land of the United Kingdom.

20. The Reeves, Lord Borthwick, Lady Malmesbury, Mrs. Green, and Louis Mallet at York House.

Mrs. Green told me that Mrs. Fanny Kemble, having been carried up Monte Generoso in spite of the remonstrances of her friends, who feared that the expedition would be too fatiguing for her, had said: "Don't you know that a man's will is his Heaven, and a woman's will her seventh Heaven?" Mrs. Green brought me too, from Arthur Russell, Mlle. de Peyronnet's last good saying. A friend saw her throwing away some flowers which were faded, and remarked: "Flowers are a very bad investment;" to which she replied: "Not at all; they pay a great deal per scent."

I asked Reeve whether he would still say that Rossi,

under whom he studied at Geneva, and whose murder some twenty years afterwards on the steps of the Cancelleria forms one of the darkest pages in modern Italian history, was the ablest man he had ever known? His answer was in the affirmative.

21. Dined at Grillion's. One of the party mentioned that he went yesterday to see what would come of the threatened labour meeting in Hyde Park, which was a great failure. There was a good deal of declamation about the necessity for higher wages combined with shorter hours: "Ah! when you get that," observed a working man who stood by, "there will be no one to pay you!"

I said to Mr. W. H. Smith, as we left the room together, something about the House of Commons, to which he replied, "I wish you were in it;" whereupon I remarked, Arthur Russell being with me, "Yes, we should be all on one side now." "What has happened," he rejoined, "shows that when really great questions come up, the differences which ordinarily divide men of different parties are found to be of no great importance, and that it is which gives me hope for England."

26. The death of Albert Rutson, the companion of my first Indian journey, of which I published an account in 1876, and one of my most faithful correspondents during my time at Madras (see Volumes V. and VI. of these Notes) was announced on the 23rd. He was a distinguished man at

Oxford, had a great deal of ability, wide knowledge of politics, much skill in the management of his fortune, and a very unusual amount of public spirit, which led him to undertake, I fear, more work than he had strength for, especially on the London School Board and as a County Councillor in Yorkshire.

He never succeeded in obtaining a seat in Parliament, but was Private Secretary to Aberdare when he was at the Home Office as Henry Bruce. It was under him as Mentor that the Duke of Fife made his first essays in public life, when, during the 1868–1874 Administration he came to me, very properly anxious, to get, in some such way, an insight into affairs.

So good a specimen of that university group, which had Goldwin Smith for its chief and became prominent between 1865 and 1868, should, considering all his advantages and his unremitting labour, have gone further, I think, than he did; but there was something wanting, perhaps resolution, perhaps that touch of "open-eyed rashness," which political life requires.

I have seen less of him since his marriage to Miss Buxton, which has been a very happy one. Before we went to India he was much with us here and elsewhere.

27. Lyulph Stanley, Miss Somers Cocks, and others with us. Miss Kathleen Gordon, speaking of a lady, said: "Her face is the most reposeful I ever saw; it is like look-

ing into a white camellia." She asked, too, a question, in the nature of a riddle, pretty, if put to a pretty girl:

"What is the sweetest thing in bonnets?" — "Your face."

This led Mrs. Armine Wodehouse to tell a story of Father Healy which I had not heard:—

He and Mr. George Russell — a son, I think, of Sir Charles Russell's—were walking on either side of a young lady who, gathering some flowers, said to him:

"Did you ever see anything more charming than these?"

"Yes," he replied; "I have seen something a great deal more charming, but that's between you and me, George!"

May

2. I had the good fortune to find Kinglake at home to-day, which I have not hitherto succeeded in doing since his illness. He said to me: "I have been watching politics for a long time now, and I think this is the best Government we have ever had."

Lady Arthur Russell quoted, this afternoon, a happy saying of Franklin's: "If we must give an account for every idle word, so must we for every idle silence."

Dined with the Arthur Russells, meeting amongst others Lord Morris, with whom I sat in the House of Commons

between 1865–68, but whom I had not previously met in society.

3. Breakfasted at Grillion's, where we elected Alfred Lyall, Robert Meade, and Chaplin. Dined at the Royal Academy. I was glad to hear John Morley speak, which I had never chanced to do before, and his speech, in returning thanks for literature, was certainly as good as any other delivered in the course of the evening.

4. M. Leclercq, President of the Geographical Society of Brussels, accompanied by a friend, dined and slept here, as did Mr. E. F. Webster and General Sankey.

The latter told us that, under the influence of the strong Government of the last year or two, English capital was beginning to flow back to Ireland, but that the current would be instantly stopped if Mr. Gladstone returned to office. He quoted one or two sayings about his countrymen as singularly correct: *e.g.*, that the Irishman believes a lie knowing it to be one, and that his aim is to be always in action—never at work. He mentioned, too, that Father Healy had found himself in a tram-car sitting opposite two Protestant fanatics, who, seeing that he was a priest, devoted themselves to the most outspoken abuse of his religion. He remained quite silent till he was about to alight, when he remarked:

"I observe, gentlemen, that you do not believe in purgatory."

"No, indeed," they replied, "we think it is one of the many soul-destroying errors of your system."

"In that case," observed the reverend gentleman, as he stepped out, and took leave of his discourteous fellow-travellers, "You may go to hell!"

5. Presided this evening in the Albert Hall at a meeting of the Geographical Society, to do honour to Mr. H. M. Stanley. We had about 6,500 people. I opened the proceedings with a short speech. Then Stanley read a paper, after which the Prince of Wales proposed and the Duke of Edinburgh seconded a vote of thanks. I then very briefly put the vote of thanks to the meeting and asked the Prince of Wales to present the medals to Mr. Stanley and his European companions, announcing at the same time that silver stars would be given to all the native members of Stanley's party who could be communicated with. All which things are they (or will they) not be written in great detail in the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society? The sight of the hushed and crowded hall was very striking—far the finest thing of the kind I ever beheld.

6. ——— writes with reference to Schopenhauer's translation of the Oraculo Manual, which I lent her when she was last at York House:—

"The conclusion of B. Gracian is the conclusion of Renan—holiness, lovableness. . . . The day happens to be Cinque

Maggio, quite by chance! I recommend you and everything dear to you to Him *chi affanna e chi consola*."

9. Yesterday and to-day we were chiefly engaged in transferring ourselves to 13 Great Stanhope Street, which we have again taken.

I dined last night with Mrs. Richard Ward, who told me that Mr. Balfour had once said to Father Healy: "Is it true that I am as much detested as the newspapers will have it?" and that the latter replied after a pause, "If the divil was as much detested in Ireland as you are, my occupation would be gone!"

A small piece of business having taken me to Dorchester House, Mr. Holford showed me his staircase, which the elder Richmond once called, in my hearing, the finest in London or in England, I forget which. I certainly remember no finer one in this country, nor even in Genoa, whence the idea of it was borrowed.

It was too dark a morning for the pictures, many of which I saw to advantage years ago, when they were in Sir T. Laurence's old house in Russell Square; but Mr. Holford pointed out to me an extremely fine chimney-piece by Mr. Alfred Stevens, whom Sir F. Leighton praised so much last Saturday at the Academy dinner. The figures supporting it were obviously suggested by Michel Angelo's "Night and Morning."

"Few men," said my guide, "have been so fortunate as to build two large houses, one in London, one in the country, and to live in them so long as I. I have lived in this one since 1856."

10. The Breakfast Club met at Courtney's. The name of ——— coming up, our host mentioned that Gambetta had said of him: "Il a tous les vices, il est Slave, Juif, Catholique et décoré."

As Arthur Russell and I were walking through this street, we met Lady Reay, whose Indian time came to an end a few weeks ago, and who returned to 6 Great Stanhope Street last night.

13. Dined at The Club. Hooker was in the chair; on his left, Gladstone, then Dr. Smith, next, at the end of the table, Arthur Russell, then myself, on my left, Sir Henry Elliot, who has been recently elected, beyond him Mr. Maunde Thompson, and Reeve.

Gladstone talked with his usual vigour on a variety of subjects, praised highly a novel of Scottish Life, called, *A Window in Thrums;* spoke well, too, of a small volume of *Conversations in an English Village*, privately printed by a lady; placed Locke decisively in the second rank as a philosopher, and remarked that the bookseller who gave Milton a small sum for *Paradise Lost* was an admirable person, for never before had any one given one farthing for the copyright of a book.

He appealed on that question to his neighbour of the *Quarterly*, who could not contradict him.

Another of his subjects was Acton's enormous range of reading, far greater than that of Macaulay. I had no doubt whatever of the fact, but was glad to hear it confirmed by one who had known both these mighty *hèlluones*.

Hooker named *Ribes aureum*, a piece of which Arthur Russell had brought with him, and told us that its home is California.

17. The Breakfast Club met at 13 Great Stanhope Street, Wolseley, Courtney, Lyall, F. Leveson Gower, Trevelyan, and Arthur Russell being present.

Conversation turned upon "Briar Rose," the picture lately painted by Burne-Jones, about which the town is talking. Every one had seen it save Wolseley. All admitted that it had many great merits; but not one of us would have cared to possess it at a figure within our means, let alone at the price which the newspapers say has just been given for it, viz., £22,000.

I read aloud the very remarkable lines which appeared in *Punch* some years before I went to India, and which Tom Taylor, who then edited that periodical, told me were written by a young man in the office of Rennie, the engineer:—

> "I built myself a lordly pleasure-place
> In which to play a Leo's part."

19. Took my seat at the Council of the Royal Asiatic Society, to which I have returned after long years of absence. I remained, after council was over, for the general meeting, and seconded the vote of thanks to Sir Thomas Wade, who to-day, after three years' tenure of office, resigned his chair as president to Northbrook.

To the National Gallery, which I am again going slowly through.

Dr. Klein said the other day that Raphael had such a power of improvement that it would be almost true to say that his chief talent was a talent for annexation. That is only a paradoxical way of putting what is excellently put in a note to the new Official Catalogue, which I have just read :—

"A mind so receptive as that of Raphael could not but profit by every noble influence. Beginning his course at a period when Leonardo da Vinci's powers matured and Michel Angelo had shown his mighty capabilities, Raphael became the natural heir of all that the Renaissance had achieved. Simultaneously, too, monuments of ancient art were being unearthed, which brought to light, if only in copies of Roman Imperial time, the Greek ideal. Of all these advantages he availed himself freely, though with a wise restraint and with full self-reliance, developing his style without apparently ever forgetting his Umbrian origin. It is in this remarkable combination that we recognise him. His influence was widespread, but although it produced superficial imitators, it can scarcely be said to have created a school. His individuality was too evenly balanced, too perfectly rounded, as it were, to present any one phase so

strongly defined as to suggest a new direction in the life of art. Upon him followed the era of deliberate eclecticism."

20. Arthur Russell and Mr. Howorth breakfasted with me. We talked of Bright, and the former mentioned that the great orator had told Lady Arthur that he had once after the break-up of the Liberal party met Gladstone in the street, and that his friend of the past had taken a prodigious amount of time in trying to pull off a tight glove before shaking hands.

"He should have taken off his coat to welcome you," said Lady Arthur. "He had already turned it," was the rather grim reply.

Our talk strayed, through devious paths, to the wild accusation which has been made against Poggio Bracciolini of having forged the *Annals* of Tacitus, which he professed to have found in a manuscript preserved at Fulda.

I once had occasion, said Mr. Howorth, to consult the *Chronicle* of Fulda, and there I found a passage to the effect that the scribe writing about 960 A.D. could not better paint the devastations, which had been wrought by invaders in his own time, than by quoting a passage from an old book preserved in the Monastery library, whereupon followed a passage from the *Annals* of Tacitus!

Breakfast over, we adjourned to the British Museum, where we went through the Pre-historic Room, which I had not previously seen, and then passed into Franks' domains.

My attention was attracted by a small vase, evidently a copy, and I asked what it was.

"Ah!" replied Franks, "there is a sad story connected with that. Lord Maynard was on the very point of giving us the beautiful enamelled Roman original of that little vase when Lady —— prevented his doing so. Very soon after his house took fire, and the vase was destroyed. There, close to the copy, is all that remains of it!"

Dined with the Duke of Abercorn, to meet the King of the Belgians, at Hampden House, which contains some very fine pictures. I was struck with a Tintoret in the drawing-room, a portrait of an old man, on which the light fell admirably. A Velasquez over the chimney-piece, a boy and a dog, evidently an important work, was not so well seen.

Thence many of us, including the King, who is stouter, and looks a great deal older than he did at Laeken in 1881, passed on to Sir John Pender's, where there was a great gathering.

I slipped out of the supper-room to have a good sight of my host's admirable Turner, upstairs. I doubt if I have been in that house since my memorable conversation with Dickens, recorded in these Notes for 1870.

Dined at the India Office, whither I took Reay. Northbrook was on my left, and beyond him young Prince Albert Victor, who has just returned from India, about which he

talked with apparently great interest and much fluency. On my right was Sir Archibald Alison. I asked him what he thought of Lord Clyde as a commander. He replied that Lord Clyde's greatest accomplishment was his consummate knowledge of the British soldier. As a strategist he was not remarkable, but he was an excellent tactician, and he had the good fortune to be linked to a man who, although little of a tactician, was a consummate strategist, Sir William Mansfield, who became afterwards Lord Sandhurst.

Later, I went on to the Foreign Office, taking with me amongst others, my niece, Edith Ainslie, who was introduced the other day.

The conversation held there, which made most impression on me, was one with Sir John Pope Hennessey, who told me that he meant to return to the House of Commons as "a Conservative Home Ruler," whatever that may mean. When we used to sit opposite each other, a quarter of a century ago, I rated his parliamentary ability very high indeed.

22. Long walk with Lord Derby in the Park and round Kensington Gardens.

In the course of our talk the name of Lord Sandwich came up, and my companion said: "He did at least one thoroughly good thing, for without him we should not have had the discoveries of Captain Cook, whose great stay and support he was."

23. Another walk with Lord Derby, this time round Battersea Park, where the laburnum is in great beauty. It has been distinctly a bad year in London for the lilac.

I did not know that Prince Albert had persuaded himself that Battersea Park would be as popular with society as its older rival—a strange judgment, which events have not confirmed.

Among other subjects about which we talked to-day and yesterday were the circumstances connected with the transfer of the Company's army to the Crown; the British Constitution, as it is apt to appear to the intelligent foreigner before he has learnt that its chief peculiarity, if not its chief merit, is that it does not exist; the Usury Laws, and the difficulty there would be now in repealing them if they had lasted to our times; the good fortune of France in having but one spendthrift in it, though that spendthrift be the Government; the wrath of many well-intentioned people against the Sweating Committee, because it had not proposed wild and impossible legislation; the change of the Land Question from the days when I believed, and Lord Derby more or less aquiesced in believing, that much good would be done if land could be made to pass easily from the hands of those who wanted to sell into the hands of those who wanted to buy it. Now, land is a drug in the market, and the question has taken the

form not of how is it to be bought and sold, but how is it to be taken from A who has it, and handed over to B who has it not?

Dined with the Arthur Russells, who are giving a set of Friday evenings, as successful as it is natural they should be, when both husband and wife inherit the traditions of the salon, as for that matter does the very site of the building in which their friends gather round them.

26. Lady Stephen and her husband, who had been passing Whitsunday with us, left to-day. Sir James had a bad attack of illness lately, on the Western Circuit, and is at present taking a sadly needed holiday.

Something led last night to talk about a dolmen, not far from Anaverna, Stephen's home in Ireland, and he mentioned that he had asked a native of those parts about it. The man said that he had "used many kinds of tackle for moving heavy weights, but had never seen anything that would place the table-stone on the uprights."

"Yet some one must have put it there," remarked the judge.

"If you read history," was the reply, "you will see that there were giants in those days, and thim partly enchanted!"

28. We returned to Great Stanhope Street yesterday, and I went this afternoon to the old church of St. Pancras, which, though the greater part of the present edifice was

built in 1848, goes back to 1180, and was, it is said, the last parish church in England, the bell of which tolled for Mass. The churchyard has many interesting associations, amongst others that Mary Wollstonecraft was buried in it, and that her daughter agreed to marry Shelley at her grave. Later, I went to the National Gallery, whence one of the pleasantest recollections I carried away was that of the portrait of a girl by Domenico del Ghirlandajo and of a still more beautiful picture from the hand of the same artist, lent to the nation by Mr. Willett, and representing Giovanna degli Albizzi, the wife of one of the Tornabuoni family. It bears the inscription:—

"Ars utinam mores animumque effingere posses,
Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret."

To the Cosmopolitan at night, where there was a smaller gathering than I ever remember—Mr. Synge of the Foreign Office present as a guest, Mr. Henry Grenfell, and Mr. Charles Buller who lately spent a Sunday at York House. He mentioned to-night that he had himself seen Lord Wolseley, before he started for Egypt, put his finger on the place where he meant to fight the battle which we now know as Tel-el-Kebir.

30. Dined at a huge American Banquet to Mr. Stanley, and proposed the toast of "Exploration," connecting it with the names of Colonel Grant and Commander Cameron. I had some talk, in the course of the evening, with Sir

Andrew Clark, the great doctor, who asked me: "How do you define age?" "Well," I replied, "they say that a woman is of the age she looks and a man of the age he feels." "Ah! yes," he rejoined, "that is well enough for the purposes of society; but what *is* age?" and he promptly answered his own question—"Age begins when we cease to be able to adapt ourselves to the changes of our environment. A man who cannot do that is already aged, whatever may be the sum of his years."

We spoke of the great number of famous persons for whom he had prescribed, and I asked if Cardinal Newman had ever been his patient. "No," he said, "and I feel myself aggrieved." I thought, "while there is life there is hope," and told him Mrs. Richard Ward's story of going to the Oratory the last time the Cardinal was seriously ill, to inquire about him. She saw Father Bowden, who gave a very bad account, but added: "Nevertheless, I don't think he is going to die." "Why?" she asked. "Well," was the reply, "he has a great deal of Latin read to him, and he is made so cross by the false quantities!" "Ah!" remarked Sir Andrew, "that is very good, that is a deep-sea sounding."

June

1. With Clara to Melbury House, whence we went, protected by Mrs. Barrington and Mrs. Greg, to Watts's gallery where, amongst pictures I had not seen before, that which struck me most was the figure of Uldra, the maiden who only appears in the rainbow. From the gallery we passed into the studio, where I was introduced to Miss Una Taylor, the authoress of that beautiful book, *The City of Sarras.*

Dined with the Dilettanti, sitting between Sir Robert Cunliffe and Mr. Dennistoun. The latter mentioned that one day this spring a pair of robins flew into the smoking-room of his house in the West of Scotland. He drove them out, thinking that they would injure themselves by flying against the walls. They presently returned, each with a bit of leaf in its mouth. When he saw that their intention was to make a nest, he gave orders that the window was to be left open night and day, and that they were not to be molested. He constantly occupied the room and the lights burned usually till twelve o'clock; nevertheless, they brought out their brood quite successfully, and a little time ago he heard that they had taken flight.

Lord Powerscourt told me that when he was a young man he spent, as he thought, a great deal of money very foolishly in restoring an artificial lake near his house. He had regretted his action ever since till quite recently, when he discovered that he will, in all probability be able to effect a very large annual saving by using for electric lighting the force generated by the stored-up water power.

2. Lady Reay repeated to me this afternoon a curious story of the death, at the height of the recent influenza in Madrid, of a great Spanish singer. A number of friends were collected round him, and he was in the full belief that he was in a fair way to recovery, when quite suddenly he exclaimed: "This is death!" Those present assured him that he was in no danger, but he said: "How strange to be doing in reality what I have so often acted"—fell back and expired.

Dined with the Literary Society. I sat to the left of Newton, who took the chair in the absence of Coleridge. Mr. Fletcher Moulton, formerly Senior Wrangler, and now a very distinguished lawyer, was on my other side, while Henry Doyle and Canon Liddon, who was at the end of the table, were near enough to talk to. Conversation turned upon Henry Smith and I told my neighbour that when I first began to realise his great importance as a mathematician, I asked William Spottiswoode whether he

was as great a man as Lagrange. "No," was the reply, "we mathematicians put Lagrange very high indeed." "Is he then as great as Euler?" I asked. "Yes," said Spottiswoode, "I think he is, and there is a good deal of resemblance between the two." "Well," said Mr. Moulton, "that judgment is pretty correct, only that Henry Smith did much less mathematical work than Euler. The truth is he was too all-round a man to succeed supremely in any one thing. It would be really true to say, that with half his ability he would probably have produced a greater effect."

The transition to Newton was easy, and Mr. Moulton mentioned two things which appeared to me well worth noting. First, that Newton's views about the laws of motion, long obscured by erroneous commentary and explanation, are now entirely accepted in the form in which Newton put them; and secondly, that a particular mathematical truth—relating, I think, to equations, but not intelligible to me—had been taken on trust by the scientific world without anybody knowing how Newton had arrived at it, until some ten years ago Professor Sylvester, for the first time, furnished a proof of it.

Faraday had much the same intuitive power, if that be the right phrase, of reaching truth. I suppose it is the same faculty by which a great doctor sometimes comes to a correct conclusion about the causes of disease, or a ship's

captain divines the approach of heavy weather, without being able to explain how he does so.

The name of Professor Clifford coming up, I mentioned the curious conversation with him related in the beginning of my *Notes of an Indian Journey*, in which he committed himself to the opinion that within twenty years of the time when he spoke (1874), we should be able to go by a flying machine from London to New York in a day. "At this very moment," said Mr. Moulton, "I know a great inventor who is working at that problem." Four years of the period which Clifford indicated are still to run.

3. I went this forenoon to see the very hideous and very remarkable old church of Chelsea, under the guidance of the "Minister of the Parish Chapel," for that is the official designation of the incumbent. Sir Thomas More, who lived close by, is the presiding genius of the spot, and his monument adjoins the altar, but is very inferior to the really magnificent tomb of Lord and Lady Dacre.

7. The Breakfast Club met at Trevelyan's—Aberdare, Lyall, Courtney, Wolseley, F. Leveson Gower, Herschell, with our host and myself making the party. We sat till ten minutes past twelve, perhaps the longest meeting in our annals, and the talk was throughout very vigorous and good. Much of it turned upon naval and military history,

Aberdare and Trevelyan taking the lead, and appealing, of course, from time to time to Wolseley. Lord Lynedoch, Lord Rodney, the Battle of Barossa, the sea-fights of Linois, and Sir James Saumarez, were among the subjects which came up.

Aberdare told a curious story of some one coming into Lord Chatham's room when he was lying ill of the gout, to find the great man in one bed and the Duke of Newcastle in another, discussing the gravest questions of naval policy. The explanation of this strange interview was, that the Duke, when he learned that his colleague was unable to bear a fire, had asked permission to get into bed to avoid being frozen. That beats the story of a more modern Cabinet alluded to in these Notes for April 1875.

Aberdare, who has just returned from Aix-les-Bains, had been much struck by the powerful build of the peasantry in that part of Savoy. When speaking of the Grande Chartreuse, he mentioned that the brandy which forms the basis of the famous liqueur comes from vineyards belonging to the Monastery in Catalonia. Talking of Annecy and St. Bernard of Menthon, whose date was considerably earlier than that of his more famous namesake, he quoted the lines, which I am ashamed to say I did not know:—

> "Bernardus valles montes Benedictus amabat;
> Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes."

Another quotation which I owe to him was the very vigorous passage from Savage, not exactly suited for reproduction here, which contains the well-known line :—

"The tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

9. In the chair at Grillion's. Arthur Mills was on my right, and beyond him Lord Fortescue ; Lord Kimberley sat on my left, next to him Lord Morley, and then Arthur Russell.

Lord Morley told us a quaint story of a man who had been arrested by the French during the war. They found upon him a letter from his mother, dated Berlin, and jumping to the conclusion that he was a German spy, in spite of his protestations that he was an Englishman, tried him by drum-head court-martial and condemned him to death. As he was being led to the place of execution he insisted that he had left something behind him and must go back for it. He was told that he could not possibly go back, and was about to be shot. "By all means," he replied, "but I must go back and fetch what I have left behind." "What is it?" they said. "I have," he replied, "left my umbrella." Straightway they became convinced that no one but an Englishman could be so hopeless an idiot, and he was liberated accordingly.

10. Took Arthur Russell to lunch with Mrs. Bishop. He gave a very interesting account of a visit to Monte Casino with Gladstone, who kept all the monks in a circle round him laughing at his Italian stories.

I had fancied that Papalettere had been the man who had made the remark to the last Lord Houghton mentioned in the second volume of these Notes about the Trinity Audit ale. It was not so; on the other hand, it was he who described one of our common acquaintance as "Quest' eretico confuso."

I did not know that the present Pope had attended a levée at St. James', but it appears that he did, having come over to England when he was on his way from being Nuncio at Brussels to become Archbishop of Perugia. He was presented by Count Colloredo, the Austrian Ambassador.

Dined with The Club—Newton, Reeve, Lord Carlisle, Maunde Thompson, Dr. Smith, Layard, and Huxley making the party. The last-named was in the chair. I sat on his right, and we had a great deal of talk. Since he was last mentioned in these Notes he has had a long period of very bad health, but is now much better, and has just returned from a rapid visit to the Canaries and Madeira. He shakes his head about these places as stations for invalids, unless they confine themselves to carefully selected localities; but for one who, like himself,

required chiefly hard exercise in the open air, he thought their spring climate quite delightful. He talked a good deal about the Metaphysical Society. Of Dalgairns he spoke with the greatest respect, and rated Ward's dialectical power very high indeed, characterising him also as a "chivalrous, high-minded gentleman."

11. To St. George's Hall, where the Women's Liberal Union was addressed by Hartington. Mrs. Ashworth Hallett, Bright's niece, whom I heard speak very well at Birmingham last year, was successful also on this occasion. After listening for something more than an hour I went to the Council of the Hakluyt Society, which I have recently joined. Amongst those present, whom I had never seen before, was Dr. Brown, who is going to edit for us Leo Africanus, and gave, I thought, a very intelligent account of that remarkable personage, about whom I knew nothing, but who, it seems, amongst many other adventures, was for a time a slave in the possession of Leo X. The great Pope took much trouble about his conversion, and effected the same, though not permanently, for he seems a good deal later in the century to have been seen at Tunis, once more a follower of the Prophet.

12. Dined with the Bishops. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, speaking of a lady, said: "My sister-in-law asked me what I thought of her. I replied: 'She gives me the impression of having been in the garden of Paradise

before the Fall, but, having got a hint of what was about to happen, having escaped before the coming of Original Sin.'"

To the Queen's Concert at night; as beautiful a sight as ever; but Rossini's *O Salutaris hostia* was the only piece of music which gave me any great pleasure.

14. Went this afternoon with my brother to Bertrand's Salle d'Armes, where there was some very pretty fencing and where I saw, for the first time, sword-and-dagger play. The entertainment was happily described as a "Causerie d'Armes" in a programme which bore the following motto:—

"Qu'est ce que c'est que faire des Armes? C'est causer. Car causer n'est ce pas parer, riposter, attaquer, toucher surtout?"

To a large dinner at the Trinity House, where the Duke of Edinburgh took the chair. Some of the speeches were good, especially one of Lord Salisbury's and one of Sir James Hannen's. The latter, who has had a very varied experience as a Judge, said he found it hard to do justice between man and man, harder to do justice between man and woman, and hardest of all to do justice between ship and ship.

16. Lady Bowen, whom I took down to dinner at Sybilla, Lady Lyttelton's, on Friday, sent me this morning a lovely translation of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, by her

husband. It is good throughout, but perhaps the first half is the best:—

"Vesper adest—tandem venit Hesperus—in mare magnum
Vox me cœlicolûm, clarior aere ciet,
Nulla tamen circà portum fremat unda reluctans
Funibus ut scissis in vada cæca feror.
Agmine me pleno fluctus trahat,—absit ut omnis
Spuma salis, currens unda silenter eat—
Dum pars immensi fueram qui marmoris olim
Æquoreas repeto, quæ genuere domos."

Gave away the Geographical Medals this afternoon to Dr. Felkin, as representing Emin Pasha, to General Younghusband, as representing his son; delivered the annual address on the progress of geography; disposed of the other business which belongs to our anniversary, and was re-elected President for the ensuing year. I have been fortunate, thus far, in having been able to preside at every meeting of the Society, at every dinner of the Club, and at every meeting of the Council, save one, which has taken place since I entered on my office.

18. Mrs. Barrington writes from Herd's Hill:—

"We are revelling in all Midsummer's beauties. The roses are by the thousand, the buds by the million—a good prospect for our coming fortnight here; the China roses are especially abundant. They hang in full garlands on the bushes; their pink, the pinkest, freshest, cleanest of all pinks, rises against the feathery grey green of the hay-fields and the soft blue of the vaporous distance in very sprightly contrast. It is, too, the

time for the full beauty of the wild roses and elder flower. Words will not say how idle it makes one—as the beauty soaks in from early morning, through the heated day-time and the sunset, to when the evening, these moonless nights, draws the stars out, one by one, on to the Midsummer twilight sky. It is wicked to be in London in June. Not that people aren't the best thing in the world, but you don't *get* people—only their hurried, wearied ghosts, mazed and stupefied by much contact *without* society—in London."

19. With Lord Derby to the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park, round which we walked, and where I saw, for the first time in England, my Indian friend *Petræa volubilis* in flower; thence we drove to near the foot of Primrose Hill, which we climbed. My companion said: "It is lucky to have thus far escaped; I thought it would have been called 'Mount Beaconsfield'!"

One of our subjects of conversation was, of course, the arrangement just concluded with Germany. "I once said to the Governor of Heligoland," remarked Lord Derby, 'You can, I suppose, walk round your territories in an hour?' 'I can,' he ruefully replied, 'walk round them in thirty-five minutes.'"

20. Walked with Lord Derby in the Park and Kensington Gardens. As we drove down Park Lane he said: "The only man I ever heard object to the recent improvements in Hyde Park was Lord Beaconsfield. He said to me: 'We used to have a sylvan scene, we have now a Cockney garden!'"

In the afternoon to Mrs. Dugdale's, where I met Mr. Whitney, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland. He thought that the long periods of exclusion from political life which fall upon American Statesmen were of advantage in diminishing the wear and tear to which they were subjected, and that in spite of their being so much immersed, when out of office, in private affairs.

21. The Breakfast Club met under the Presidency of Aberdare, who has let his own house for a time, and has taken 109 Cromwell Road. We had Arthur Russell, Acton, Lyall, Wolseley, and Carlingford, who, to the delight of his friends, has emerged from his long seclusion. Hübner was present as a guest. Our host mentioned that Lord John Russell had given him an account of dining as a boy of fourteen with a large party at the house of Dr. Watson, then Bishop of Llandaff, but residing in the North of England. The future Premier was asked to propose a toast. Very shortly before he had been dazzled by Mr. Sheridan, who had been on a visit to Woburn, and he could not think of anything better than to propose the health of that eminent personage. A dead silence fell on the whole of the company, which was Tory to the backbone, and Bishop Watson said: "Young gentleman, we will not refuse to drink your toast; but let me advise you to choose more discreetly in future the objects of your admiration!" Aberdare also repeated, on the authority of his father-in-

law, Sir William Napier, a remark of the Duke's about the difficulties he had to contend with in the Waterloo Campaign from the number of influences very jealous of each other which had to work together. "In such cases," he said, "there is always a d——d deal of hustling."

Carlingford told us that the Duke, referring to Lord John Russell's presence during the struggle with Soult in the Peninsula, had said, when he introduced him in London to the Marshal, "Il a assisté à nos grandes cérémonies."

Speaking of the Waterloo Campaign and Colonel Maurice's articles in the *United Service Magazine*, which I have been reading, Wolseley said: "The more I study that Campaign the more highly do I think of Napoleon. If his physical condition and energy had been equal to his powers of mind, I think he would have succeeded in his design, would first have beaten the Prussians and then driven us back on Ostend." Hübner remarked: "It would have made no difference to him in the end, if he had; other armies were advancing and his fate was sealed."

Further subjects were, games in various countries, their antiquity and influence. Speaking of Ombre, Aberdare said that in one of Palmerston's defeats he had quoted to Henry Seymour, who sat by him, the lines of Pope:—

> "Even mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
> And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo,
> Sad chance of war, now destitute of aid
> Falls undistinguished by the victor spade."

Who was it who reminded me the other day of Hayward's feminine pendant to the toast "Wine and Women"—"Men and Maraschino?"

22. Spent the afternoon, first with Lady Monkswell in her beautiful house on the Embankment, full of her father-in-law's pictures, then with Lady Pease, who has just come back from a Whitsuntide trip to the coast of Norway. She was much struck with the beauty and abundance of the flowers, in spite of the cold, which made furs necessary, and was particularly pleased with a little island near the Hardanger Fiord which she found covered with the burnet-leaved rose (*Rosa spinosissima*) in vast abundance.

To a Garden Party at Fulham Palace. Mr. St. Loe Strachey told me that Fletcher, the dramatist, was a son of Bishop Fletcher, to whom we owe some of the older portion of the building, and that he was born there.

23. Dined at Grillion's. Lord Stanhope was in the chair. On his right was Arthur Mills and Lord Fortescue; on his left Acton and Gladstone, at the end of the table was Robert Meade, next him and opposite Gladstone, Arthur Russell, then Chitty, Lord Norton, the Bishop of Peterborough and myself. I had not had a real talk with my neighbour since before I went to India, and was glad to hear him say that he was a younger man in the opinion of his doctor than before his late very severe illness.

I asked him whether amongst the ten thousand and one

good things he had said, he ever remembered having made the reply to a great lady which is recorded in these Notes for October 2nd, 1883. He said: "Yes, that is certainly my thunder, but I do not at all remember to whom I said it." "You said it, if I was told the story correctly," I replied, "to the Duchess of——." "That is," he said, "exceedingly probable; she is a very good woman." We talked of Father Healy, and I told him one or two anecdotes which I have already recorded. "Did you ever hear," he said, "what passed between him and the Old Man at the other end of the table? Mr. Gladstone once said to him: 'When I was in Italy the other day, I saw a notice in one of your churches to the effect that a plenary indulgence could be had for a sum of about thirty shillings. How do you explain that?' 'If,' answered the Father, 'my Church were prepared to give you plenary indulgence for all the sins you have been guilty of, for the sum of thirty shillings, I think you would be let off uncommonly cheap.'" We talked of Whately. I said: "I never saw him but once, and then the instant I was introduced to him he asked me a riddle." (See Vol. I. of these Notes). "That was very characteristic," said the Bishop. "You know his favourite riddle which he asked almost everybody, 'Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?' The answer is of course that there are a great many more of them. Strange," he added, "that a man of so much ability should have left

so little a mark. It was not his ambition to be a great Archbishop; what he wished to be was a great philosophical authority, and nothing that he did in that way counts for anything." The name of Whiteside came up, and there was some general conversation about that *too-action-loving* orator. Gladstone recalled a speech of his to which Palmerston replied, beginning with the words, "We have heard, perhaps I may even say we have seen, the speech of the Right Honble. gentleman." That led on to other lights of the Irish Bench, as, for example, Chief Justice Monaghan, with whose look of intellectual power Acton had been evidently much struck, and who made the briefest summing-up on record. It was clear, in a case before him, that everything turned on the evidence of a particular witness, but that the counsel who would naturally have called him was unwilling to put him in the box. "Do you mean to call Mr. Such-and-such?" said the judge. "No, my lord," was the reply; whereupon Monaghan gave a long whistle and added: "Gentlemen of the jury, consider your vardict."

Gladstone said: "Ireland has produced some very good lawyers, has it not?" "It produced very much the best lawyer I ever knew," remarked Chitty. "He was a pupil of my father's, and I knew him very well—Shaw Willes, afterwards Mr Justice Willes; his vast knowledge on many subjects, his unequalled grasp of law, and the extreme energy,

almost ferocity, of his disposition under a singularly calm exterior, made an extraordinary combination."

In the course of the evening some one mentioned an amusing conversation about Irish affairs in which the disputants got very hot. "The only way to govern Ireland," said the first, "would be to bring Cromwell back from Hell to do it." "Shure," was the reply, "do you think he'd come? Isn't he aisier where he is?"

Lord Norton described how he and the Duke of Buckingham abolished the Constitution of Heligoland and made Governor Maxse absolute, "exactly what should be done in Ireland," he added. Gladstone murmured, "A Crown Colony," but did not of course in that temple of neutrality treat the remark as serious—though I believe lately at Grillion's, on a night when I was not present, he admitted that there was something to be said for that view of the case. The Bishop of Peterborough spoke very highly of the accomplishments of his brother of Chichester, and of the wonderful extent to which he retained his physical powers in extreme old age. I said: "It is very curious that the same man should so impress people when he is far on in the eighties, who so impressed his contemporaries at Eton," and then repeated what the elder Walpole told me about the poem on Genius mentioned in these Notes for the Spring of 1887.

24. Dined with The Club. We met in the Grand Hotel,

upstairs, at a sort of square horse-shoe table intended for more people than came. Lacaita was in the chair; on his right the Duc d'Aumale, then Arthur Russell; Layard and Reeve were at right angles to him round the corner. On the Chairman's left were Lord Derby and Lord Selborne—Acton and Lyall facing Layard and Reeve. I was opposite the Duc d'Aumale, and Prescott Hewett opposite the chairman. The Duc d'Aumale talked much of Chantilly, which was, he said, originally a pentagonal fortress and retained after all its transformations some traces of its former character. All the country round had been terribly devastated in the English wars. Things were at about their worst during the fourteen years after Senlis had been taken by the Maid of Orleans, Creil remaining in the hands of the English. "Chantilly," he said, in reply to a question, "had been chiefly in the occupation of the French. Bad as were the desolations of the religious wars, they were not as bad as those of the Fifteenth Century." Layard having mentioned that he was at the head of the Huguenot Society in England, conversation turned to Coligny, and the Duc mentioned that that famous person was now, strange to say, represented by the Comte de Paris. Layard observed: "We think very highly in England of Coligny." "So do I," was the answer, "but I put Rohan above him, and I think the finest act of Rohan's life was his concluding with Richelieu the Religious Peace, and going off to fight for his cause elsewhere."

Cigarettes led to talk about smoking, and H.R.H. told us of a great lady to whom some one had said: "L'odeur de tabac ne vous incommode pas, Madame?" "Je ne sais pas, Monsieur," was the reply; "personne ne s'est jamais permis de fumer devant moi."

Prescott Hewett talked much of Faraday, with whose family affairs he seems to have been closely connected, and whose disinterestedness he praised in the warmest manner. He mentioned too that Huxley had shown strong dispositions for another career, but that his father had absolutely refused to let him embark upon it, and had made him a surgeon.

"One of the great merits of my profession," he added, "is, that if a man has not a liking for it he can always escape into science. Owen was once a candidate for some trifling appointment in the regular line of his profession; fortunately for him he did not obtain it, and ran in consequence the great career which we all know." He then mentioned how when the professor was coming back from thanking the Queen for giving him Sheen Lodge, he had overheard two elderly officers discussing the question who would have it. "It will certainly," said one of them "be either you or I." "No, it won't," replied the other. "To whom, then, can it be given?" "It will certainly be given," was the rejoinder, "to one of those d——d men of science." My neighbour mentioned also that he was once present

when people were debating whether they would like to live their lives over again. Owen remarked: "I should extremely like to live over again the seven years during which I was building up my bird."

26. To the same Salle d'Armes which I mentioned a week or two ago, where I fenced with my brother, M. Bertrand, and his son. Later, at the Athenæum, Sir Richard Pollock gave me as a good example of an irregular verb, "I am firm, thou art obstinate, he is a pig-headed fool."

Dined with Lord Hamilton of Dalziel, where I met, amongst others, Mr. Cochrane Patrick, who possesses one of the finest collections of Scotch coins, and perhaps the finest collection existing of Scotch coins *and* medals. We sat for a short time in the House together, but I never chanced to come across him. He is now permanent Under Secretary for Scotland.

27. Arthur Russell told me that Lady Arthur had said, with reference to a party at the College of Surgeons, that people had appeared "En toilette, en demie-toilette, et en squelette."

29. Lubbock, De Tabley, and I returned this evening from an excursion into Surrey. We ran down yesterday morning to Witley Station, where we were joined by Mr. F. Hanbury and Mr. E. Marshall, the curate of the parish, a young man who is becoming well-known as a botanist.

Our spoils were far from being so great as on our East Anglian raid last year, but I saw again a very large number of plants which I had not seen for many years, and annexed four Benthamic species which I had never found, viz., *Arnoseris pusilla*, *Anthriscus vulgaris*—so called, I suppose, from its being so much rarer than *Anthriscus sylvestris*, and for which I have been looking in vain for more than thirty years—*Valerianella dentata* and *Rhyncospora fusca*. Of course we found a very large number of species not acknowledged by Bentham, though registered in the London Catalogue, but these had much less interest for me. I have never seen the yellow *Narthecium Ossifragum* anything like so pretty as it was round Pudmore Pool, whither we went to find *Rhyncospora*. *Daphne laureola* was abundant, and obviously wild in the woods near Compton. (See these Notes for the Summer of 1887).

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